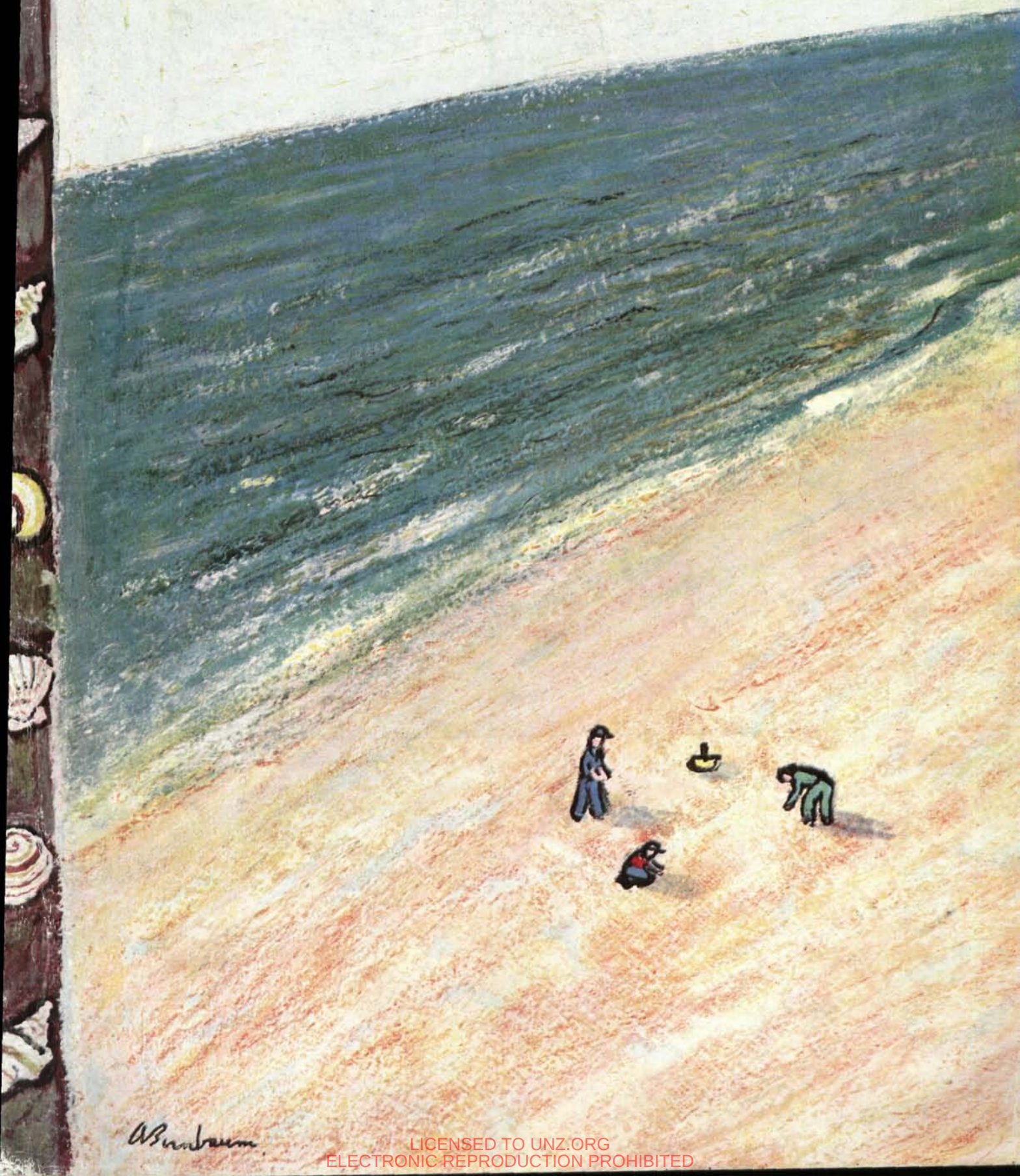


★ Aug. 18, 1956

THE

Price 20 cents

NEW YORKER



Albin

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Partners in Pleasure



THE PARTNERS OF BELLWS & COMPANY CHOSE THESE
2 GREAT WHISKIES... EACH THE BEST OF ITS KIND

BELLWS CLUB BOURBON

This is the *one* bourbon that met the exacting standards of the partners of Bellows & Company. You just cannot buy a better-tasting straight Kentucky bourbon at any price!

BELLWS PARTNERS CHOICE

You can *taste* the difference! Contains more aged base whiskeys, blended with the finest grain neutral spirits, than any other nationally sold blended whiskey at its price.



Only the best is labelled
BELLWS

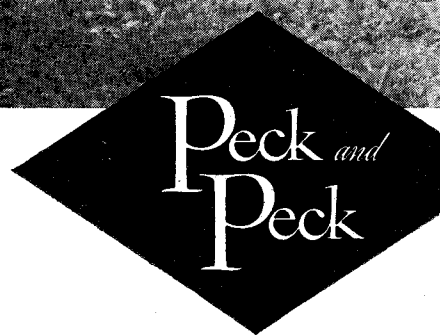
BELLWS & COMPANY—DIVISION OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y. • CLUB BOURBON, STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 86 PROOF
PARTNERS CHOICE, WHISKEY—A BLEND • 40% STRAIGHT WHISKIES, 4 YEARS OR MORE OLD • 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86.8 PROOF



YNOCENCIO

BRAEMAR is tops with Peckmates

Two versions of two great classics—teamed for campus and country. *Left:* Braemar Shetland slipover; gray, red, navy, beige, white, light blue. 34 to 40. 14.95 . . . with Peckmate shorts. 8 to 18. 9.95. *Right:* Braemar cashmere slipover; navy, black, white, Highland red. 34 to 40. 29.95 . . . with pleated wool Peckmate skirt. 8 to 16. 17.95. Peckmate shorts and skirts in traditional Scottish tartans.



NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • BALTIMORE • DETROIT • CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS • MINNEAPOLIS • ST. PAUL
INDIANAPOLIS • WASHINGTON, D. C. • ATLANTA • CINCINNATI • KANSAS CITY • MILWAUKEE • HARTFORD • BUFFALO • PROVIDENCE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE MATCHMAKER—Thornton Wilder's knock-about comedy is very good indeed, and Ruth Gordon is most happily cast as its star. Loring Smith, Eileen Herlie, and Arthur Hill are among those whose matches are made. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT—Reopens Monday, Aug. 27, after an eight-week vacation. Edward G. Robinson, Gena Rowlands, Patricia Benoit, and June Walker are in the cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

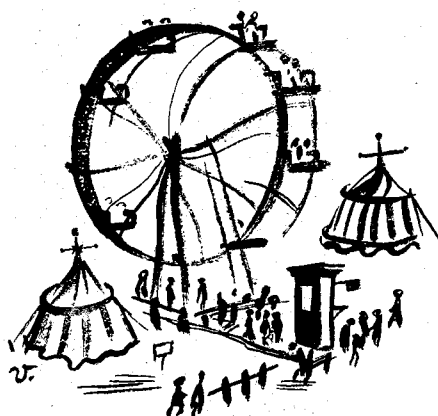
LONG RUNS—**CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF**: The Tennessee Williams play about a man who finds it very hard to get along in a hostile world. Currently with Marjorie Steele, Thomas Gomez, and Alex Nicol. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK**: An account of the life of a fourteen-year-old girl in hiding in Holland because of the Nazis. In this drama by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett, Dina Doron for the moment is the young girl, and Joseph Schildkraut and Gusti Huber are her father and mother. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **A HATFUL OF RAIN**: A melodrama by Michael V. Gazzo, centering on a young drug addict and his heroic wife. Now with Vivian Blaine, Steven McQueen, Frank Silvera, and Henry Silva. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS**: Ira Levin's adaptation of Mac Hyman's novel about a Georgia boy who almost wrecks the Air Force. At present, with Charles Hohman, Roddy McDowall, and Myron McCormick. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **WILL SUCCESS SPOIL ROCK HUNTER?**: George Axelrod's comedy about a Hollywood screenwriter who sells his soul for various rewards, including a blonde. The cast includes Jayne Mansfield, Martin Gabel, Walter Matthau, and Tom Poston. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

MR. WONDERFUL—Although Sammy Davis, Jr., demonstrates all kinds of talent in this elementary account of the career of a song-and-dance man, the show seems more suited to a night club than to the theatre. In the cast are Mr. Davis's father and uncle, as well as Jack Carter, Kay Medford, and Olga James. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE MOST HAPPY FELLA—Frank Loesser's revision of "They Knew What They Wanted," Sidney Howard's piece about an old man's marriage to a young girl. Mr. Loesser's music is good enough, but the whole thing is a little too diffuse to be entirely successful. Robert Weede (Richard Tori) substitutes for him at the matinee performances, Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Susan Johnson are in the fine cast; Jo Mielziner designed the scenery and Motley the costumes; and Joseph Anthony is the director. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MY FAIR LADY—Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the book and lyrics, and Frederick Lowe, who wrote the music, have turned Shaw's "Pygmalion" into one of the most bewitching



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

musicals ever to blow into town. Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews head a cast that includes Stanley Holloway, Cathleen Nesbitt, and Robert Coote; Oliver Smith and Cecil Beaton designed the sets and costumes, respectively; and Hanya Holm staged the dances. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NEW FACES OF '56—Leonard Sillman's latest revue is very pleasant, and its leading performer, T. C. Jones—a female impersonator, of all things—is very comical as he portrays Miss Tallulah Bankhead in various moods. Among other diverting people on hand are Billie Hayes, Jane Connell, Johnny Haymer, John Reardon, Virginia Martin, and Bill McCutcheon. The songs, dances, and sketches are largely the work of June Carroll, Paul Lynde, Louis Botto, and Ronny Graham, and the settings provided by Peter Larkin are charming and summery. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—**DAMN YANKEES**: George Abbott's and Douglass Wallop's adaptation of the latter's novel "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant." Gwen Verdon is a lady from Hell, Ray Walston her sinister boss, and Stephen Douglass her reluctant mortal admirer. (46th

BOOKS	Page
THE CURRENT CINEMA	89
LETTER FROM LONDON	58
THE RACE TRACK	86
A REPORTER AT LARGE	85
TEE AND GREEN	62
	60

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE

ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 3-1315
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FANNY**: Life on the Marseille waterfront, as interpreted by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan from a movie trilogy by Marcel Pagnol. Now with Lawrence Tibbett and Billy Gilbert. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)... **THE PAJAMA GAME**: Love and union troubles in a pajama factory. John Raitt, Eddie Foy, Jr., Julie Wilson, and Neile Adams are among the garment workers. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—Friday through Sunday, Aug. 17-19 (after which the theatre will close for two weeks): "Rigoletto." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Evenings at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE—A revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. Jason Robards, Jr., and Farrell Pelly head the cast. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

FOURTH STREET THEATRE—Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya," now with Lori March and Alfred Ryder. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. OR 4-5710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

PROVINCETOWN PLAYHOUSE—"Hotel Excelsior," a play by Hans Holzer. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougall St. GR 7-9894. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

THEATRE DE LYS—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava and Scott Merrill. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

JONES BEACH MARINE THEATRE—Guy Lombardo's water-borne revival of "Show Boat," with Paul Hartman, Hal LeRoy, Helena Bliss, David Atkinson, and the Lombardo orchestra. (Nightly at 8:30; through Monday, Sept. 3. For tickets, call CI 5-8247.)

THE PAUL DRAPER SHOW—A variety program featuring dances by Paul Draper. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Thursday, Aug. 16, and Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 22-23, at 8:30. For tickets, call MU 2-6521.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

ANDOVER—Through Sunday, Aug. 19: Mae West in her own revue "Come On Up... Ring Twice!" Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 21-26: To be announced. (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 9; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:40.)

BEVERLY—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: "Annie Get Your Gun." Starting Monday, Aug. 20: "South Pacific." (North Shore Music-Theatre, Beverly, Mass. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5:45 and 9:30.)

CAMDEN—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: "Where's Charley?" Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: Billie Burke in "The Solid Gold Cadillac." (Camden Hills Summer Theatre, Camden, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

CHATHAM—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: "The Solid Gold Cadillac." Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 22-25: "The Little Foxes." (Mon-

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXXII, No. 26, August 18, 1956. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1956, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year \$7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, \$8.00. Other Foreign, \$10.00.



SIZES 8 TO 16 AT 7.95 EACH—SLIGHTLY HIGHER ON WEST COAST.

Haymaker takes a Highland Fling at tartans...delighting you with bold shirts that have no fear of washing, soft-spoken shirts that almost melt to your touch. The rich-textured fabric has a feel that's out of this workaday world...a soft, caressing invitation that only *Vicara* fiber brings to the blend. You'll always find it to be true...**THE LUXURY IN THE FABRIC IS**

Vicara®

BERGDORF GOODMAN...*New York*
NEIMAN MARCUS...*Dallas*
JOSEPH HORNE...*Pittsburgh*
MEIER & FRANK...*Portland*



VICARA BRAND ZEIN FIBERS ARE MADE BY VIRGINIA-CAROLINA CHEMICAL CORPORATION, 99 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

omoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

CLINTON—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: "The Fifth Season." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25 (final performances of the season): "Time Out for Ginger." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30.)

COHASSET—Through Saturday, Aug. 25: "The King and I." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

CRAGSMOOR—Through Monday, Aug. 20: "Picnic." Wednesday through Monday, Aug. 22-27: "Yes, My Darling Daughter." (Cragsmoor Playhouse, Cragsmoor, N.Y. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

DENNIS—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: Gloria Vanderbilt and Turhan Bey in "The Spa," a new comedy by Edward Chodorov. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: Henry Fonda in "The Male Animal." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

EAST HAMPTON—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: Barbara Britton in "Dead on Nine," a British melodrama. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25 (final performances of the season): "You Never Can Tell." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinée Wednesday at 2:40.)

FALMOUTH—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: Donald Cook in "The Golden Egg," a British comedy. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: Mary Fickett in "Tea and Sympathy." (Falmouth Playhouse, Falmouth, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

FISHKILL—Through Sunday, Aug. 19: "The Glass Menagerie." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 21-26: "Happy Birthday." (Cecilwood Theatre, Fishkill, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

FITCHBURG—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: "Three's a Family." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: To be announced. (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

HYANNIS—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: "Finian's Rainbow." Starting Monday, Aug. 20: "Kismet." (Cape Cod Melody Tent, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

IVORYTON—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: Linda Darnell in "Tea and Sympathy." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: Tallulah Bankhead in "Welcome, Darlings!" a new revue. (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

KENNEBUNKPORT—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: "Carmen," in English. Monday, Aug. 20: The Roland Wingfield Dancers. Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 22-25: "The Merry Widow." (Arundel Opera Theatre, Kennebunkport, Maine. Evenings at 8:30.)

LAMBERTVILLE—Through Sunday, Aug. 19: "Annie Get Your Gun." Starting Tuesday, Aug. 21: "Can-Can." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

MATUNUCK—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: Tallulah Bankhead in "Welcome, Darlings!" a new revue. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: Art Carney in "The Seven Year Itch." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MILLBURN—Through Sunday, Aug. 19: Lillian and Dorothy Gish in "The Chalk Garden." Starting Tuesday, Aug. 21: Gloria Vanderbilt and Turhan Bey in "The Spa," a new comedy by Edward Chodorov. (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MONMOUTH—The American Savoyards in an eleven-week repertory. Through Saturday,

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

Aug. 18: "Princess Ida." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: "Ruddigore." (Gilbert and Sullivan Festival Theatre, Monmouth, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MOUNTAINHOME—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: Mary Fickett in "Tea and Sympathy." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: Dolores Del Rio and Lili Darvas in "Anastasia." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MOUNT KISCO—Through Sunday, Aug. 19: "Champagne Complex." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 21-26: Lee Grant in "Bus Stop." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

NEW HOPE—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: Farley Granger in "A Question of Marriage," a new play. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: Philip Bourneuf and Frances Reid in "The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

NEWPORT—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: "Bus Stop." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: Lillian and Dorothy Gish in "The Chalk Garden." (Newport Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OGUNQUIT—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: Art Carney in "The Seven Year Itch." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: Celeste Holm in "A Sudden Spring," a new play. (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:45.)

PAWLING—Through Sunday, Aug. 19: "The Mousetrap." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 21-26: "Anniversary Waltz." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

PETERBOROUGH—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: "The Philadelphia Story." Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 21-25 (final performances of the season): "The Man Who Came to Din-

ner." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Evenings at 8:40.)

PROVINCETOWN—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: "The Chalk Garden." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: "Orpheus." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

SARATOGA SPRINGS—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: Beatrice Lillie and Fred Keating in a new revue called "Beasop's Fables." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: Chico Marx in "The Fifth Season." (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SEA CLIFF—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: "Tea and Sympathy." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: Gene Rayburn in "The Seven Year Itch." (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

SKOWHEGAN—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: Billie Burke in "The Solid Gold Cadillac." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: "The Moon Is Blue." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

STOCKBRIDGE—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: "A Roomful of Roses." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: Richard Arlen in "Made in Heaven." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

STRATFORD—Nina Foch and Pernell Roberts in "The Taming of the Shrew": Thursday evening, Aug. 16; Saturday matinée, Aug. 18; Sunday matinée, Aug. 19; Wednesday evening, Aug. 22; and Friday evening, Aug. 24. ... Nina Foch, Arnold Moss, and Kent Smith in "Measure for Measure": Friday evening, Aug. 17; Saturday evening, Aug. 18; Tuesday evening, Aug. 21; Wednesday matinée, Aug. 22; Thursday evening, Aug. 23; and Saturday evening, Aug. 25. ... Mildred Dunnock and John Emery in "King John": Saturday matinée, Aug. 25. (American Shakespeare Festival Theatre, Stratford, Conn. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 3. For tickets, call WA 5-8070. The New York Pro Musica Antiqua will present a special program of Tudor and Elizabethan music on Monday, Aug. 20, at 8:40.)

WALLINGFORD—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: William Johnson in "Kismet." Monday through Sunday, Aug. 20-26: "Mister Roberts." (Oakdale Musical Theatre, Wallingford, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 5—except Aug. 25—and 9:30; and Sunday, Aug. 26, at 8.)

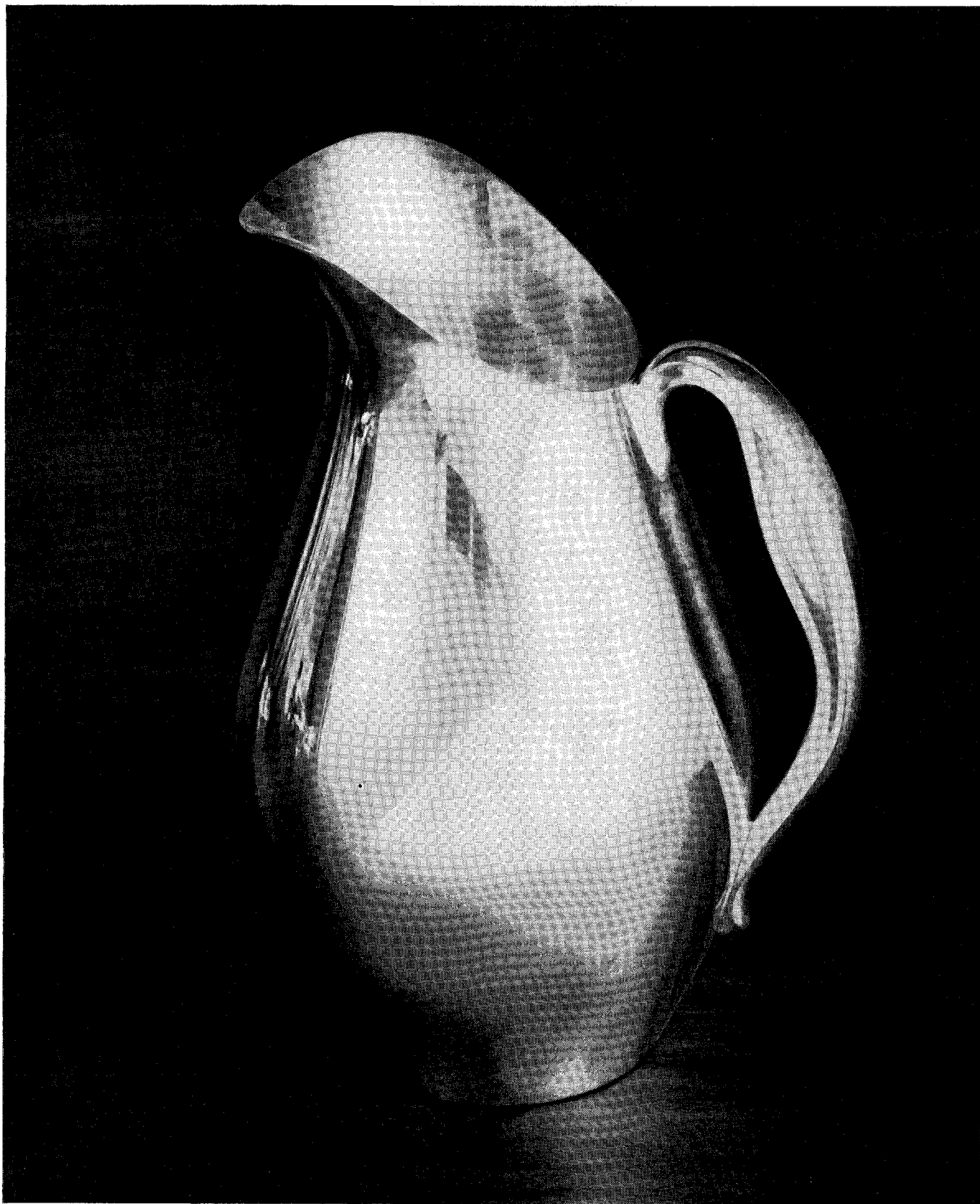
WESTBURY—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: Sheila Bond in "Wish You Were Here." Starting Monday, Aug. 20: "Plain and Fancy." (Westbury Music Fair, Westbury, L.I. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9:30.)

WESTPORT—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: Dolores Del Rio and Lili Darvas in "Anastasia." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: Will Geer in "Knickerbocker Holiday." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40. For tickets, call CO 5-6161.)

WOODSTOCK—Through Sunday, Aug. 19: "Bad Seed." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 21-26: "Anniversary Waltz." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30.)

NOTE—JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL: Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 17-18: Irina Borowska and Alan Howard, Emy St. Just and her company, Tommy Marlowe, and Rebecca Harris. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 24-25: Nina Novak and Leon Danielian, the Anna Sokolow Theatre Dance Company, and Gina. (Lee, Mass. Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 9.) ... AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL: Thursday, Aug. 16, at 8:30: José Limón and Pauline Koner and their companies and the Ruth Currier group. Friday, Aug. 17, at 8:30: The Anna Sokolow Theatre Dance Company, the Alwin Nikolais Henry Street Playhouse





PRICE INCLUDES 10 PER CENT FEDERAL TAX

WATER OR COCKTAIL PITCHER IN SILVER PLATE ($8\frac{3}{4}$ " HIGH, CAPACITY $3\frac{1}{2}$ PINTS), \$25.00.
AT FINER SILVERWARE STORES.

REED & BARTON

SILVERMASTERS SINCE 1824 • TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Dance Company, and Pauline Koner and her company. Saturday, Aug. 18, at 3: The Doris Humphrey Repertory Group, José Limón's company, Birgit Akesson, Ruth Currier, and Margret Dietz. Saturday, Aug. 18, at 8:30: José Limón and his company. Sunday, Aug. 19, at 3: Pauline Koner and José Limón and their companies and the Anna Sokolow Theatre Dance Company. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A small world of worldlings will have nothing to do with their sleepless nights when this enterprise begins its summer holiday, after Friday, Aug. 17.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, hums music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the ornate Café Pierre. Except Sundays, Renato Rossini's guitar makes passionate Spanish noises during the interludes.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous, much favored by devotees of the art of dining and dancing in state, has Maximilian Bergere's and Gunnar Hansen's orchestras after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Eddie Lane's band buzzes away, these warm evenings, in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS ROOF, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—A mountain resort with an unbeatable record for good weather and beautiful scenery. Lots of the scenery dances to the non-stop bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea dancing.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—The rule about wearing a tie at the table or bar is rigidly enforced, but you'll still see plenty of transient wildlife at play. Two jug-and-string bands alternate on the rostrum.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—By appearing once again, in the challenge round of the establishment's present variety show, Lou Nelson, a garrulous funnyman, wins permanent possession of this storied old château. Nancy Donovan, who sings, is the other familiar name on the hoardings. They perform at dinner and supper; Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioè's orchestra function for dancing after eight.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof is now occupied by Los Chavales de España, an engaging collection of Andalusian playboys whose words, music, and maneuvers are executed with a fine fury. The daughter of this regiment is Trini Reyes, a dancer likewise fraught with fury. On the stand, for the guidance of customer dancers, are the bands of Emil Coleman and Mischa Borr. Closed Sundays. . . ¶ From cocktails to one, in a cozy clearing in the tangled thicket of Peacock Alley, there's listening music by Jozsi Ribari's trio. Sundays, Mr. Borr's dance band performs from eight to twelve.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, far above the mad-

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

ding crowd, is open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. Languid non-dance music bubbles up now and then, along with a handful of canapés. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): An extremely plush parlor wherein Addison Bailey strokes a piano during cocktails and dinner and after the theatre. Paul Morse is the Sunday driver. . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The boys from Syracuse and the bloods from the Racquet Squad holding open house. At one end of it, Kurt Maier is on point duty at his piano from eight to ten and from eleven to the end. Closed Mondays. . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins' merry-go-round is not for those who wish to be alone. The salient features are a long bar, an Old Home Week *esprit*, and, after six o'clock, the hustle-and-bustle piano of the owner. Otis Clements, a sociable crew cut, is Mr. H's running mate at the piano after nine. Closed every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. . . **RSVP**, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Don Evans gives his piano a pleasant going over from early evening until dawn's early light. The midnight hour and those that follow it are also improved by Lovey Powell, the voice of many a tender experience, and Brooks Morton, a pianist of a kindred mood. Closed Sundays. . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The Spanish rodeo set forth here is all quite jolly, and rather a relief from the mambo. Dancing for the visitors, too. Closed Sundays through Tuesdays. . . **CAFÉ NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Jules Kuti, a switch-hitter, ambles from Blue Danube to North River piano in the bar of a bland, leisurely dining room. He begins at cocktail time and stays until after midnight. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . **LE PÉRI-GORD**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 5-0650): It's really the fancy bar of the Sherry-Netherlands, with regional American cuisine, regional Manhattan clientele, and (except Sundays) regional Latin piano from dinner through supper. . . **LITTLE BOHEMIA**, 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): From seven-thirty until early morning, there are musicians (now stationary, now peripatetic) whose bowings and scrapings make the night as bright as day. Closed Sundays. . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A nice little Hungarian rhapsody—schnitzel, *torte*, violin, zimbalon, wine, and song—takes place all evening long. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): Music by the yard, the best of which comes from the industrious six-man band when it tackles an entire Lehar operetta; in other words, no place to read Krafft-Ebing. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the straightforward bar of the Hotel Earle, Laurie Brewis, who has committed every good song of the century to memory, is at the piano after eight. No music Mondays. . . **CHEZ LUCIE**, 145 W. 58th St. (PL 7-4604): Norbert Faconi's violin, abetted by three other soft-spoken musicians, one of them a zimbalonist, glides from table to table.

The room is closed Saturday and Sunday; its mid-year vacation begins after the last note has died on Friday, Aug. 24. . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougall St. (GR 7-9221): A not too public playground for the younger set, where there's always a spate of casual piano, and now and then a song.

SUPPER CLUBS

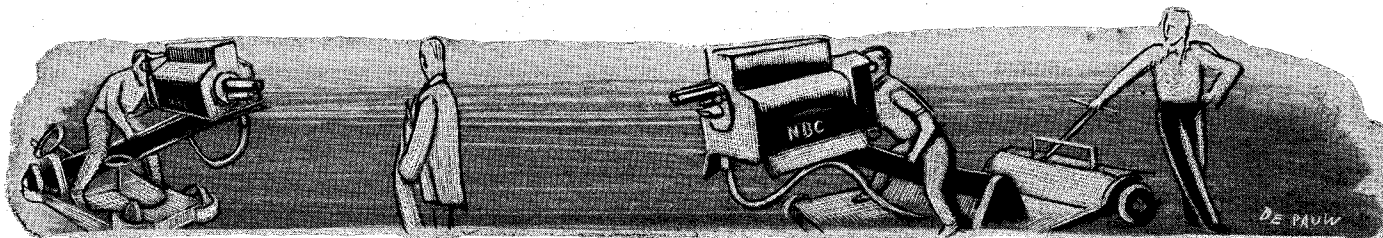
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The crew that romps every night but Sunday in the back room includes the stentorian Mae Barnes, whose most innocent strophes invariably turn into exploding cigars; Orson Bean, who restores the lost art of impish conversation to its pedestal; Portia Nelson, a nightingale of vast aplomb and a carefree attitude toward life; and Roy Benson, distributor of cracker-barrel philosophy and impractical magicianry. These proceedings are uplifted by the ardent pulsings of Jimmy Lyons' trio and the piano of Bart Howard. . . ¶ Week-days, Alex Fogarty provides quiet cocktail and dinner piano in the lounge and the Lyons trio handles the 2 to 4 A.M. stint. . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Maxine Sullivan, a girl who can do no wrong to any ballad, is still feathering her favorite nest. Her humor is on the sly side; Joey Carter's humor is on the guffaw side. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): One of the happiest of the season's class reunions is being staged by Mabel Mercer and Cy Walter, those post-graduate students of night life. Mr. Walter's brisk piano arabesques are available at dinner and supper; Miss Mercer's calm, persuasive projection of arias that have extrasensory perception begins after ten-thirty. Sam Hamilton's pensive piano is on tap, too, from cocktails on. Closed Sundays. . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the bar, where Bob Downey and Harold Fonville have been at the twin pianos these many years, there is also Clara Cedrone and Damian Mitchell, a pair of roustabout sprites. Sundays, the sprites are aided and abetted by ancient movies; Mondays, they are replaced by fledgling talent.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): The Society for the Preservation of Historic Monuments is led into action by the wayward horn of the mighty Wild Bill Davison. He gets Solid South support from Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Al Hall, and once in a while even from Mr. Condon. The piano-and-drum team of Dick Wellstood and Buzzy Drootin keeps the intermissions piping hot. Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the interest; Thursdays, Bud Freeman teams up with the Messrs. Wellstood and Drootin. Closed Sundays. . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): George Shearing's commendable quintet goes its merry, diatonic way—harmonicas and bongo drums at the alert—after nine o'clock. Russ Haddock's trio, the rest of the double feature, departs on Saturday, Aug. 18; Joe Burton's trio checks in on Monday, Aug. 20. Sundays, the floor is held mainly by Jack Elliott and his new-era trio, who are all work, no byplay, and not in the least dull boys. There's cocktail and dinner piano every night, too. . . **BASIN STREET**, Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Home of the free, land of the brave, where there's always room for one



N° 5 - BOIS DES ILES - GARDENIA - RUSSIA LEATHER - N° 22



THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME

CHANEL



SUPER-TRAVELER 39.95

Now arriving for Fall in a handsome orlon-and-wool jersey that goes anywhere without muss or fuss. The pleats are there to stay! The colors, bristling with news...loden green, bright red, beige, gray, blue mist. Sizes 10 to 16. By Esterlee. Misses' Dresses. New York White Plains Chicago Cleveland Boston

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

more frontiersman. A quartet headed by Dave Brubeck, who rides his herd toward Beethoven as much as toward bop, and a quartet headed by Don Elliott, virtuoso and advanced thinker, are making the music now. Closed Mondays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The anvil chorus here is provided by some old-time Villagers. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-0600): Wilbur de Paris and his band (Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Lee Blair, Benny Moten, and Sonny White) sound like nighttime on Rampart Street, which is the way all of 52nd Street sounded in its vintage years. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): A blend of the new (the Three Girls, an adroit progressive party from the countryside) and the old (the trio of Eddie Heywood, who's been playing happy-go-lucky piano for centuries). Things start at nine. The Girls are off duty Sundays, the Heywoods Mondays. Johnny Mehegan, the Juilliard stalwart, is the Steinway modernist from six to nine in the evening, except Sundays and Mondays, when he is there all night, and Saturdays, when he is off. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Green pastures for those who want to rebuild music from the ground up. The incumbent architects of the future are Chet Baker's quartet, Charlie Ventura's quintet, and the Mitchell-Ruff duet. There are jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home in the clouds. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Jutta Hipp, an earnest little German girl, is busy proving that modern European piano and modern American ditto are sisters under the skin. Her trio (Edmund Thigpen, on drums, and Peter Ind, on bass, are her playmates) sets to at ten. Suzanne Fordham fills in the interstices at the keyboard from nine on. Monday is everyone's sabbath. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): Hell hath no fury like the music—part New Orleans, part Chicago, and part Shenanigan—that is manufactured here. At one time or another, Ken Kersey, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, and Claude Hopkins are almost certain to see action. The row begins at 1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays, at 3:30 P.M. other days, and ends at 3 A.M. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): On Saturday, Aug. 18, the law south of the Mason and Dixon Line will probably be laid down by Coleman Hawkins, Bobby Hackett, Bud Freeman, Pee Wee Russell, Vic Dickenson, Sonny Greer, Jimmy McPartland, Joe Marsala, Zutty Singleton, Cliff Jackson, and Jimmy Rushing. Starting time is nine. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, Aug. 17-18, the walls should come tumbling down to the music of Conrad Janis and his tailgaters, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Johnny Windhurst, Gene Sedic, Willie the Lion Smith, Sammy Price, Art Trappier, and Panama Francis. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA**, 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): You can rarely tell the players without a score card, for they come and go like swallows. Nevertheless, it is possible that Charles Mingus's Jazz Workshop quintet is here now. Phineas Newborn's four-man squad is due on Friday, Aug. 17. It's a known fact that the store is closed Tuesdays.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémallière (Bedford Vil-

lage 4-3306); closed Mondays. . . . **BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (Wells 1-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Spring 5-9125). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's Inn (Oyster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394); closed Mondays. . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342). . . . **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (Roslyn 3-0037); dancing; closed Mondays. . . . **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (White Plains 8-0597). . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** André (HUnter 2-7717); piano on Friday and Saturday evenings; closed Mondays. . . . **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Victor 7-4558). . . . **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.:** Nino's Continental (Port Washington 7-7644); dancing every evening. . . . **Riviera** (Port Washington 7-6500); dancing every evening except Monday. . . . **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-8873); closed Mondays. . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Stonehenge, on Route 7 (Idlewood 8-6511); piano every evening. . . . **Fox Hill**, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Idlewood 8-2628); piano every evening except Monday. . . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 2-1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . **Mont d'Or Inn** (Smithtown 2-1997); closed Mondays. . . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Huntington 4-1371); closed Mondays. . . . **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Villa Victor (Walnut 1-4000); closed Mondays. . . . **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (MEDford 1-3030); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (EDGEwood 3-2184); piano every evening except Sunday. . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Capitol 7-6204).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Summer still-lives by Sigmund Menkes, Joseph Floch, Doris Lee, and others; through Aug. 31. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Chen Chi, Gordon Grant, Molly Guion, and Edward Fenno Hoffman are among the contributors to a large display of water colors, oils, and sculptures; through Aug. 31. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS**, 120 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Lamar Dodd, Arthur Osver, Victor Candell, Louise Nevelson, and other gallery members; through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 12:30 to 5:30.) . . . **MELTZER**, 38 W. 57th St.: A selection of water colors (by Reginald Marsh, Charles Burchfield, and Hans Hofmann, to mention a few) that has been on a two-year tour of museums in France; through Oct. 1. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: A retrospective of the past season, comprising oils, water colors, and sculptures by William Thon, Isabel Bishop, Arline Wingate, and others; through Aug. 31. . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: This year's edition of the annual "Fact and Fantasy" presentation includes paintings and sculptures by Cameron Booth, Hale Woodruff, Manolo Pascual, and other members of the gallery group; through Friday, Aug. 24.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **CONTEMPORARIES**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: A potpourri made up in part of oils and graphics by Antonio Music, Massimo Campigli, Pierre Bonnard, Marc Chagall, and Antoni Clavé, as well as sculptures by José



de Crefft, Helene Sardeau, Paul Manship, and other Americans; through Aug. 31. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings, together with twentieth-century American paintings and sculptures, by, for instance, Renoir, Karl Knaths, Marsden Hartley, and Oronzio Maldarelli; through Aug. 31. . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 10 E. 77th St.: Paintings by contemporary American and French artists—Hedda Sterne, Atilio Salemmé, Joan Miró, and others—plus sculptures by Henri Laurens and Archipenko; through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 5:30.)

FRENCH; GROUP SHOW—Present-day French paintings from the gallery collection, including examples by Lorjou, Brayer, Mottet, and Chapelain-Midy, as well as drawings, predominantly French, dating from the fifteenth to the twentieth century; through Aug. 31. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

SCULPTURES—At the **SCULPTURE CENTRE**, 167 E. 69th St.: One of a series of summer shows that run for a month each and consist of works exhibited during the past year. In addition, new works done at the Center are added as they are completed. Through Aug. 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 8 to 10.) . . . **WELLONS**, 17 E. 64th St.: In an outdoor court, pieces by some thirty sculptors, including Charles Salerno, Koren Der Harootian, and Jane Wasey; through Aug. 31. (Weekdays, noon to 8.)

VILLAGE ART CENTER, 39 Grove St.—The annual summer show for members, comprising oils, water colors, graphics, sculptures, and drawings; through Aug. 31. (Daily, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—European paintings lent from eleven private collections and dating from the early Impressionists; among the artists are Monet, Degas, Modigliani, Utrillo, and Braque. A group of modern sculptures rounds out the exhibit. Through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Richard Lippold's "The Sun," a gold-wire construction twenty-two feet long and eleven feet high. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Several paintings or sculptures apiece by a group of twelve Americans, mostly of the Abstract Expressionist school and including Sam Francis, Franz Kline, and Larry Rivers; through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ "The Prints of Henri Matisse"—sixty etchings and lithographs, covering a period of more than fifty years, plus illustrated books, monotypes, and linoleum cuts; through Oct. 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—No special art exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—More than forty objects of medieval art acquired over the past year and a half, including a thirteenth-century silver-gilt reliquary statuette of St. Stephen and a fifteenth-century Hispano-Flemish altarpiece; through Sept. 9. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

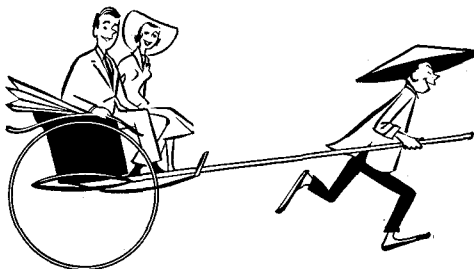
WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A selection of paintings, sculptures, and drawings from the Museum's permanent collection; through Sept. 16. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

IN THE COUNTRY

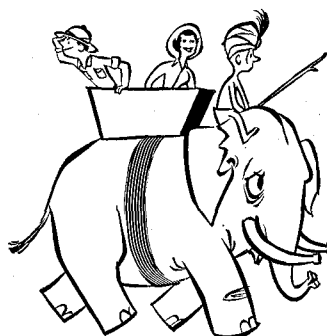
NEWPORT, R.I. Art Association of Newport: Portraits by Channing Hare; through Sunday, Aug. 19. . . . ¶ Works by the fine-arts faculty of the Rhode Island School of Design; through Aug. 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.) . . . **OGUNQUIT, MAINE.** Museum of Art of Ogunquit: Paintings by George Luks (1867-1933); a memorial show of ceramic sculptures by Carl Walters (1883-1955); and another of the yearly offerings of paintings, drawings, and sculptures called "Americans of Our Times." Through Sept. 10. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1:30 to 8.) . . . ¶ Ogunquit Art Center: The thirty-sixth annual national exhibition, consisting of oils, water colors, temperas, and pastels by Aldro Hibbard, Hovsep Pushman, Henry Gasser, and others; through Sept. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.) . . . **PROVINCETOWN,**



will fly you



'round the world



for



only \$135 down



Faraway or near to home—fly now, pay later

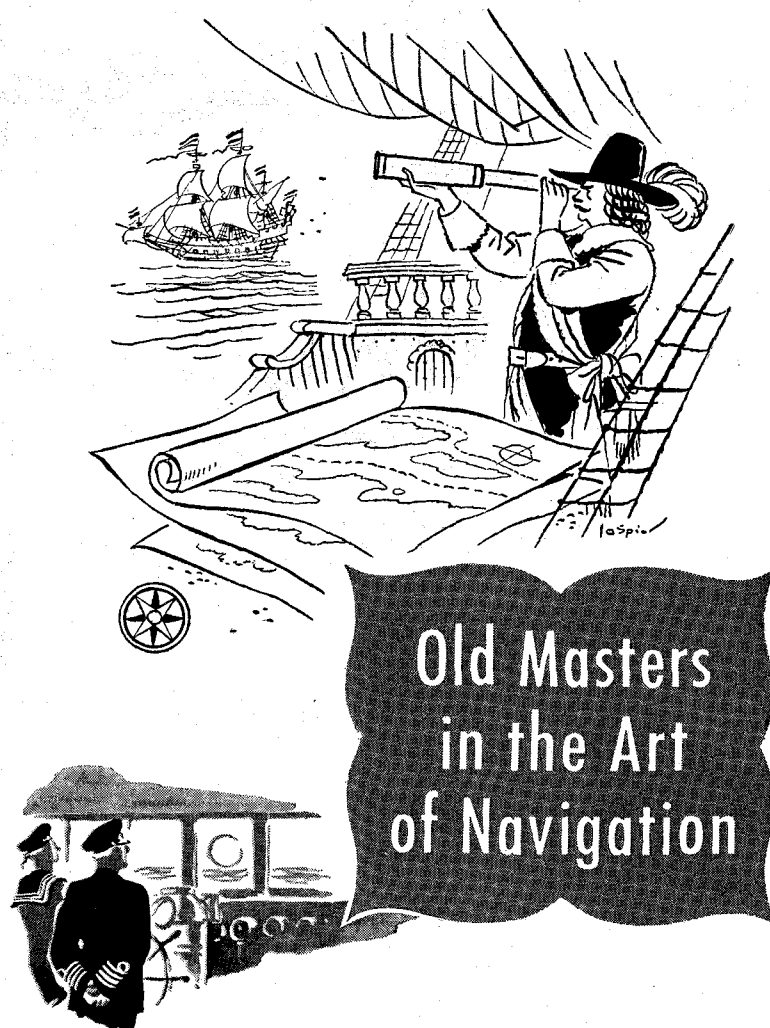
Tourist Round trip from New York	Minimum down payment	20 monthly payments
	(to nearest dollar)	
'Round the World.....	\$135	\$70
Bermuda.....	10	5
Hawaii.....	45	24
Paris.....	56	30
Rome.....	65	35
Buenos Aires.....	87	46

U.S. tax, where applicable, collected with down payment

THE ONLY ROUND-THE-WORLD AIRLINE

PAN AMERICAN

WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE



Old Masters in the Art of Navigation

Explorers, trade pioneers, master seamen of legendary stature—the Dutch are anchored prominently in the chronicles of travel.

Consequently, it is small wonder voyagers today consider this inherent bent for the sea as one good reason for going Holland-America.

Of course, they list other reasons too—the immaculate quarters, palatial public rooms, incomparable cuisine—the pleasures and pastimes in bountiful variety that make time pass swiftly.

Too swiftly, apparently—for it is to be noted that Holland-America travellers come back again... and again.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

Holland-America Line

29 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N.Y. OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

"IT'S GOOD TO BE ON

A WELL-RUN SHIP!"

Frequent sailings to
IRELAND, ENGLAND, FRANCE
and HOLLAND for ALL EUROPE
Choose the luxurious flagship

NIEUW AMSTERDAM

The twin thriftliners

RYNDAM and MAASDAM

The one-class motortwins

WESTERDAM and NOORDAM

Superb CRUISE PROGRAM in all seasons

The NIEUW AMSTERDAM,
RYNDAM and MAASDAM
call regularly at Southampton
for LONDON
and all Britain

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MASS. Provincetown Art Association: Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints make up the summer's second show, as they did the first, with Abraham Harriton, Leo Manso, and Victor Candell among the participants; through Sept. 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 6 and 7 to 10; Sundays, 2 to 6.)... **ROCKPORT, MASS.** Rockport Art Association: Iver Rose, Harold Rotenberg, and Umberto Romano are on the roster of artists for an exhibition of oils, water colors, pastels, sculptures, graphic arts, and crafts; through Sept. 23. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 3 to 6.)... **WOODSTOCK, N.Y.** Woodstock Artists Association: The season of 1956 jury show; through Thursday, Aug. 23. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5:30 and 7 to 9; Sundays, noon to 3.)

MUSIC

GOLDMAN BAND—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the final performance in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Central Park Mall. Friday, Aug. 17, at 8:30.)

CARNEGIE MUSIC AND DANCE SUMMER FESTIVAL—Friday through Sunday, Aug. 17-19: A calypso program by the Massie Patterson Carib Singers and Dancers... Friday through Sunday, Aug. 24-26: The Trinidad Steel Band in a calypso program—with Lord Burgess and his company on Saturday and the Duke of Iron on Sunday. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 5-5699.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK CONCERTS—Frederique Petrides conducting a chamber orchestra, with Anahid Ajemian, violin. The third in a series of four free concerts. (Monday, Aug. 20, at 9. In the event of rain, the concert will take place the following evening.)

NEW YORK JAZZ FESTIVAL—Two nights of hot and cool sound. Friday, Aug. 24: The nominees are Count Basie and his orchestra, George Shearing's quintet, Joe Williams, Lester Young, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Erroll Garner's trio, Gene Krupa's quartet, Zoot Sims, Bobby Hackett and his All-Stars, Don Elliott's quartet, and Billie Holiday... Saturday, Aug. 25: Lionel Hampton and his orchestra, Dave Brubeck's quartet, Gerry Mulligan, Chet Baker, the Don Shirley Duo, the Jazz Messengers, Billy Taylor's trio, Lee Konitz, Coleman Hawkins, Buck Clayton, Wild Bill Davison and his All-Stars, and Chris Connor are scheduled to appear. (Downing Stadium, Randall's Island. Evenings at 8:15. For information about tickets, call PL 8-0305.)

IN THE COUNTRY

CONNECTICUT POPS—Morton Gould conducting the Connecticut Symphony Orchestra in the final performance of the season, with Danny Daniels, dancer. (Fairfield University Field, Fairfield, Conn. Friday, Aug. 17, at 8:30.)

CASTLE HILL CONCERTS—Geoffrey Holder and Carmen de Lavallade in a program of Trinidad ballet, with steel drums. Final performances of the season. (Ipswich, Mass. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 17-18, at 8:30.)

SOUTH MOUNTAIN—Saturday, Aug. 18: The Claremont String Quartet... Sunday, Aug. 19: The New York Pro Musica Antiqua in a program of sacred and secular works by Monteverdi... Saturday, Aug. 25: Robert Goldsand, piano. (Pittsfield, Mass. Afternoons at 3:30.)

CHAUTAUQUA—Final performances of the season—Walter Hendl conducting the Chautauqua Symphony Orchestra on Saturday, Aug. 18, at 8:30 (a Mozart-Mahler program, with Patricia Berlin, mezzo-soprano); Sunday, Aug. 19, at 3 (a varied program); Tuesday, Aug. 21, at 8:30 (a pop concert); and Wednesday, Aug. 22, at 8:30 (a Mozart-Beethoven program)... Saturday, Aug. 25, at 8:30: A recital by Risé Stevens, mezzo-soprano. (Amphitheatre, Chautauqua, N.Y.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN—The Berkshire String Quartet in a series of chamber-music concerts. (Falls Village, Conn. Sundays at 4.)

BERKSHIRE MUSIC BARN—Dizzy Gillespie and his

band. (Lenox, Mass. Sunday, Aug. 19, at 8:40.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Boston, Thursday, Aug. 16, at 2... Yankees vs. Cleveland, Tuesday, Aug. 21, at 8:15, and Wednesday, Aug. 22, at 2... Yankees vs. Chicago, Thursday, Aug. 23, at 1:30 (doubleheader); Friday, Aug. 24, at 8:15; and Saturday, Aug. 25, at about 2:30 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities, with a couple of innings or so involving White Sox and Yankee players from the Joe Cronin era, will start at 1:30)... **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Giants, Thursday, Aug. 16, at 8... **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, Aug. 17, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 18, at 2; and Sunday, Aug. 19, at 2 (doubleheader).

GOLF—Metropolitan Golf Association Father and Son Tournament. (Englewood Golf Club, Englewood, N.J. Monday, Aug. 20.)... U.S.G.A. Senior Championship. (Somerset Country Club, St. Paul, Minn. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25.)... Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Century Country Club, White Plains. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 23-26.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At **MEADOW BROOK CLUB**, Jericho... **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase.

RACING—At **SARATOGA SPRINGS**: Weekdays at 2:30; through Saturday, Sept. 1. The Grand Union Hotel, Friday, Aug. 17; the Whitney, Saturday, Aug. 18; the Spinaway, Friday, Aug. 24; and the Saratoga Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 25... **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 6. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10:30—an additional train Saturdays at 10—connecting with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

TENNIS—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino Lawn Tennis Club, Newport, R.I. Through Sunday, Aug. 19.)... U.S.L.T.A. Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 20-26.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weekdays at 8:30; through Friday, Nov. 30. (Buses for the track meet New York Central trains at Mount Vernon.)... **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 25.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next few months; there may, however, be periodic meetings of the Security Council to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30.

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The summer show, "Mars," brings us up to date on our planetary neighbor—its surface features, its ups and downs, and so on. (Mondays at 1, 2, and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 1, 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)... Every night, except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

NATIONAL CONVENTIONS—DEMOCRATIC: Continues in Chicago through Thursday, Aug. 16, and possibly longer... **REPUBLICAN**: Opens at the Cow Palace, in San Francisco, Monday morning, Aug. 20. The keynote address by Governor Arthur B. Langlie, of Washington, will be delivered that evening.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through Aug. 18: "You Only Live Once" (1937), with Sylvia Sydney and Henry Fonda... Aug. 19-22: "The Man Who Could Work Miracles" (1936), with Roland Young and Ralph Richardson. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SHOEMAKERS

**we are proud to introduce in America
THE FAMOUS BOYS' SHOES OF
JAMES SOUTHALL & CO., LTD.**

James Southall, of Norwich, England, who make children's shoes for the Royal Family, have been making fine shoes since 1792. Their foot-health lasts for growing feet—featuring straight inner edges that conform to the normal lines of the foot, and specially designed heels that help keep ankles straight—are generally recognized as the best ever developed.

The shoes themselves—never before obtainable in America—are expertly made of sturdy leathers and are, we believe, the finest available for growing boys.

*In four outstanding styles, in sizes 8½ to 1½ at \$9.50...
and 2 to 5½ at \$10.50. Descriptive brochure upon request.*

ESTABLISHED 1816

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING
Mens Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

Two sides to everything

Take this business of investing in common stocks, for example.

On one side—the rewards.



The opportunity to put your money to work where the record for the past 10 years shows you might reasonably expect a return of 4%, 5%, 6% on your money. . . .

Where the dollars you invest have a chance to grow with American industry—can multiply toward a day you might want them for a college education, for a better home, for retirement.

On the other side?



Risk. Risk that the companies you select may fail to prosper. Risk that their dividends may be cut down—or cut out. Risk that there could come a time of generally depressed prices for all stocks—a time when you might be forced by personal circumstances to sell at a loss.

That's why we've never been tempted to overstate the rewards—or minimize the risks.

That's why we've said time and again, that a home, insurance, and a fund for emergencies should always come first.

But after that, if you believe as we do in the long-range future of American business, we can't think of a better place to put your extra dollars than in good common stocks.

And when it comes to which ones you should buy, we'll do all that we can to help. Just come into our office and ask—or write if you like to our Research Department. You simply address—

WALTER A. SCHOLL, Department SB-60

**Merrill Lynch,
Pierce, Fenner & Beane**
70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.
Offices in 107 Cities

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

THE KING AND I—Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr are appealing as the hero and heroine of this adaptation of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, and among its other advantages the film can boast of fine color, pretty dances, and liting melodies. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000.)

MOBY DICK—A handsome version of the Melville saga, which was directed with high enthusiasm by John Huston. Maybe Mr. Huston hasn't quite managed to convey all the philosophical insights Melville was after, but he's done an adult movie just the same. Richard Basehart, Leo Genn, Bernard Miles, and Friedrich Ledebur are splendid as Ishmael, Starbuck, the Manxman, and Queequeg, respectively, but Gregory Peck never gets his teeth into the role of Captain Ahab. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

OKLAHOMA!—Very large, very loud, and by no means as attractive as the original. The magniloquent figures most on view are Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, and Gene Nelson. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Mondays through Thursdays at 2:30 and 8:30; Fridays at 2:30, 7:30, and 10:40; Saturdays at 11, 2:30, 7:30, and 10:40; and Sundays at 1:30, 5, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

PRIVATE'S PROGRESS—An English film that does a great bit of spoofing of some Albions who weren't quite up to the business of defending the motherland in the last war. Ian Carmichael is very funny as the principal incompetent in this romp, and Richard Attenborough, Terry-Thomas, and Dennis Price give him a lot of assistance. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

THE PROUD AND THE BEAUTIFUL—In this French picture adapted from a story by Jean-Paul Sartre, a Mexican town in the grip of an epidemic is examined with startling realism. By way of romance, the picture offers Michèle Morgan, as a recently widowed lady who is not long in finding a new admirer, and Gérard Philipe, as the admiral—a drunken doctor full of guilt because of a couple of medical mishaps. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Aug. 22, tentative.)

LA STRADA—A strange Italian film dealing with the fortunes of a subhuman professional strong man, a half-witted girl who serves as his slave (he buys her from her mother for ten thousand lire), and a carnival clown more prescient than most. Directed by Federico Fellini, the picture is full of interesting episodes, even if it does go on rather length-

ily. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

REVIVALS

ALEXANDER NEVSKY (1938)—Eisenstein's account of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 16.)

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN (1950)—Betty Hutton in the Irving Berlin show. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Aug. 16.)

BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK (1955)—Spencer Tracy as a mysterious stranger who visits a California cowtown and throws the place into the jitters. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Aug. 16.)

CHAPAYEV (1935)—Russian melodrama of a minor revolutionary hero. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 16.)

FORBIDDEN GAMES (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two small children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 18.)

I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG (1932)—The piece about prison conditions in the South. With Paul Muni. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Aug. 19-20.)

THE LADY FROM SHANGHAI (1948)—Suspense, involving an Irish sailor, a mysterious lady, and a pair of lawyers, both balmy. Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Aug. 21-22.)

MISTER ROBERTS (1955)—Life on a Navy cargo ship, based on the Hegggen and Logan play. Henry Fonda, James Cagney, Jack Lemmon, and William Powell are among the diverting tars. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Aug. 21-22.)

THE MOON IS BLUE (1953)—F. Hugh Herbert's comedy concerning some Manhattan mating cries, with Maggie McNamara, William Holden, and David Niven. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454; through Aug. 19.)

THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE (1946)—Dorothy McGuire as a mute pursued by a strangler. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting Aug. 22, tentative.)

TWO CENTS WORTH OF HOPE (1952)—An Italian comedy, played against a background of poverty and unemployment by a cast of amateurs. Directed by Renato Castellani. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 18.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—See listings under "Other Events," page 11.

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)

"Autumn Leaves," Joan Crawford, Cliff Robertson.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)

Through Aug. 19: "Trapeze," Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis, Gina Lollobrigida. Aug. 20: Theatre closed.

From Aug. 21, at 8: "War and Peace," Audrey Hepburn, Henry Fonda, Mel Ferrer. (Opening night by invitation only.)

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)

MOBY DICK.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)

"The Fastest Gun Alive," Glenn Ford, Jeanne Crain.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)

"Partners," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)

"High Society," Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, Frank Sinatra.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)

"Johnny Concho," Frank Sinatra, Keenan Wynn.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)

OKLAHOMA!

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)

THE KING AND I.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)

"Away All Boats," Jeff Chandler, George Nader.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)

Through Aug. 22: "Bigger Than Life," James Mason.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)

"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 2:40, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

WORLD, 153 W. 40th. (CI 7-5747)

Through Aug. 22 (tentative): "The Game of Love" (in French), revival, Edwige Fenech, Nicole Berger; and "One Summer of Happiness" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist.

Only IBM "Executive" letters are so Very Truly Yours!

IBM
OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE WORLD

Dear Sir:

There's only one typewriter in the world that can make your letters as distinctively yours as your signature... IBM's unique "Executive" Electric typewriter.

That's because the "Executive" is the only typewriter that makes letters look like the printing in a fine book.

Compare this "Executive"-typed letter with the typing done on any other typewriter. In all other typing, wider letters, like "m," for instance, are crowded into the same space allotted for narrower letters like "o." But the "Executive" gives each letter its own natural amount of space like this:

iiii
oooo
www
mmmm

Remember, the IBM "Executive" is the only typewriter that gives you this "proportional letter spacing."

Your IBM representative will be glad to prepare a sample of "Executive" typing on your own letterhead to show you how easy-to-read, how eye-catching your correspondence can be. He'll show you, too, how quickly the "Executive" Electric will pay for itself by increasing office efficiency.

Very truly yours,

International Business Machines

IBM

ELECTRIC TYPEWRITERS

... outsell all other electrics combined!

Electric Typewriters • Data Processing • Time Equipment • Military Products

B. Altman & Co



cum laude . . . the lodencloth coat

this is the original . . . born and bred in Bavaria, adopted here by prep school and college boys, and suburbanites who like it for its practical and personable qualities. Water- and wind-repellent, warmly hooded (detachable) and lined in wool lodencloth. Boys' in navy, tan or grey, 6 to 12, **28.50**
14 to 20, **36.50** Men's in grey, tan or olive, 36 to 46, **49.50**

Altman shops for men and boys, sixth floor

Murrayhill 9-7000—Fifth Avenue at 34th Street and at White Plains and Manhasset



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SOMETHING we observed while on an observation trip to Washington last week was that the doormen of the Hotel Raleigh have been equipped with neatly pressed gray shorts and gray stockings. The after-



noon man, a youngster, shows a good pair of knees, but the morning man, getting along in age, pulls the stockings up over his.

WE also observed that at the Ninth Annual Convention of the National Counter Intelligence Corps Association, held in the Sheraton-Park Hotel, Bob Hope was invited to be a special guest speaker and one of the items on the agenda was the selection of Miss Cloak and Dagger.

ARRIVING back in New York late at night, thinking these things over, we walked to Fifth Avenue, and there observed a young woman typing away at the sample typewriter the Olivetti people leave out in front of their shop. "What are you writing?" we boldly inquired when she stopped to insert another page. "Short story," she replied, and went ahead with it.

Discoverer

FOR sheer conversational virtuosity, there's nobody we'd rather talk with than the Italians, who contrive to be more eloquent on more subjects in a shorter space of time than any other national group we know. That not very solemn sociological reflection springs from a number of interviews we've had over the years with visiting Mediter-

anean dignitaries and was reinforced last week by a talk with Count Leonardo Vitetti, the new Italian Ambassador to the United Nations, whom we called on at his apartment in the St. Regis. Husband of the former Miss Natalie Coe, of Oyster Bay, and learned student of American history, Vitetti, a medium-sized man of sixty-one, is also well known for his work in the field of medieval Italian poetry. Indeed, though the occasion of our call was Vitetti's ambassadorial appointment, it was his labors in the world of scholarship that chiefly engrossed him and us, and we ended by devoting a few minutes of our time to diplomacy and the rest to a discussion of arts and letters. Vitetti appeared delighted by this inequity and expressed his gratitude to us for not attempting to pry diplomatic secrets out of him. "The greatest of diplomatic secrets is that there no longer are any," he said. "Nothing in the life of a modern state can be really secret to an intelligent journalist." We leaned back in our chair and assumed a look of profound journalistic intelligence. "What might seem at first glance to be secrets are merely the various ways in which trends take shape and become the objects of agreements and treaties. The publication of diplomatic documents is interesting not because astounding facts are revealed but because they demonstrate the techniques by which certain solutions of problems have been arrived at. The young diplomat, like the young journalist, should first be trained in archeology. Both have to excavate fragments, evaluate them, and integrate them into the general design of a situation, just as an archeologist does when he uncovers an ancient city."

We asked Vitetti what connection, if any, exists between his work as a diplomat-historian and his work as an elucidator of medieval poetry. He replied with gusto that to reconstruct a seven-hundred-year-old sonnet from its pres-

ent-day ruin is a true form of historical endeavor. "It happens that we possess none of the originals of the great poems of the age of Dante," he said. "As for Dante himself, no one has ever seen so much as a single line written in his hand. The oldest copy of the 'Divine Comedy' that we possess was made sixteen years after Dante's death. In Dante's case, the many discrepancies between the existing manuscripts of the 'Comedy' have made it necessary to put together a satisfactory text. In the case of Cavalcanti, however, a number of



his sonnets make no sense whatever, while others are perfectly clear and forceful. I set to work on the assumption that the obscurity wasn't Cavalcanti's fault—that the obscure sonnets must have become so as a result of faulty copying at the start and subsequent misinterpretation and faulty patching up. After three years of painstaking research, I concluded that my assumption was correct. Often, a minor error by an early copyist would lead to a slightly greater error by a second copyist, and a third copyist would force the text still further out of shape. The restorer of paintings and statuary has only one enemy—namely, time—while the restorer of the written word has three—first, time; then ignorance; and then, worse even than ignorance, knowledge. We ordinary scholars can outwit one or two of these enemies; only intuition can hope to outwit all three. Shelley translated a sonnet of Cavalcanti's that, in the form available to Shelley, was cryptic throughout and in places downright absurd. Nevertheless, such was his sensitivity that, either by what some people would call a mistake or by what I prefer to call a supreme act



"You men are all alike."

of poetic license, he corrected the false version of the sonnet handed down to him by generations of copyists and editors and gave it the very meaning that it had had in Cavalcanti's day and that I, relying on philology and logic, have recently succeeded in restoring." Just as Vitetti was about to recite the restored sonnet to us, his wife came in and warned him gently that he was already late for his next engagement. "Late, as usual," Vitetti said, then added, with a sigh for Cavalcanti, "and by so many centuries."

GASTRO-INTESTINAL INTELLIGENCE: A new eating place called Phebe's Whamburger has just opened on Madison Avenue.

There's a New England Pizza Shoppe near Teaneck, N. J.

A shop at the corner of St. Martin's Lane and William IV Street, in London, advertises "Curiously Choice Chocolates."

Hobby Show

THE other afternoon, we realized anew what an age of optimism, do-it-yourself, and easy-does-it this is when, traipsing through the Fall Hobby Show of the Hobby Industry Association of America, in the New York Trade Show Building, at 500 Eighth Avenue, we

picked up the instructions of the Sargent Progressive Painting Portfolio and read:

You can create original oil paintings. By following the simple steps arranged for you in this set you can plan, draw and paint exciting original pictures. There are just three simple steps:

1. Paint the numbered, pre-sketched canvas panel.
2. Paint the pre-sketched unnumbered panel.
3. Paint your own original picture.

The best way to begin is to squeeze a little paint on your palette, dip your brush in, put it on the canvas and THERE, YOU'RE A PAINTER. It's that easy.

"Stamps and coins are all very well," said our guide, Mr. Henry L. Dubs, the Association's business manager, "but the hobbies we of the Association prefer are what you might call the creative-type hobbies, like painting, ceramics, copper enamelling, and putting together copper plastic models of planes, trains, cars, and boats. Plastics are definitely it. Plastic models are the trend. Dollar-wise, more money is being spent on plastic models than on any other hobby. Second come metal trains."

We followed Mr. Dubs past booths containing model planes, trains, cars, and boats, toy medicine chests, Geiger counters, Space Commander walkie-talkies, and signal-ray guns, and paused to chat with Mr. Charles Schmukler, of the Jewel Leather Goods

Company, 154 Grand Street. "Make your own peewee purse with key chain, pony-skin billfold with gusset purse, eyeglass case, comb case, cigarette case, and six-hook key case," he said. "Our Jewel Group-Paks are designed especially for the needs of Scouts, churches, 4-H Clubs, and schools. Very good orthopedic physiotherapy. We sell only to the trade."

"Sixty-five hundred hobby shops in the country," Mr. Dubs said. "Ten thousand other stores that carry hobby merchandise. As near as our surveys indicate, the retail hobby business will come to two hundred and fifty million dollars this year."

Mr. Dubs introduced us to Bob Strock, of the Wen-Mac Corporation, of Los Angeles, who showed us a Hiller's Flying Platform; \$13.95. "Real internal-combustion engine," Mr. Strock said. "Fuelled by a formulation of menthanol, nitromethane, castor oil, and additives. West Point is interested in it. It is felt that boys from nine to fourteen who develop an interest in this real, functioning miniature will be more likely to follow careers in engineering and aviation. It's part of our grass-roots program of developing a backlog of engineers and aviation specialists."

We pressed on to transistor-radio kits, mobile loudspeaker and signal systems, model-Lincoln-convertible assembly kits, atomic-rocket-launching trucks, "Dragnet" talking police cars ("Trunk compartment contains unbreakable plastic record which repeats: 'Calling Sergeant Friday! Calling Sergeant Friday! Place dragnet for two escaped convicts. That is all'") and something called Schmeer-on, useful in copper enamelling.

"Our headquarters are in Philadelphia," Mr. Dubs said. "Our big show is in Chicago, but we're trying New York as an experiment. I think it's a success. We have more than a hundred varieties of locomotives here. Model trains are being made with smaller cars, because of restricted space and because they are less apt to turn over. They take

the curves better. Plastic models are the thing, especially with boys. Girls generally stick to handicrafts, but my daughter, who is twelve, can build models as well as any boy."

We took a curve to the exit and asked Dubs what his hobby is.

"Why, the hobby business, of course," he said.

Runyon in Rio

A TRAVELLER just returned from a visit to Rio de Janeiro tells us that the marquee of a big movie house there is advertising the showing of "Eles e Elas" ("Hes and Shes"). The film inside, our traveller advises us, is "Guys and Dolls."

Spry Nonagenarian

HAVING dealt with any number of octogenarians, we would now like to make a report on Robert Kelly Prentice, a ninety-two-year-old lawyer who showed up at the Century Club a while back and received a round of applause as its oldest member in point of tenure: sixty-five years. We had tea with him and his wife in their house in the East Sixties, and found him well thatched, serene, and strong of voice and opinion. He pointed to a handsome bust of a handsome man in the library, and said, "My Grandfather Robert Kelly. He made money in the Irish-linen business, was active in public affairs, and was one of the founders of the Century, in 1847. Those black-walnut Gothic bookcases were built by Richard Upjohn, the architect, and came from my grandfather's house, at 9 West Sixteenth Street, where I was born. He died before I was born. I never knew him. He was a man worth knowing."

Mr. Prentice's father, William Packer Prentice, who died at eighty-one, was a lawyer who practiced in Albany and New York. Prentice *filis* was the oldest of three brothers and three sisters—one sister lived to be eighty-seven; his brother Ezra, a lawyer, is seventy-eight; another brother, William Kelly, professor emeritus of Greek at Princeton, is eighty-four.

"New York was a nice clean town when I was boy," our host said. "It burned only anthracite. The pavements were imitation

Belgian block—very slippery. I won a prize of two hundred dollars for leading my class at Princeton freshman year, and, while attending Columbia Law School, had a summer job with a law firm in Albany. Unfortunately, one of the senior partners—"

"Now, Kelly," Mrs. Prentice said, handing us a cup of tea.

"I was admitted to the bar when I was twenty-two, became a partner in my father's firm, and later had my own," her husband resumed. "I went to the office regularly for sixty-seven years, specializing in insurance and real-estate law. I joined Squadron A and was on Theodore Roosevelt's National Guard staff when he was Governor. I was commissary for Squadron A when it was on strike duty at Croton Dam in 1900, and fed the men on porter-house, at seventeen and a half cents a pound, and shad, just out of the river, at seven cents a pound."

"We were married in 1901, and for our honeymoon rode in a tandem cart from Albany to Stockbridge," Mrs. Prentice said. "The cart is now in the

Stony Brook Museum, on Long Island. Mr. Prentice's parents and grandparents also celebrated their golden weddings."

"I maintained my health in my youth by riding a half-broken thoroughbred colt around Central Park at seven-thirty in the morning and walking a terrier every evening," Mr. Prentice said. "I used to ride a bicycle to the Park, where I was met by the horse. I've never had much use for automobiles. The only thing I ever collected was snaffle bits. I had eighteen varieties. They're now at Stony Brook."

"Mr. Prentice has been active in the Church of the Incarnation," Mrs. Prentice said.

"Do you remember that unfortunate episode at —?" Mr. Prentice said, mentioning another church.

"Now, Kelly!" Mrs. Prentice said.

We asked Mr. Prentice whether he smokes or drinks.

"Two or three little cheroots a day," he said, "and one or two ounces of whiskey. It used to be *drinks* of whis-



"If you'll recall, I said 'practically.' It requires practically no pressing."

key. There's a lot of difference between a drink and an ounce."

OVERHEARD outside the Metropolitan Museum: "But after all, Lois, he's only an *average* genius."

Botanical Afternoon

AFRICAN safaris and the Grande Corniche are all well and good for those with time and money to burn, but as for us, give us a midsummer afternoon at the New York Botanical Garden, round trip ninety-five cents from Grand Central. We've just returned from such an excursion, spent in the agreeable and instructive company of Thomas H. Everett, the Garden's horticulturist and curator of education. Twenty-two minutes on the New York Central brought us to the Garden station, where Mr. Everett met us and whisked us by car a few hundred yards to the rococo Administration Building. We strolled past realistic plastic exhibits of ferns, violets, Dutchman's-breeches, jack-in-the-pulpits, trilliums, lady's-slippers, mushrooms, wild columbine, and trailing arbutus to his office—a hive of botanical publications, correspondence, and envelopes full of seeds.

"Letters from all over," he said, pulling out one from Mr. Y. H. Leung, of the United Trading Company, Wing On Life Building, Hong Kong, which bore the cable address Dreamboat, and read, in part:

I have recently read your book on "How to Grow Beautiful House Plants" and am highly benefited. I am a house-plant enthusiast and member of the National Cactus and Succulent Society of England. . . . I also operate a factory manufacturing Red Clay Flower Pots of various sizes. . . . I believe many of your members would buy these kind of pots. Could you do anything to help me along?

"And here's one from Brooklyn," he said, brandishing a message stating:

In February, my husband put about two bushels of Ground Herring Meal (from Iceland) on a small plot of ground in front of our house. . . . He received this fertilizer from a friend who assured him it was the finest fertilizer for the ground.

It has now been in the ground for almost four months and the stench is still almost unbearable both to us and our neighbors. Also, we have noticed it is a breeding place for flies. . . . It will be very much appreciated if you could please tell us what to do to completely do away with the smell and insects.

"We answer them all," Mr. Everett said. "Seventeen hundred a year. We

try to be useful. Our educational program, which I took over a couple of years ago, is really swinging now. We give a two-year evening course in amateur botany, which requires students to go out in the field and collect, identify, and mount seventy-five herbarium specimens from at least twenty plant families. Look at what Mr. Robert E. Dodds, a New Rochelle teacher, turned in! Absolutely beautiful job!"

He handed us the Dodds collection, pressed and mounted on big sheets of paper, and then tossed a few transparent envelopes of seeds at us.

"Collected by two of our staff men, John J. Wurdack and Joseph Monachino, along the Orinoco, in Venezuela, this spring," he said. "Probably never grown in captivity. I'm sending some of them to the Royal Botanical Gardens in Kew and Edinburgh, and the Botanic Gardens in Dublin. Now, as to our educational program. More and more people are getting out in gardens and grounds and working with their hands. What with these developments in the suburbs, they have to. They're faced with such problems as combatting crab grass and how to keep trees from falling on their houses. You can't hire knowledgeable gardeners today; you have to do it yourself. It's not like cooking. You don't have to know how to cook today. Plenty of restaurants! Packaged goods galore! I like to eat, but I hate to cook. When my wife's away, I live on cheese and beer. I wouldn't boil an egg for anything. Gardening isn't like running a car,

either. You don't have to know how to fix your car. Take it to a garage! But you do have to know how to garden, whether you like it or not."

Mr. Everett jumped up and led us back to his car, and we embarked on a tour of the Garden.

"Cork trees," he said, stopping abruptly near two good-looking, large-branched specimens marked "*Phellodendron lavellei*."

A car behind us ground to a screeching stop.

We got out, and approached the trees. "In my opinion, they should be grown much more widely," Mr. Everett said as the occupants of the second car swung out past us and threw us injured looks. "Nice character to them. Wonderful shade trees! Rugged, but not too big. Not as big as elms and maples and plane trees, which are too big for back yards and some country places. Won't fall on your house. Not susceptible to blights. I've never seen any disease or pest on the cork tree."

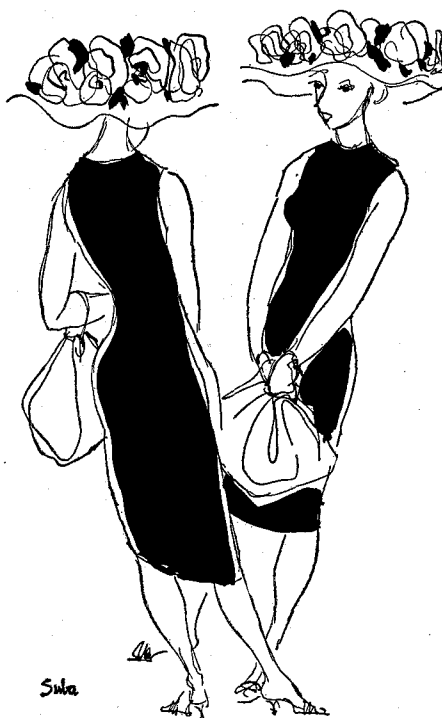
After returning to his car, we tooled on a minute or two, then stopped on a dime.

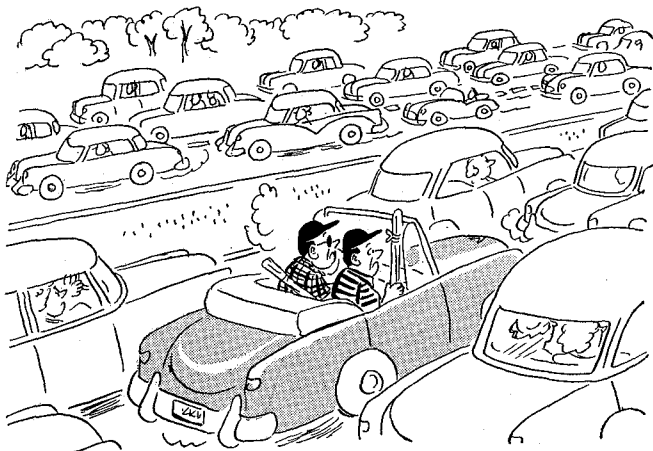
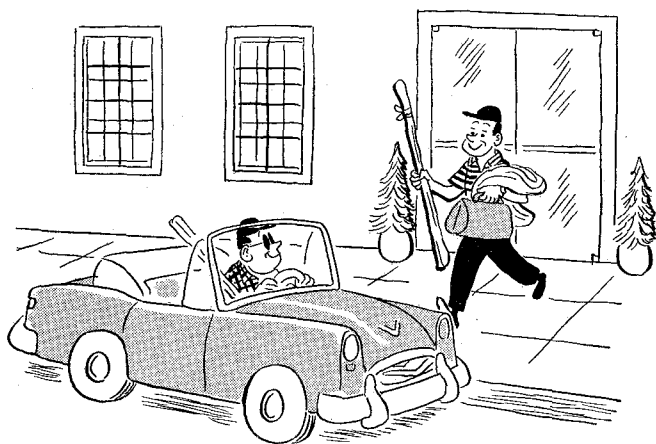
"Now, here's another very good buy," our guide said. We disengaged our forehead from the windshield and followed him to another tree.

"Willow oak," he said. "You wouldn't think that was an oak, would you? Looks more like a willow. Sturdier, though. Nice tall central trunk, no heavy branches to break down and fall on your roof. Stands up wonderfully. I recommend these two trees very, very highly."

Having climbed aboard again, we gained the greenhouses, in back of which Mr. Everett pointed out some ivy.

"Two Hundred and Thirty-eighth Street ivy," he said. "I named it this because I first found it up at Two Hundred and Thirty-eighth Street, growing along a church. I discovered it in 1934, two years after I came to the Garden. That was a test winter—very severe. We haven't had as bad a one since. It's not the average winter that determines what you should grow; it's the exceptional one, which takes out the weak sisters. I observed in riding by this church that this ivy was green at a time when other ivies had pooped out. I took cuttings from it, planted it in the Garden, studied it for many years, and sent cuttings to Kew. I was born in England and got my training at Kew. This has been a wonderful June and July. Every time the Garden has needed water, it has rained. I've never seen such a good





June and July since I came to this country. That was in 1927."

Gathering up speed, we went on to the propagation houses.

"I'm editing a garden encyclopedia. Writing keeps me up till two in the morning," Mr. Everett said as the car again stopped on a dime. We got out and followed him.

"*Piperaceae, Houttynia cordata*," he said, pointing to some low, thickly growing white flowers that looked like small dogwood. "Japanese plant. Only plant in the pepper family that is hardy here. I found it in a garden in England and brought it here in 1952. It has done beautifully. Spreads. Makes good ground cover. Look at this goldenrod. It's the derivative of an American wild species bred in England. Looks like mimosa, doesn't it? *Solidago*."

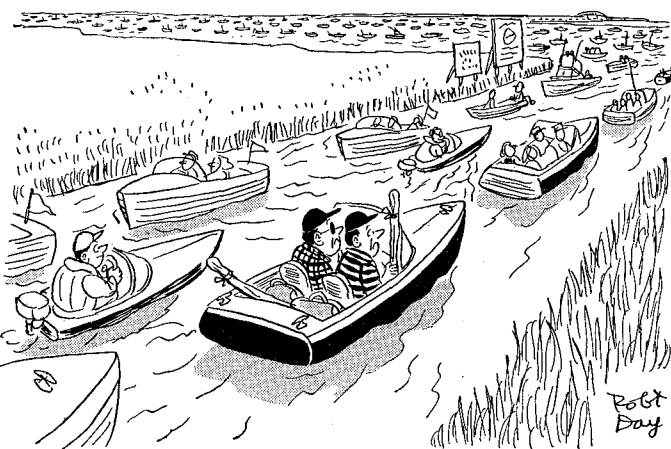
We went into one of the houses, and he showed us scores of pots of strawberry plants with variegated leaves. "Picked this up in England, too," he said. "It fruits and flowers. We distributed hundreds to members this spring."

We got in the car, which Mr. Everett inadvertently put in reverse, causing it to hit a wall. "Let's take a

look at the Two Hundred and Thirty-eighth Street ivy *in situ*," he said, changing gears.

We drove up the Bronx Parkway, turned off, and pulled up, with a jolt, opposite the Church of the Good Shepherd, at Two Hundred and Thirty-eighth Street and Matilda Avenue. "See how green it is," Mr. Everett said, crossing the street. "The privet hedge next to it is nothing like as good." He crouched down and separated some leaves, exposing a stem five or six inches thick. "The church was built in 1915," he said. "I'll bet the ivy has been there since then. I've never met the church people. I just take cuttings and beat it. I suppose I ought to meet the minister and thank him. One of our secretaries got married there."

On our way back to the Garden railroad station, we passed Woodlawn Cemetery. Mr. Everett slowed down to wave at it appreciatively. The driver



of a car behind us pulled clear of us just in time and shook his fist.

"Wonderful cemetery," Mr. Everett said. "I spend a lot of time there. Fine trees. Nice place to study them. They're left undisturbed, and they flourish."

FAIR sample of the cream of our annual camp-letter crop:

DEAR UNCLE RAYMOND:

I am having a terrific time. I am in a tent.

Love,
PAM

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR OR, HOPSCOTCH AND SODA

JUST as in a previous generation people were careful not to do or say anything "wicked" in front of the minister, so today one tries to avoid any sign of being "immature" in the presence of psychiatrists, those secular pastors with their gospel of Responsibility, their regular confessionals, and, to lick the metaphorical platter clean, their swelling parishes. Imagine my dismay, therefore, on hearing that a woman in whose earshot I had lost my temper at a recent party was a psychoanalyst, and, to make matters worse, a new neighbor of mine. The incident itself was unimportant: some small petulance of the sort to which we are all prone, in this case climaxing a political argument with a man whom I can't stand and whose wife—to complete the sorry details—had just beaten me at Scrabble. It was with a brackish enough memory of the evening that I asked my wife at breakfast the next morning, a Sunday, "Who was that Valkyrie in the green dress who sat watching everyone with an aloof smile?" and heard her answer,

"Frieda Bickerstaffe. I understand she's a psychoanalyst."

"A psychoanalyst!" I said. "Why isn't a man told things like that?"

"You were told," my wife answered, with a punitive little smile. "I told you. It shows again you never listen."

"Bickerstaffe," I went on, pouring myself a fresh cup of black coffee. "That rings a bell."

"I should hope so. I've told you everything about the Bickerstaffes, but I'll run through it again, and this time listen. The Bickerstaffes are the people who just moved into the Martin place," my wife said, pointing toward a house that stands practically across the road from mine. "The man with the meersch-chaum pipe was Frieda's husband. The woman in the yellow shrug was her sister, Miss Froehlich, who's visiting them. The sisters are Viennese, and bright as dollars, both of them. I have no idea what Mr. Bickerstaffe is or does. Anyhow, Harriet Quayle told me Frieda's an analyst. Have you got it all straight

now? Because we must have them over soon."

"How about this afternoon?" I said, eager to lose no time recovering face with a woman who was not only a head-shrinker but would have me under year-round scrutiny over the front hedge.

"The Joplins are coming for drinks," my wife reminded me.

"Let's introduce them to the Joplins," I said. "The Bickerstaffes are new in the community. They would like to meet people. Where's your group spirit?"

I went to the phone and called our new neighbors myself. Mrs. Bickerstaffe answered. "Zat would be fine," she said rather dubiously, in reply to my invitation to pop over around five. "But my sister—Miss Froehlich, you know—is staying wiz us—"

"Bring her along," I boomed gregariously into the transmitter.

"How nice of you. But we have zis child—"

"I've got four. Come along all of you. The more the merrier," I said, breathing an air of psychic health and great bonhomie.

"All right," she said at last. "We'll bring Herman."

I was delighted, and hoped that Herman and all my own children would behave abominably, so that I might have as much credit as possible for remaining equable. That was my plan in a nutshell: to keep my shirt on, no matter what.

THE early-bird and bibulous Joplins were comfortably installed when the Bickerstaffes trooped in. Miss Froehlich wasn't with them—she was writing letters and would come along later—but Herman was, and he turned out to be all I could have wished. He disrupted the very introductions by bolting into the dining room to greet my oncoming brood and, in doing so, tracking mud across the parlor floor; it had been raining, and his rubbers, which he had neglected to remove, were luscious.

"Think nothing of it," I said, grinning beside my stony-faced wife. "Good for the rug. Sit you down, all."

That was the keynote of the afternoon. There is no need to relate in detail the successive incidents. The Bickerstaffes had occasion to give Herman what-for several times, as my wife did to one or another of our four. Pressure was finally brought to shoo them all downstairs to the playroom, but I resisted this arrangement as one that would deprive me of my challenge.





"Wouldn't it be wonderful if all that energy could somehow be put to work for the betterment of mankind!"

What apter test of one's mettle is there than his handling of the children's hour? "Now, now, let's not let them get on our nerves so soon," I chided good-humoredly.

But in deference to lower thresholds of impatience than mine I did settle the youngsters on the dining-room floor with magazines and scissors, suggesting that they cut out pictures. "Show your things and trade them around," I said, "and play nice in other ways."

I returned to my guests in the living room, where I stood at the mantel packing shag into a briar with that outward poise that comes from inner balance, as the cocktail talk rolled along to this and that. It centered presently on amusing delays people had experienced on railroads. Hal Bickerstaffe told of a trip he had once made to Chicago, in the course of which the train had been marooned in a blizzard for nine hours and he had frozen all night in an upper. "I'll never forget that night," he said.

"Sort of a berth trauma," I said, darting a glance at Frieda and rubbing the stem of my pipe along the side of my nose.

Just then, Herman left the dining room and nipped in to his mother to inquire what the prospects were for something to eat.

"*Lieber Gott, Herman!*" she said, rolling an eye at her husband.

I beamed down at the scene.

"We were just talking about Chicago, Herman," I said, to demonstrate how the two generations could be integrated into a conversation, given a little tact and understanding on the part of the so-called adults. "Know how to spell 'Chicago,' fellow? Chicken in the car and the car can't go—Chi-ca-go."

My peers were wilting nicely. A harried look passed between the Joplins. I was interested to see that Frieda Bickerstaffe (or Dr. Bickerstaffe, or whatever she called herself) gave evidence of being worn thinnest of all by the *brouhaha*. She had seemed, on arrival,

even more statuesquely handsome than I had remembered her from the night before, but now her shoulders drooped with an end-of-the-day fatigue, and the aloof smile I'd recalled as characteristic was gone. I wondered whether she was an actual Freudian or a proponent of some other of the schools of psychiatry. Not that it made any difference; I must certainly have redeemed myself in her eyes by now, I thought as I chewed my pipe and was mature, or stood at the fireplace with my feet planted apart in a manner typifying fibre. Still, it seemed to me I could do with some final chance to prove my stability, some particular dramatic incident to cap the impression.

This was vouchsafed me.

"The sun's out—let's all go sit on the terrace," I said, "and I'll fix the kids some lemonade." My own children had begun to propagandize for refreshments, and this offer was greeted with lusty cries of appreciation. We reorganized ourselves in the pleasant

open air, and then I slipped back into the kitchen to make good my promise to the small fry.

"I wouldn't mind these clammy summers if we only got a proper spring," I chatted, calling through two open doorways from the sink, where I was conjuring the lemonade from that frozen preparation to which water is added. "The thermal belts are changing. Oh, well."

The lemonade, with cookies, was soon in young hands, and fresh cocktails were in old. The elders broke up, conversationally, into pairs. I was sitting next to Frieda Bickerstaffe, and exchanging comments with her about American educational methods as against European, when there was a mishap. Two of my kids and Herman, scuffling about nearby on the lawn, stumbled against the table on which I had set the pitcher of lemonade and spilled the whole works, ice cubes and all, into my lap. "The drinks are on me," I said, with a laugh, and rose to mop myself.

It appeared to me that that ought to do it—get me in the clear. How could you be more mature than this? I rested my case.

Frieda Bickerstaffe was dressing Herman down in the shrill tones of one who has cracked. My wife was diplomatically trying to acknowledge our share in the blame. Hal Bickerstaffe gabbled apology and reprimand in the appropriate directions as he passed me dry handkerchiefs from his own person and others'. I wiped at my sopping flanks and chaffered, "Now, let's not give the poor creatures Sunday-afternoon syndrome before they're out of knee pants." And when the hubbub had abated, I went on, "Wouldn't you say that the family constellation, as I believe you call it in your profession, Frieda—wouldn't you say that's the root of most adult difficulties? I mean, don't you find your patients are more apt to remember what their families did to them than what they did *for* them?"

"My what?" she asked.

"Your patients."

"You must have me confused wiz my sister," Frieda said. "It's she who's the psychoanalyst. I'm just a housewife wizout enough time to read. Elsa should be along any minute," she added, glancing at her wristwatch.

"I see." I wiped myself a while longer. Then I said, "Excuse me while I put on some dry pants."

In a smoldering rage, I went into the bedroom and changed. When I had finished, I marched into the kitchen, where I found my wife slicing cheese.

THEY SING

(A DYING MAN SPEAKS)

All women loved dance in a dying light.
The moon's my mother—how I love the moon!
Out of her place she comes, a dolphin one,
Then settles back to shade and the long night.
A beast cries out as if its flesh were torn,
And that cry takes me back where I was born.

Who thought love but a motion in the mind?
Am I but nothing, leaning toward a thing?
I'll scare myself with sighing, or I'll sing;
Descend, O gentlest light, descend, descend.
O sweet field far ahead, I hear your birds;
They sing, they sing, but still in minor thirds.

I've the lark's word for it, who sings alone:
What's seen recedes; *forever's* what we know—
Eternity defined, and strewn with straw,
The fury of the slug beneath the stone.
The vision moves, and yet remains the same.
In heaven's praise, I dread the thing I am.

The edges of the summit still appall
When we brood on the dead or the beloved;
Nor can imagination do it all
In this last place of light. He dares to live
Who stops being a bird, yet beats his wings
Against the wide abyss, the gray waste nothingness of things.

—THEODORE ROETHKE

"Well!" I said. "If *you* don't take the cake!"

"What now?" she asked.

"Telling me she's a psychoanalyst—Mrs. Bindlestiff, or whatever her name is," I snarled in a low voice, jerking my head toward the terrace. "You've got a nerve complaining I never listen or get things right. What the hell kind of information do you call *that*?"

"I only told you what Harriet Quayle said. So she got it twisted. So what? Why make all this of it?"

The sudden realization of the afternoon of wasted quality, sustained with such natural ease and effortless grace, was too much to ask me to take in stride, let alone elucidate. "Give me that knife," I said. "Suppose you try civilizing those brats for a change. Listen to them out there. They ought to have their heads knocked together."

"I simply don't understand you," she said. "One minute you're the soul of—"

"Give me that knife!" I repeated, reaching to take it from her.

Just then, a female voice behind me sang, "Hello, hello!" Pausing in the act of trying to wrest the knife from my wife's upheld hand, I looked over my shoulder and saw the beaming face of Miss Froehlich pressed against the screen door, peering in. "Sorry I couldn't come any sooner zan zis, but it's so nice of you to ask me." She paused herself, to take in the tableau in which my wife and I stood momentarily frozen. "Is there anysink I can do?"

THE rest of the afternoon passed without event, except for my over-hearing the syllables "essive" cross Miss Froehlich's lips as she sat in murmured conversation with someone, I don't even remember who. I wondered what the word might be of which they formed the suffix. Many possibilities come to mind. She may have been commenting on how oppressive the heat had been lately. Or she may have been using, in some connection or other, the term "regressive" or "aggressive" or "obsessive," or another of the clinical sibilants. I have no idea which of these it could have been, or whether it was something else altogether, and frankly I don't give a damn.

—PETER DE VRIES





"Don't move a muscle! I'll call the Parole Board."

THE MOUNTAIN DAY

WHEN I woke up that morning, in the fallow light before the sunrise, and remembered that the night before I had got engaged to Rod Stephansson, I could feel my blue eyes growing bluer; I could feel them becoming the color of the harebells that were blooming now in August all through the pasture beneath my window, and I thought, Will Rod notice this change and how will he speak of it? For weeks, like a leaf turning constantly to the sun for its sustenance, so my whole existence had leaned toward Rod's recognition and approval of me, as if without them I would fade and wither. When I was alone and he was miles away from me, not thinking of me at all, probably, as he catalogued botanical specimens at the Science Lodge, I nevertheless caused his eyes to take in the way I brushed my hair or mounted my horse or paddled my little brother Davy across our lake and back in the canoe. And going farther, I would project us into the autumn, when our Western holiday would be over and he would come down from Harvard for a weekend in New York. I would, in my daydreams, receive him in a dozen different dresses and a dozen different countenances: now I was shy, now I was *soignée*, now unassailably cool and pure; sometimes I was talking in sparkling repartee on the telephone when he arrived, and sometimes I was listening to phonograph records; depending on my costume and my coiffure, the music was Honegger or Louis Armstrong or plainsong. Often, in the self-conceit of my love, I was so intent upon his image of me that I could not, for a moment, summon up an image of *him*. How was that possible! The mountain sun had turned him amber and had lightened his leonine hair; he was tall and lithe and sculptured and violet-eyed, and the bones of his intelligent face were molded perfectly. My sister Camilla, two years older than I and engaged to be married to a brilliant but distinctly batrachian Yale man, had, on first seeing Rod, said, "If he's really going to be a doctor, the girl that marries him is in for trouble. What a practice he's going to have among women! Brother!"

I think I got this pressing need for high opinion from my father, who was a rich man of intellect and education but one of no vocation. Our life was sumptuous and orderly, and we lived it, in the winter, in New York and, in the

summer, in the mountains of Colorado. The Grayson fortune, three generations old, founded on such tangibles as cattle, land, and cargo vessels, was now a complex of financial abstractions, the manipulation of which my father had turned over to bankers and brokers, since money, as a science, did not interest him. He had zeals and specialties, but I think he spent his whole life worrying about what people thought of him; a man of leisure had become an anachronism. One time, when he came to visit me at college and I had been telling him about a close friend of mine who was going on to study law after she finished at Bryn Mawr, he said, "D'you know, Judy, if I hadn't been rich, I'd have been a bum." He was not ashamed of his millions—they were no fault of his—but he *was* ashamed that his life was not consecrated; he had no fixed orbit. And, in a different way, this unease of his had come down to me, his middle child.

But I wasn't thinking of Daddy that morning—it was only years later that I was able to arrive at this analysis—and when I thought of Camilla's reaction to Rod, I went back to the first time I had met him and reviewed all the stages of growth that had culminated the night before in his asking me to marry him. I lay straight and still and smiling, my eyes wide open, hearing the pristine song of the first meadow larks on the fence posts, and hearing the famished, self-pitying coyotes wailing up in the sage.



One day late in June, soon after our arrival in Colorado, Daddy and Mother and Camilla and I had ridden our horses over to the Science Lodge to have lunch with a friend of Daddy's—Dr. Menzies, a geophysicist from Columbia, who taught there in the summers. It was an annual expedition, like the trip to the glacier, and the regatta at Grand Lake, and opening night at Central City; Daddy was a ritualist—each year, for example, he had the same four seats at Carnegie Hall for the Boston Symphony—and whether we liked it or not, we participated in his ceremonies. It had always bored Camilla and me terribly to go to the Science Lodge. The place was a dismal aggregate of log cabins, some of which were laboratories and lecture rooms and others Spartan living quarters for the faculty and for the dozen or so students—solemn, silent, myopic youths, who, we decided, must be even more solemn in the winter, at college, since

coming to the Lodge to study high-altitude vegetation and the mineralogy of moraines was their notion of a holiday; the boys we knew bicycled through France or fooled around on boats off Martha's Vineyard. Everyone, staff and students and guests, sat at one long table in the mess hall and ate fried beefsteak, dehydrated potatoes, canned peas, and canned Kadota figs, and drank sallow coffee with canned milk. Daddy and Dr. Menzies would fervently discuss some such thing as the wisdoms and the follies of foundations. Mother, who was a beauty and had no intellectual class consciousness, would try to talk about flower arrangement with the ecologists and the systematic botanists, who blushed and addressed their eyes to their food. And Camilla and I would flounder through the maneuvers of "Do you know So-and-So at Dartmouth?" or "Have you been up to Troublesome Falls yet?" and, for our pains, got monosyllabic replies, usually in the negative. Not one time, until this summer, had she and I found any of these young men worthy of comment; they were, indeed, so much of a kind and so stunningly dull that in our private language we had a generic term, "a Science Lodge type," to designate nonentities we got stuck with at parties.

And then, this year, sitting directly across the table from me was Rod Stephansson, so sudden, somehow, so surprising, that I averted my eyes, as if his radiance would blind me. He was as serious as the other boys, but he was not solemn, and he and Mother, in a conversation about Boston, which she knew from visits to our aunts and cousins there and he knew because he went to Harvard, so charmed each other that long before we had reached the Nabiscos and the viscous figs, she had invited him to our house for Sunday supper. He was sophisticated and funny and acute, but he was gentle, too, and mannerly. His smile, in which the responsive eyes played the leading role, made me giddy, but I wanted, nevertheless, to remain within its sphere.

As soon as lunch was over, the scientists and their apprentices bolted for their microscopes and samples of pyrites—all except Dr. Menzies and Rod, who came with us to the hitching post where we had left the horses. As we sauntered through the red dust under the amazing alpine sky, I was breathless, filled with trepidation that I was going to do something clumsy and cause this paragon, who had not once looked in my direction, to despise me. So emphatic had been his immediate effect on me that, as if I had already committed

the blunder and excited his disdain, I angrily shrugged my shoulders and said to myself, "Oh, to hell with him! He's nothing but a Science Lodge grind." But something quite else happened; when I had mounted Chiquita, my squatty little pinto cow pony, Rod took a blue bandanna handkerchief out of his pocket and, as if this were the most natural thing in the world, began to wipe the red dust off my boot and the edge of my jodhpurs, and when he was through—in my heady reveries later on I was to find it significant that he cleaned only *one* boot, so that my horse concealed him from the rest of the party—he looked up and gave me that inebriating smile and, in a secret voice, for my ears only, he said, "You'll be there on Sunday, won't you? You won't go off to Denver, or anything like that?" It never occurred to me to give him a flirtatious reply; I realized, with awe and with self-consciousness, that Rod had outgrown boyhood and the games of boyhood.

On the five-mile ride home, I was glad that Camilla and Daddy questioned Mother about him, because my voice would have come out as a croak or a squeak. Mother said he had told her that he was of Norwegian descent and came from Buffalo, and that he was going into his second year at Harvard Medical School. His family for generations had been landscape gardeners and horticulturists, and he had come out to the Science Lodge because, through his father, he had become interested in plant pathology ("He's very keen on viruses," said Mother), and Dr. Miles Houghton, eminent in the field, was on the staff this year. It was then that Camilla expressed her pity for the girl who mar-

ried him, but Mother said, "I don't think he's in the least like that. His looks wouldn't mean a blessed thing if he weren't so awfully bright and nice. I think his character is very well put together."

IT was a storybook summertime romance, woven in the mountain sun and mountain moonlight, beginning that first Sunday when he came to supper and delighted everyone. All my senses were heightened, as if I had been inoculated with some powerful, sybaritic

drug: the aspen leaves were more brilliant than they had ever been before, the upland snow was purer, the pinewoods were more redolent, and the gentle winds in them were more mellifluous; the berries I ate for breakfast came from the bushes of Eden. In love with Rod, I seemed to love my parents more than ever, and Camilla and Davy, and my grandmother, who summered in a house across the lake from us; I adored the horses and the dogs and the barn cats and the wary deer that sometimes came at dusk down to the salt



"Well, this certainly wasn't in the 'Come to Britain' advertisements!"



"Cross my heart and hope to die."

lick after the cows had been taken in.

Rod had never been West before, and because I had been coming here in the summer ever since my infancy, I was his cicerone, and took him to beaver dams and hidden waterfalls and natural castles of red rock, and to isolated, unmarked tombstones where God knew what murdered prospectors or starved babies were buried. We sifted the fool's gold of the cold streams through our fingers and we ate sweet piñon nuts; we rowed and rode and climbed and fished, and played doubles with Daddy and Camilla. No other young man—not even Camilla's Fritzie Lloyd, whom Daddy liked enormously—had ever evoked from Daddy so much esteem, and once he said, "He plays at everything so well and handsomely, *besides* having medicine and virtue."

Rod rose at dawn to study ergot and potato blight, but in midafternoon he walked over to our house, in long, easy strides. When he got to the foot of the broad steps that led up to the veranda, he was not out of breath or hot or exhausted. I, trembling inwardly and greeting him with a falsely cool "Hey, Rod," would think, If I tell him I have been reading "War and Peace," will he respect me?

For it was his respect, I suppose, that I wanted as much as I wanted his love. I wanted him to honor my judgments and my abilities as much as I honored his, but through some fortunate poise, inherited from my mother to counterbalance the doubt I had got from Daddy, I was not compelled to compete with him, as I often had to compete, to my grief, with boys whose unsureness of themselves made me arrogant. I must complement, not equal, Rod. Actually, I was not so uneasy with him as I sound; in his presence I was simply and naturally happy, and it was only when we were apart that I tried on different attitudes and opinions in search of the one he would like in me the best.

When August came and the holiday began to wane, I grew restive. In two weeks more, Rod would go back to Buffalo and I would go back to New York with my family, and soon after that we would be separated—we who had been inseparable since June—by a million light-years, he in Cambridge and I at Bryn Mawr. The night before, I had thought that if he did not speak in some way of the future, I would get sick. But I had set my sights so low that the most I had hoped for was an invitation to the Yale-Harvard

game, and instead of that he had asked me to marry him! Is there anything on earth more unearthly than to be in love at eighteen? It is like an abundant spring garden. My heart was the Orient, and the sun rose from it; I could have picked the stars from the sky; I could easily have flown.

THE evening had started out badly. Fritzie Lloyd had come on from St. Louis for a week's visit, and at dinner he and Daddy had had an argument about Truman's foreign policy that had unsettled everyone. My father was, except in one particular, the very mildest of men: politically, he was a mad dog, and someone who disagreed with him became, temporarily, his mortal enemy. As I have said, he was very fond of Fritzie and highly approved of him for Camilla, but that

night, over the Nesselrode, when Fritzie suggested, at considerable length, that the British attitude toward Communist China was more realistic than ours, Daddy protested so violently that you would have thought he might at any moment go and get a gun and shoot to kill. Everyone, and Fritzie most of all, was frightened by his fuming, stuttering rage, and after dinner Mother, to get us out of the house and calm Daddy down with a game of cribbage, proposed that Camilla and Fritzie and Rod and I take the station wagon and go somewhere to dance.

The only place within miles was a squalid, dusty honky-tonk in Puma, patronized by subhuman ne'er-do-weels and old wattled trollops who glared hostilely at us when we went in; at the bar an ugly customer, very drunk, spat on the floor as we walked by, and with feral hatred said, "Goddam yearling dudes!" The reek of beer and green moonshine and nasty perfume, together with my grief that the summer was almost gone, harried me and made me hot and weak, and I was silent. Fritzie was morose and kept saying things like "I *know* which way the land lies with your old man, so why do I have to make him sore? Damn it, I like

him so, what makes me pick the one thing that's going to make him take a scunner to me?" And Camilla kept stroking the back of his hand and consoling him, telling him that of *course* he didn't have to go back to Missouri the next day, and that while she knew it had been an awful experience, she was awfully proud of his sticking to his guns, and he must stop fretting, because Daddy honestly was probably dying of remorse this minute and was the *original* hatchet-burier. Rod and I danced once—speechless, except at the very end of the jukebox record, when he said, his lips in my hair, "I wish when we went out it would be snowing." Snowing! He wanted the winter to come? I gasped and whispered back, "Oh, no! I love the summer," and he replied, "I know, but I love the snow. I love the Public Garden in the snow. The swan-boat pond, those trees..." And he drifted off into a musing reverie that excluded me. Soon after that, we went back home, in melancholy silence.

Mother and Daddy had gone to see Grandmother, and Camilla and Fritzie, cheered by Daddy's absence, went into the house to drink Jack Daniels, which they had just discovered, and which they talked about as if their drinks of it, on the rocks, were the insignia of a particularly lofty secret society. Rod wanted to go out on the lake, and as I was helping him put the red canoe into the water, my mood of sorrow left, and I was abruptly dreadfully excited and felt that all my nerves were pulsing.

At its widest, Daddy's lake was just under a mile, and it was so deep in places that whenever I took Davy out on it, I put him in a Mae West. It was a wonderful lake—limpid, blue, shaped like a heart. Daddy stocked it each year, and the rainbow trout that came from it were so beautiful they looked like idealized paintings of trout. Not far from the pier at Grandmother's house, there was a dense meadow of water lilies, and in the shallows near

the shores tall cattails grew. But there were some horrid inhabitants of that lovely water, too—huge turtles and hell-benders, about which Davy sometimes had screaming nightmares. Rod and I paddled smoothly and languidly across to Grandmother's shore, and when we turned back, he said, "Let's sprint." The speed, our harmony, our skill, the spicy smell of the serviceberry bushes blooming along the bank, the stars, the lost, lorn, glamorous admonitions of far-off owls—these, and my love for Rod, required of me some articulation, for I could not bear the pressure and the tension of my experience. I might have screamed, I might have cried, but instead I began uncontrollably to laugh. It was my nervous system, not my mind at all, that initiated this uproarious giggling, which was immediately communicated to Rod. The lake had an echo, and we could hear our gagging, pealing "ha-ha"s coming back to us from

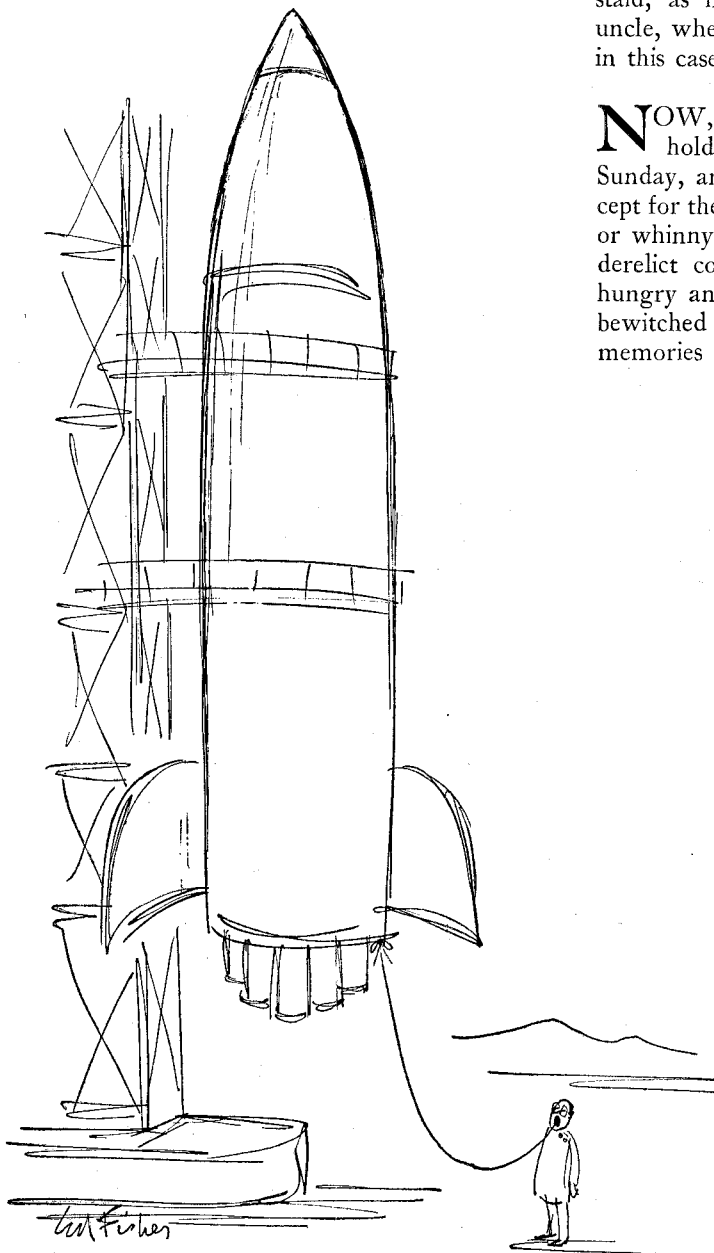
all sides, but we managed, crippled as we were—aching, undone—to continue at the speed we had set and, still laughing, get the canoe to shore and up into the reeds and grass. We were spent. There had been no joke and I was a burst balloon. Now, in me, there was nothing but dejection, like a burden on my bones, and I lay down on the grass with my arms straight at my sides, as if I were lying in my casket.

And it was then, in the vast mountain hush, after our meaningless, visceral bout of mirth, that Rod asked me to marry him. Oh, the originality of my sensation! The uniqueness of this circumstance!

We heard Camilla and Fritzie talking on the veranda, and after a while we went up to join them, and to tell them that we were engaged. They seemed immeasurably old to me, for they had been through this delirious distemper so long ago, and they seemed kind and staid, as if they were our aunt and uncle, when, soothingly, they said that in this case we must have champagne.

NOW, the next morning, the household was sleeping late, for it was Sunday, and there wasn't a sound except for the birds and an occasional moo or whinny; the sun had risen, and the derelict coyotes had slunk away, still hungry and pessimistic. While I was bewitched with my treasures—my memories were as new and crisp and astonishing as Christmas presents—I grew restless and could not wait for everyone to get up. I wanted to talk to Camilla and Mother, I wanted to hug Davy, I wanted to rush across the lake in the outboard to embrace my acerb, Dresden-doll grandmother and tell her what had happened to me; she would quiz me and tease me and insult me for being so young, and in the end she would rummage through the bottle-green velvet reticule she always carried and give me something antique and precious—a tiny perfume flask or a set of German-silver buttons.

Rod was coming over at eleven, and he and Fritzie and Camilla and I were going up to the glacier. We would ride as far as the ruin of the Bonanza silver mine, and go the rest



of the way on foot and have our lunch on the summit of McFarland's Peak, above the mammoth slope of ice. But that was eleven and it was only six! Is he awake, I thought. Is he trying to imagine what I'm doing? With his eyes following me, I got up and put on my pink quilted peignoir and went to the window to see what sort of day we would have for our excursion. It was going to be perfect; it was what my father called "a mountain day." The air was so clear and rarefied it seemed to be an element superior to anything terrestrial—an unnamable essence that had somehow made its way to our valley and our range from another hemisphere. The violent violet peaks stood out against a sky of cruel, infuriated blue, and the snows at timberline shone like sun-struck mirrors. There was no wind; the field of harebells was motionless; the dark-blue lake was calm, and the red canoe, bottom up in the reeds, gleamed in the pure light like a bright, immaculate wound.

I dressed at last, changing a dozen times, trying first slacks, then Levis, then khaki frontier pants, then jodhpurs, next a red shirt, a blue pullover, a black turtleneck, a striped apache jersey; I did my hair in a ponytail, in a pompadour, in pigtails, and finally I brushed it out straight and let it hang loose to my shoulders.

As soon as I decently could, I went across to Grandmother's and had breakfast with her and told her about Rod. She was pleased; she said that Rod was an Adonis and that she saw no point in marrying if one couldn't marry a handsome man. She opened up that vast, obsolete bag of hers and gave me a gold pin in the shape of two clasped hands.

My grandmother's house was, in these wildwoods of Colorado, a remarkable incongruity, for while she loved the West—she and my grandfather, who died when I was six, had started coming out here when my father, their son, was a baby, suffering from asthma—she despised roughing it. She could not bear crudity or imperfection, and she constantly implored Mother and Daddy to get rid of our cowhide rugs and our flawed, bubbly Mexican glassware and our redwood furniture. Her own house, though its exterior was the same as ours—rambling and made of logs—was furnished much as her apartment in New York was; the Oriental rugs were second-best and some of the tapestry chair-seat covers were machine-made, but the total effect, nonetheless, was that of an oasis of civilization in a barbaric waste. Each year she brought her maids with her,

TAO IN THE YANKEE STADIUM BLEACHERS

(WHAT COMES OF READING CHUANG-TZU BETWEEN INNINGS)

Distance brings proportion. From here, an inexpensive seat, the populated tiers seem a segment of the show:

a constructed stage beast, an allegorical rose, or a Chinese military hat cunningly chased with bodies.

Falling from his chariot, a drunk man is unhurt because his soul is intact. Not knowing his fall, he is unastonished, he is invulnerable.

He is the pure man. Pure, too, is the undisturbed spectator.

It is not necessary to seek out a wasteland, swamp, or thicket.

The old men who saw Hans Wagner scoop up balls in lobster hands, the opposing pitcher's pertinent hesitations, the sky, this meadow, Mantle's baked red neck, the green slats, wet stone: appearances come to me as when an emperor commands a performance with a gesture of his eyes.

No king on his throne has the joy of the dead, the skull told Chuang-tzu.

The thought of death is peppermint to you when games begin with patriotic song and a democratic sun beats broadly down. The Inner Journey seems unjudgeably long when small boys purchase cups of ice and, distant as a paradise, experts, passionate and deft, wait while Berra flies to left.

—JOHN UPDIKE

and for the past two or three summers they had been two red-haired Irish girls, Mary and Eileen, who looked down their pretty noses at Mother's servants—local mountain girls who wore ankle socks and cardigans when they served dinner.

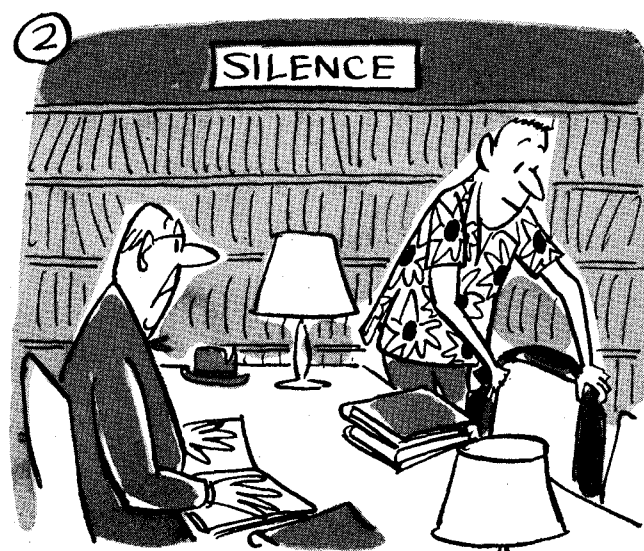
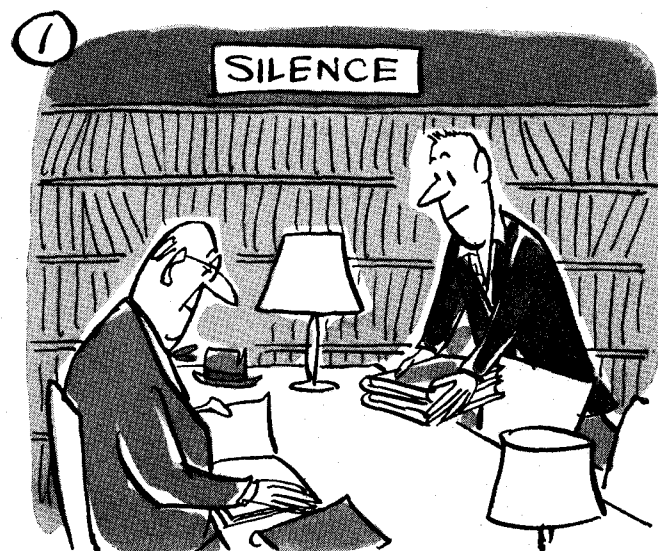
Grandmother was not a snob. It was simply that her nature demanded continuity. Her maids today were going to Mass in Peaceful Glen, twenty miles away, and were to be driven there by Bandy, our horse wrangler and general handyman. Mass was celebrated at the Glen only once a month, by an itinerant priest, who toured continually through the mountains and the plains to the sparse and widely separated settlements of Catholics. Like all such Sundays, it was a red-letter day for Mary and Eileen, and I could hear them in the kitchen, chattering as excitedly as girls going to a dance. Grandmother, a benign and understanding mistress, always

gave them the day off after breakfast until it was time for them to prepare her tea, and she came to our house for lunch. After church, if the weather was good, the girls had a picnic beside the lake—an endearing, old-fashioned picnic, with a tablecloth and a wicker hamper. They were planning one for today, Mary said when she came in to clear away the breakfast things.

Grandmother told her that I was going to marry Rod. "That Viking lad," said Grandmother, and Mary, transfused with happiness for anyone else's happiness, said, with her habitual lavish sentimentality, "It's as if it was my own wedding day. Oh, Miss Judy! May every saint and angel bless you!"

The rest of the morning somehow passed. Daddy had completely forgotten his wrath of the evening before and was talking baseball with Fritzie on the veranda while Mother and Camilla and I sat in Mother's bedroom and talked about engagements and marriage, and about Rod. Mother said, "What good girls I have, to pick out such extremely agreeable young men!" Finally, the last drop of the coffee in the pot on Mother's breakfast tray was





we were able to meet each other's eyes.

And now, much happier, we spurred our horses and came abreast of Camilla and Fritzie, and all the rest of the way to the mine the four of us had a general, factual conversation about New York restaurants, and Broadway musicals we had seen. To the unspoken relief of both Camilla and me, Rod and Fritzie obviously liked each other, and when they were hobbling the horses, we stood aside, praising them. Camilla said, "Rod really is a pet," and I said, "Fritzie grows on one. Last night when Daddy was being such a pain in the neck, I decided he was made of *steel*."

We had our lunch at the top of the world, sitting on saddle blankets spread out upon waxy yellow glacier lilies, which grew beside a snowdrift that some exotic bacteria had made the color of raspberry sherbet. We had cold fried chicken and tomato sandwiches and melon balls and lemony iced tea; it was unquestionably the best meal I had ever eaten in my life. I suddenly remembered Mary and Eileen and their picnic; they would be sitting among the wildflowers, eating dainty nasturtium sandwiches and telling each other spooky ghost stories in their delicious Dublin voices, and I thought, Everyone is happy today; this is the happiest day in the history of the world.

We dozed a little, all four of us, and drowsily watched an eagle banking and wheeling overhead as he scanned the earth for a jack rabbit for his lunch. We remained in this golden somnolence until a sharp wind riffled our hair and warned us that not long from now the sun would start going down. We gathered some of the lilies to decorate our bridles, and then we went slowly back to the horses, all of us quiet from our tranquil cat naps and our fulfill-

ment and our unshakable faith in our future lives.

IN Colorado, almost every afternoon in the summertime the Devil briefly beats his wife; the skies never darken but there is a short, prodigal fall of crystal rain. When it came today, we made for shelter in a stand of spruce, and when it was over, in only a few minutes, and we emerged, we found a vivid rainbow arched over the eastern sky. The pot of gold must be in the middle of our lake, I thought, exactly where my paroxysmal laughter had begun last night.

"This is too much," said Fritzie. "This is overdoing things. It's a cheap Chamber of Commerce trick."

"I know," said Camilla. "This is the most embarrassing, showoff place in the world. It's like advertisements for summer resorts. Strictly corn."

By the time we came in sight of the clearing where Grandmother's house stood, the shadows were beginning to lengthen and the air was turning cold. Camilla, shivering, said, "Let's stop at Grandmother's for tea. If we play our cards right, she'll give us rum in it."

"I want Jack Daniels," said Fritzie. "I feel so good I want to get loaded."

"You can't get loaded in my well-bred grandmother's drawing room," said Camilla. "She loathes oafs. But she won't mind if you get *comfy* with booze."

I was hesitant. "Grandmother won't like us to be dressed this way for tea," I said, but Camilla overrode my finicking objection, and we followed her lead, going the rest of the way at a lope and enthusiastically agreeing that we were hungry and that we wanted the indoor amenities of a hearth fire and soft sofas. After we had dismounted, leaving the horses free to crop the grass, and were walking up the path to the house, I

heard, from our house, across the broad expanse of water, the sound of the phonograph playing Daddy's favorite Mozart quintet; every stimulus that my senses received intensified the enraptured condition of my heart, which was palpitating now in anticipation of Grandmother's regal greeting to Rod.

Tousled and dusty, we tramped through the foyer, where stood a venerable grandfather clock and two ponderous Spanish chairs, and into the long, generous drawing room, where vases of columbines were everywhere. But there was no fire burning and the tea table had not been laid, and Grandmother, dressed in Sunday-afternoon taffeta, with a fichu at her throat, was pacing up and down, Grandfather's thin gold pocket watch in her hand. She turned to us with a look of consternation and appeal, and, forgetting, in her engrossing worry, to be a hostess, she said, "Did you come round the lake? Did you see Mary and Eileen? They were due back long ago!"

"No, we didn't come that way," said Camilla. "We've come down from the glacier. Don't you suppose they're just off looking for puffballs? They so love the nasty things."

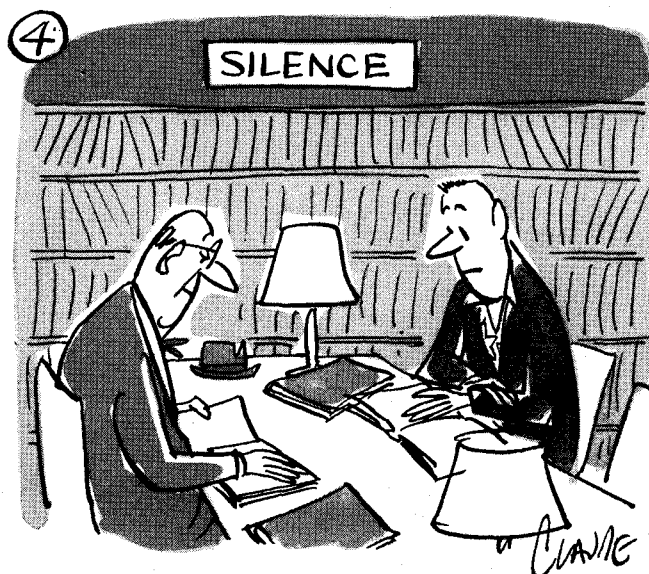
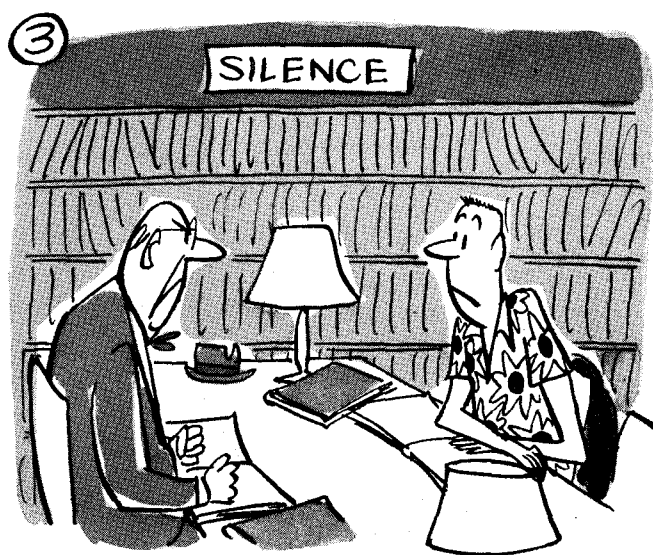
Grandmother shook her head. "They're the most punctilious servants I've ever had. They wouldn't go roaming off without letting me know. I was taking a nap, but all the same they would have left a note."

"Maybe they went to sleep after their picnic," I said. "We did."

"Oh, I don't think they'd do a thing like that," said Grandmother. "Still..."

"Bandy brought them home all right?" I said, and when Grandmother nodded, Rod said, "Then they can't be far."

"We'll go and see if they went to



sleep," said Camilla. "We'll find them, darling, never you fear. They've got to make us an enormous tea, because we're absolutely ravenous."

"We'll find them," echoed Rod reassuringly, and Fritzie said, "Don't worry, Mrs. Grayson. We'll be back with your girls in a minute."

"Good children," said Grandmother, and smiled at us, but then she looked fearfully out the window, where vermilion had begun to tinge the western sky. "Hurry, my dears, it'll soon be dark."

My grandmother's anxiety had not really infected us, partly because, being fearless ourselves, we were not afraid for anyone else, and partly because we were unwilling to relinquish our earlier carefree mood, and we started our walk around the lake in a spirit of sport, affectionately making fun of Grandmother for sending us out as a posse, as if the West were still wild and her maids had been scalped by Indians or were being held as hostages by road agents. We took the trail around the lake that was the longest way to our house, for Camilla and I knew that it was on this side, on a favorite plot of grass, that the girls always had their picnic; we had often seen them there. After they had come back from Mass, they would take off their perky, beflowered, beribboned hats and their white cotton gloves and their good shoes, but they would keep on their Sunday-best dresses for their light and ladylike collation. To Camilla and me, whenever we spied on them, they looked like an illustration in an old-fashioned romantic novel.

As we walked along, in single file, we discussed the many places they might be, safe and innocent, if we did not—as we were sure we would—find them snoozing in the dying day. Perhaps, all unknown to Grandmother, they had

beaux, who had flattered and cajoled them into being late; perhaps they were bird watchers and could not tear themselves away from some fascinating rite of magpies; perhaps they had strolled over to the dude camp nearby and were watching an amateur rodeo; perhaps a dozen things. Punctilious as Grandmother said they were, they were bound to lapse at least once in a blue moon.

PRESENTLY, halfway around the lake, we came to that favorite plot of grass, where, sure enough, the Irish girls had spread out their picnic. Its corners neatly held down with rocks, the tablecloth with a pattern of tulips was neatly set for two with blue willow-ware plates and kitchen silver and jelly glasses; in the middle of the tablecloth there was a Dundee marmalade jar filled with Mariposa lilies. But the embossed-paper napkins had not been unfolded, the glasses had not been filled from the thermos, and the hamper had not been opened.

Perplexed and at last alarmed, we stood silent and unmoving for a minute, pointlessly scanning the immediate neighborhood, as if the maids were going to materialize before our eyes. It was Rod who spoke first.

"It does look queer," he said. "If they'd gone for a swim, they'd have come back by now. They'd have been starved after fasting for so long."

"Anyhow, they don't know how to swim," I said. "Neither one of them. Not a stroke."

"Then the lake's out, thank God," said Fritzie. "Or—They never use the boats, I suppose?"

Camilla and I exchanged a look of horror. Mary and Eileen were forbidden to use the canoe, but, out of their ignorance, they could not, would not, believe

in the perils of the lake, and over and over again someone would catch them paddling, grotesquely maladroit, through the shallow water under the willow trees that lined the shore on this side.

"Oh, God!" cried Camilla, and she and I, with the boys at our heels, plunged down through the bushes that hid the water from us here, stumbling over the rocks and the willow suckers. When we got to the lake's edge, we saw the canoe immediately, away to our right, riding upside down in the mild wind over a deep spot in the lake, not far from shore.

"Where do you keep the outboard?" asked Rod. His voice, though it was urgent, was controlled.

"There's one at Grandmother's," I said. "That's nearest."

"Then come on!" he said.

AS Grandmother and Camilla and I stood by the dock watching the boys get into the outboard, it occurred to me suddenly that there was just possibly a chance that the poor, dear, clumsy girls had let the canoe go adrift after their guilty outing in it, and that—first debating for a while, dreading the scolding Daddy would give them for their carelessness—they had decided to go to our house to get help. Galvanized by this wild, ingenious hope, I ran off, saying nothing to the others, and this time I took the shorter path, on the other side of the lake. As I ran, I could hear the bee-buzz of the outboard and, faintly, from our house, the promise of peace of Bach's "Sheep May Safely Graze." Daddy seemed to be having a Roman holiday this afternoon, with all the music he fancied most. And as I ran, my mouth dry and my heart hurting, through the wavering, leafy patterns of sun and shade, my obsessed and egocentric mind began, in this crisis, to seek

Rod's admiration, and I thought, What will he think of this practical, intelligent, well-thought-out act of mine? Dear God, let Mary and Eileen be there! Let nothing have happened to them but Daddy's dressing down! Just then I tripped and twisted my ankle, and the pain was so sharp that it took my breath away, and, pausing for a moment in my surprise and shock, I was seized with a passion of self-loathing for wanting the girls to be alive chiefly because their being so would set me up in Rod's eyes. I began to cry for the fair-skinned, green-eyed Dublin girls, and then I faltered on.

"Sheep May Safely Graze" still floated out serenely from our house, and a peaceful tower of smoke rose from our chimney. I prayed that in a minute I was going to see Mary and Eileen. But, instead, I saw Mother standing at our dock, and Daddy and Bandy starting out in our boat. The living-room windows of our house commanded a comprehensive view of the lake, as did Grandmother's, directly opposite, and Mother told me later that she had seen Rod and Fritzie in the outboard by chance as she was watering the terrarium she kept on the sill; she had gazed at them idly for some time before she sensed that something was wrong and called my father. He had gone immediately down to the shore and shouted at the boys, who shouted back what they were doing.

"Have they—" I began, out of breath.

"They've found them, yes," said Mother. Out on the lake, I could see Rod and Fritzie diving from the boat. "Come, Judy, we must go and break the news to your grandmother. They're going to bring the bod—They're going to come back to this shore."

"Where's Davy?" I said. "Davy mustn't see!"

"Davy's all right. Luella will keep him busy. Come now." And Mother and I started out briskly, our eyes on the ground, not looking again, lest we see the boys bring two pitiful burdens to the surface of the water.

When we got to Grandmother's, we found Camilla and Grandmother in the drawing room. Even before the boys had sighted the bodies, Camilla had gone back there, to comfort Grandmother and to take her inside and persuade her not to look at the lake. We found them both in front of the fire, which Camilla had lit, Grandmother huddled in a big chair, looking terribly old and enervated. None of us could think of a word to say; we kept warming our hands at the fire and listening to the

loud ticking of the grandfather clock. An age went by before we finally heard both outboards coming to this shore.

WHEN the three men came into this silent room, their faces were stricken and sickened. My father went to his mother and put his arm around her shoulder, and she looked up at him imploringly and said, "How ever shall I tell their poor families? Ah, Samuel, we should have destroyed that canoe." My father bent down and whispered something in her ear, and she got up, weakly, and went with him into the next room. Daddy had taken her away to tell her, as gently as he could, what Fritzie told us now. Mary and Eileen could not have been in the water for more than a few hours, but in that time the hellbenders and the ravenous turtles had eaten their lovely faces and their

work-swollen hands; no one, certainly no kinsman, must see them.

A heavy hush and torpor fell on all of us after we had heard this new piece of frightful intelligence. I wanted to busy myself—to turn on the lamps and dispel the murk of twilight, to straighten a stalk of yucca that was leaning gracelessly out of a vase, to prod the logs and make the sparks scintillate and snap. But my flesh was leaden, and I sat still. Once, I looked at my mother, sagging in her chair as inertly as the rest of us, and I thought, with a rush of sympathy, that living did not insulate one against shock. What must my gentle, humane grandmother be going through there in the library! How was she going to write to the girls' distant families of their death? And how, without going into the ghastly details, could she enjoin them not to open the coffins?

After a long time, Grandmother came back into the room and, mistress of her house again (though the bright unshed tears in her eyes and the quivering of her thin old hands showed that she was not yet mistress of herself), flicked the master light switch and went to draw the curtains, saying, as she did so, "By this time of day, I have had enough of the wonders of Colorado." Strengthened by her example, I got up now and attended to the listing yucca. There was a general stir in the room, and our voices were restored to us. Fritzie asked Camilla if she thought our horses would be all right, and she assured him that by this time they would have gone back to the barn and one of the men would have unsaddled them; Mother, going to the fireplace, asked Rod to help her return to its proper place one of the andirons that had shift-

ed. My grandmother came at last to the windows that gave on the lake, and she pulled the curtains shut quickly; she shuddered and for a moment stood still, confronting the blank expanse of wine-red velours. As if she were alone, as if she were speaking to herself or to God, she murmured, "I won't come here again with innocents."

She turned around then and said to my mother, "Samuel and I have agreed that under the circumstances someone should personally explain to the girls' families what happened—Samuel will go to Ireland at once."

My mother said only, "He'll have no trouble booking at this time of year," and my grandmother nodded, closing the subject of the sudden voyage.

My father came into the room carrying a tray of drinks, and Grandmother said, "It's cold; there's autumn in the air. Samuel and I decided that we all needed something to warm us on the inside."

It was the first time I had ever been given a real drink, and as Daddy handed me the glass, I thought, Is he being absent-minded or does this mean I'm accepted as grown up? I don't know which it was—the symbol of the whiskey, or my family's love for me and my love for them and my recognition of my security (I was thinking simultaneously of Mary's family and Eileen's, still ignorant of the crumbling of *their* solidarity as they lived through an ordinary day in Dublin), or whether it was my grandmother's profound moral majesty, which I saw for the first time, and admired, and wanted to achieve. Whatever it was, I found myself just then standing firmly on my own, and I was able to see everyone clearly—even myself. Earlier, in my blinding cocoon, when I had thought so constantly about Rod's respect for me, I had lost, in a sense, my respect for myself, but now, at last, I was able to think of *him* and not of his opinion of *me*. Bedraggled, my hair all wild, beggar's-lice on my sweater and my trousers, I did not care at all how I looked. I cared only, looking at the green pallor of his face, that he had suffered hideously. I wanted him to be as happy as he had been before we had started our search for the girls, and suddenly I thought, Love, real love, is just that: it is wanting the beloved to be happy. How simple!

—JEAN STAFFORD

Robert Mitchum's sister, Julie, has ditched singing to concentrate on a vocal career.—*Hollywood Citizen-News*.

She knows her own mind, anyway.

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

A PRACTICAL JOKE AT TROIS-FONTAINES

THE Reverend Thomas Shaw, an early British writer on North Africa, visited Tunis in 1727 and reported, "The Tuniseens are the most civilized Nation of Barbary." By "Tuniseens" Shaw meant the people of Tunis, the capital of Tunisia, and not the Arab and Berber tribes of the interior, a very different lot. The Tunisois are still civilized. They are a citified people, subtle, intelligent, neurotic, gregarious, talkative, skeptical, shrewd at a bargain, devoted to good eating, and fond of swimming in the salt water of the Mediterranean after the summer sun has heated it to about the ideal serving temperature of a bouillabaisse. Their character has remained constant since the founding of Carthage, which preceded that of Rome, as any reader of "The Aeneid," even if he squeaked through it with a trot, will remember. Dido had her colony already going when Aeneas stopped by on his way to Latium, and she tried to hold him there. I have a small painting, by a present-day Tunisian artist I know named Jelal ben Abdallah, showing two *loups de mer* of a good grilling size and a bunch of green grapes all hanging against the wooden upright of an outdoor pavilion. There is a plank table extending from the upright, and on it are a bunch of narcissi in a water glass, a pear, a square-cut bottle, and a larger *loup*—of a good baking size—with a sprig of lemon leaves in its mouth. In the background is the Gulf of Carthage at sunrise, with Djebel Bou Kornein, or Two-Horned Mountain, on the far shore, looking exactly as it must have looked to Dido and Aeneas when they woke up together in the morning. Whenever I look at the picture, I can imagine Aeneas giving Dido an affectionate nudge with his knee and saying, "Get up, honey, and fry them fish," and then going back to sleep while she cooks his breakfast.

There are two kinds of *loups de mer*, or sea wolves. One is the *moucheté*, or speckled, variety, which looks like what we call a squeteague or a weakfish or a speckled trout or a sea trout or a trout, depending on what part of our coast we eat it on, and the other is the non-speckled, which looks like what we call a bluefish but tastes like a weakfish. In restaurants in Paris, where the *loup* is a fish of great price, it is grilled over fennel, which has a vigorous licorice taste, like a Smith Brothers cough drop, and then doused in high-proof brandy of the Domaine de Tord-Boyaux and set

fire to in public, like crab flakes in the Pump Room in Chicago. The procedure is designed to conceal the fact that *loup*, like weakfish, travels poorly and should be eaten within a few hours of being caught. I am sure that Dido, like every Tunisian woman since, knew how good it can be simply poached, with a lot of lemon squeezed on it, which is why she was not inconsolable when Aeneas went away, no matter what Virgil may have recorded about her feelings. Virgil was a man and a Roman, and therefore exaggerated her disappointment. "*Multi lupi in mare boni manent* [There are plenty of good wolves left in the sea]," Dido said, and went off to seek other fish to fry.

M. ben Abdallah's house and studio are about ten miles out of Tunis, in Sidi Bou Said, a village built on part of what was Carthage. Nothing has changed there since Carthage, except that a couple of civilizations have vanished. The swimming, the fish, and the

view of Bou Kornein are still fine. The painter drove me out to his place to have dinner on the first night of Ramadan, and he tried to synchronize our arrival at the table with the detonation of the sunset gun, which would legitimize breaking the fast. (The first two days of Ramadan are the hardest, Moslems say; after that, all-day fasting becomes a habit.) One enters the painter's house through a courtyard cluttered with bits of Greek sculpture retrieved from the ruins of Roman Carthage, which stood on the site of the Punic Carthage the Romans had destroyed. Greek cities used to ship their larger statues, knocked down in sections, to assembly plants in places such as Carthage, which were rich but aesthetically unproductive—like, say, Houston now. We went up a marble staircase—the house is built of slabs cannibalized from ancient buildings—and arrived at table precisely as we heard the cannon boom. A Moslem serving-



"And to think it all started
with the breakdown of a self-service elevator!"

man deposited a whole flock of earthenware tureens upon the table and fled. "He and his wife have fasted all day, too," M. ben Abdallah said. "His dinner is waiting for him on the table downstairs. One cannot expect much service during Ramadan."

Silently and with furious concentration, the artist began to eat—a soup of soft wheat with mutton sausages in it; a stew of artichokes, fava beans, and mutton; half a dozen *briques* (a delicacy I shall discuss later); a few oranges; and, finally, thick Turkish coffee.

When we had eaten everything in sight (his rapacity made me feel as if I, too, had been fasting all day), M. ben Abdallah showed me some *objets de vertu* he had collected, many of them dug from the ground by him personally and others acquired from Arabs who had happened upon them. Among them were Punic jewelry, lamps of baked clay, tear vases of iridescent glass, sizable fragments of Greek statuary and Byzantine mosaic, and Carthaginian coins. Some of the coins were from the Punic city's palmy days, when

they were designed and struck by Greek mintmasters, and some from the depressed period when, impoverished by war indemnities, the Carthaginians used a base alloy to make amateurish economy money. There were also Roman and Vandal and Byzantine coins, and coins of the Hafsid dynasty, under which Tunis repulsed the Crusade led by St. Louis. The Saint died of dysentery on the Byrsa, the hill where Dido, according to tradition, settled when she arrived from Tyre.

The Numidians, who were the Red Indians of Dido's Manhattan, had a

law against alienating land to strangers, but the Phoenician queen, when she beached her galley on the African sand, said she could not worship her god, Baal, on foreign soil—or so the story goes. She therefore begged the Numidians to let her have as much ground as she could encompass with a bull's hide. Little did they suspect that with her improved, razor-keen Phoenician kitchen knife she would cut the hide into a continuous strip sixty-six hundred yards long, wind it on a spindle, put the spindle in a chariot, and then, ride all around the foot of the Byrsa, which is as big as Murray Hill, paying out rawhide as she went. When she had finished, she had an excellent site for a citadel, and it hadn't cost her even twenty-four dollars' worth of beads. She named it Carthage, and from the citadel the Carthaginians spread out in all directions, until three hundred years after Dido a good building site in the center of the city would have cost a real-estate man three-quarters of a ton of gold dust.

St. Louis was a less direct operator than Dido. He just died on the Byrsa, in 1270, which made it hallowed ground for all Frenchmen. In 1833, Louis-Philippe, the Citizen King, had the French consul in Tunis suggest delicately to the reigning Bey that it would be considered a friendly gesture if he conveyed the Saint's funeral spot and a few acres around it to France in perpetuity. Since the French had just stormed



"There's a small gland in the center of the skull called the pituitary, and..."



REVENESCENCE CREAM ... the tranquility of knowing time has been robbed of its trademark. Cream or liquid Revenescence, \$25 to \$3, plus tax. At your favorite department store.

Charles of the Ritz

promise her
anything...
but give her

ARPREGE

LANVIN PARFUMS • PARIS

Algiers and stuck its Dey away on a rock, the Bey of Tunis thought a conciliatory gesture was in order. He therefore set aside the land as a memorial to the great and good crusading king, who is as much a favorite character in Tunis's history as Edward I is in Scotland's. "Dey" and "Bey," incidentally, are not variant spellings but different titles. Both Algiers and Tunis, when they were Turkish pirate towns, had Deys and Beys. The Deys were the Army commanders, the Beys the Ministers of Finance and the Interior. In Algiers, the Deys eliminated the Beys, and in Tunis the Beys eliminated the Deys. The Dey of Algiers and the Bey of Tunis therefore wound up *kif-kif*, or even-Stephen, in dignity.

M. BEN ABDALLAH is a short, olive-complexioned man of thirty-five, with a large head and a high voice; he is a noted singer of love songs in the local Arabic dialect. Explaining the special feeling he has for Greek art, he said, "All my family is Greek. My ancestors came here to serve the Husseinate Beys and became Mohammedans." The Tunisois, of whom the painter is a fine example, are of diverse origins, but they have succumbed to a germ of human synthesis that is in the air. For thirty centuries, Berbers from the edge of the Sahara have been flocking up to Carthage-Tunis, like Mississippians to New York. The Berbers—the Numidians of the classical historians—are taciturn, introverted, hardworking, and rancorous, but they do not change the basic Tunisois character; they just get blended in with the descendants of Dido and Hamilcar and the Roman *fonctionnaires* and the Vandals (who came in 439) and the Byzantine soldiers who cut the Vandals' throats and begot children with the Vandalesses. Most of the Tunisian Jews are descendants of Berber tribes that were converted while Judaism was still an expanding religion. The original Moslem invader-proselytizers, who hit Christian-cum-Jewish Carthage in the seventh century, were cousins from the old country; like Dido's Phoenicians, they came from Syria, and they spoke Arabic, which, like Punic, is a Semitic language. Historians think the Tunisois became Arabized quickly and painlessly, because of their affinity with the invaders, while the Berbers of the interior put up a dramatic struggle. The Arabs stabilized the Tunisois mixture, like a cross back to original stock. After them came the Turks,

who seized the government and founded the corsairing business; the Turks' Christian captives, chiefly Mediterranean, who apostatized; voluntary renegades from all over Christendom; Jews and Moors expelled from Spain; Janizaries of Balkan and Caucasian birth; and then—with the French Occupation—Maltese, Sardinians, Corsicans, Sicilians, Neapolitans, Mallorcans, Greeks, and Marseillais. The last are, historically speaking, ex-Greeks who have acquired Italian names. Over the centuries, there has been a progressive fusion of these immigrants' languages into Sabir—the language of the Tunisois, which embodies words and constructions from many tongues, and pronunciations that have nothing to do with any. The French "*voilà!*," for example, generally becomes "*ouallah!*," a splendid Arabo-Gallic sound. The doorman at a reception, asking for a departing guest's carriage number, says "*Ouah eh le nombre?*" for "*Où est le numéro?*," and a barman, telling me he was going to take his first drink of the day, said, "*Io va casser li jine,*" for "*Je vais casser le jeun.*" An Italian waiter at my hotel, the Tunisia-Palace, told me that his children speak no Italian but that he wouldn't mind it so much if they had learned French, or even Arabic, instead. "All they speak is Tunisois," he said. "They may want to move away from here when they grow up, but I don't know where else in

the world they'll be able to make themselves understood."

According to Ibn Khaldoun, the great Arab historian, the Berber tribes were converted to Judaism before the Fall of Jerusalem;

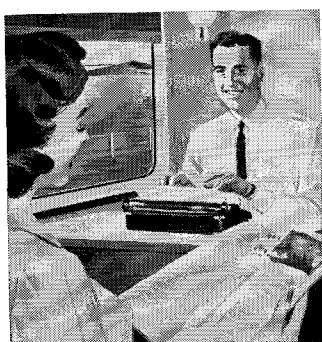
according to more modern scholars, it was in the years between the Dispersion and the official Roman adoption of Christianity as a state religion. When Islam reached North Africa, the Judaized Berber tribes led the struggle against it there. La Kahina, a Jewess, was the Boadicea of the Berber resistance. If she had made the grade, and she very nearly did, she would have been the Berber Queen Elizabeth. This warrior origin is a source of satisfaction to a native Jewish newspaperman I met in Tunis last April—a fellow named Felix Allouche, who was covering Tunisia for the Associated Press, the New York Times, the Luce magazines, Reuters, and half a dozen French newspapers. "I am a Berber," he told me. "Did you know that Julien [the great modern French historian of North Africa] says there was a tribe of





THE MILES NEVER SHOW

when you arrive by PULLMAN—rested and morning-fresh!



Relax in private comfort! Settle down in your own peaceful quarters. Read, work, or just be lazy! No weather worries, no highway jitters, no parking problems. Enjoy clean individually air-conditioned accommodations. Extra services at the touch of a button!



Enjoy freshly-cooked meals! No time-wasting stops. A spotless, spacious railway diner is just a few steps away. Choose from a variety of fine foods, cooked to your taste, served at your own leisure. Or stroll to the friendly club car for your favorite refreshment.



Turn in when you please! You don't have to waste precious travel time to get complete rest. Sleep soundly in a snow-white, king-size bed while Pullman speeds you through the night. There's no other dependable way to travel so fast, so comfortably!



Start the day right! Arrive safely—rested and relaxed, in the heart of town! You're safer traveling in a Pullman than you are in your own home! Pullman travel is famous for prompt departures and arrivals. And you can even have a "rent-a-car" waiting if you wish!

Your local Ticket Agent will help you these five ways:

1. Provide information on routes, schedules, Pullman accommodations and fares.
2. Make your Pullman reservations, going and returning.
3. Furnish your rail and Pullman tickets.
4. Assist you in planning stop-overs and side trips.
5. Have a "rent-a-car" reserved for you at your destination, if desired.

YOU'RE SAFE AND SURE
WHEN YOU TRAVEL BY
Pullman
...COSTS LESS THAN YOU THINK!



I. MAGNIN & CO.
CALIFORNIA • SEATTLE



Tall and tapered... our slim
cuffless slacks by Rudd...
unpleated with slanted front
pockets piped in leather, no
pockets in back. Fine worsted
flannel in grey (dark, medium
or light) or brown, 28 to 38
sizes... to order, send waist
and inseam measurements 25.95

mail orders (please add 55¢ for postage) to Union Square, San Francisco



**SCOTLAND'S
BEST** DISTILLERIES
PRODUCE THIS QUALITY
SCOTCH WHISKY
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
86 PROOF

IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK

nomad Jewish Berber warriors who were still riding, lance in hand, against their enemies in the fifteenth century?"

The Tunisois, a city man whatever his descent, has an intelligent loathing for tents, camels, and shinnying up date palms. For him, a great open space is simply an area to be avoided. He loves to live within the sound of as many voices as possible, preferably all raised in dispute. He refuses even to eat camel, although Frenchmen who know the nomads have told me that a good camel foal beats young lamb. I cannot judge, because the only camel I ever partially consumed was an old one, served up as *blanquette de veau* in a hotel in Tebessa, in northeastern Algeria, during the war. No restaurant in Tunis will serve camel, I have been told, because if it did, the customers would conclude that all the other meat served in the place was camel, too, and nobody would ever again order a steak. There is a high incidence of suspicion in Tunis.

Le caractère tunisois, a Punic mixture of caution and daring, is exhibited in the manner of eating a national dish—the *brique*, *brick*, or *brik*, which is a lightly fried egg in a tricornered case of fragile, flaky hot pastry, also fried. The eater determines the position of the egg by palpation. The side in which he locates it becomes, for the purposes of the operation, the base of the triangle. Holding the *brique* lightly between two fingers, he begins eating at the top, or empty, angle. He nibbles briskly but delicately, so that when he arrives at the egg he will not shatter it but make only a minimal perforation, through which he will suck the yolk. Having removed the explosive charge of this gastronomic booby trap, he goes on to ingest the rest. It is a rule, when *briques* are eaten in company, that if so much as a drop of yolk falls to the plate, or even stains the fingers, the awkward fellow must consume another *brique*. This is a pleasant penalty the first time, but after half a dozen *briques*, a stranger begins to understand the sensations of the Roman ambassadors who journeyed to Carthage to treat with its astute people. They returned home with egg-stained togas and with treaties that did not mean what the Romans thought they meant. French officials trying to negotiate with the heirs of the Carthaginians often experience the same thick, clumsy feeling the Romans did; it is as if they were Anglo-Saxons negotiating with Frenchmen. The Tunisians, during two years of practically continuous negotiation—first on autonomy, then on independence—have nibbled away all French

Do you have trouble remembering names?

Meet a man just once, and you're likely to *forget* him. See him 4 or 5 times within a week, and you'll find his name will be on the tip of your tongue.

Memory is like that. And it is one (but *only* one) explanation for the phenomenal performance of advertisements that appear in *The Saturday Evening Post*.

For an issue of the *Post* is picked up and re-read 4 or 5 times before the next issue appears. It stays in the home several weeks after that . . . where it can keep on making an even deeper impression.

And when you consider that the *Post* exerts this influence on one of the largest audiences in magazine history . . . is it any wonder that it has turned more brand names into household words than any other magazine or advertising medium? The *Post* gets to the heart of America.



NEWSSTAND SALES

Audit Bureau of Circulations • January 1 to March 31, 1956

0	500,000	1,000,000	1,500,000
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST			
LIFE			
LOOK			
COLLIER'S			

America reads the Post



the one
with my
initials
on it's
mine!

Thick, thirsty terry — kimono-cut for Mr. and Mrs. to wrap themselves in for after-bath, beach or lounge wear. In white piped with navy or red with navy or red monograms. Hers, 10 to 18 sizes; His, S. M. L. XL. Each, 15.00. 2-initial monogram, 3.00; three-initial, 5.00. Mail, but no phone or C.O.D. orders.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

New York, White Plains, Chicago, Detroit and Beverly Hills

pretensions to suzerainty as neatly as they would eat a hot *brique*, and without once burning their lips. The leaders of the Neo-Destour, or New Constitution, Party, which has conducted the struggle for liberation since the early thirties, are without exception French-educated intellectuals (some of them handle French more adroitly than Arabic), and during the negotiations they have exploited Cartesian logic acquired at the Sorbonne.

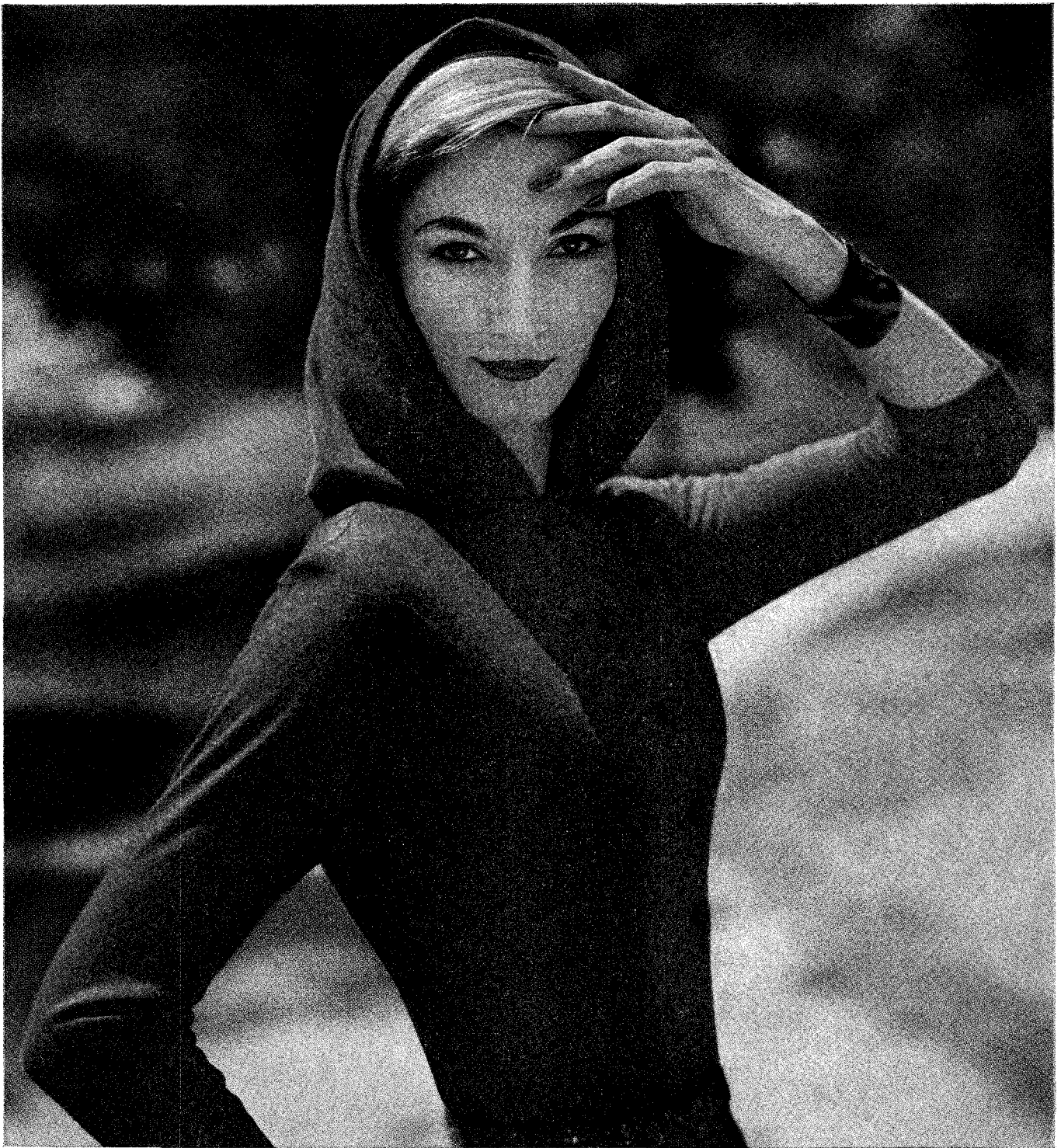
LAST April, while I was in Tunis, an extremely clever Neo-Destourian lawyer named Mongi Slim was in Paris, where, backstopped from Tunis by Habib Bourguiba, the leader of the Neo-Destour and now his country's Premier, he was conducting with (or against) M. Alain Savary, the French Secretary of State for Moroccan and Tunisian Affairs, what the Tunisian press called "*la petite négociation*"—for the transfer from French to Tunisian hands of the administration of internal security in Tunisia. (I have been acquainted with M. Savary since he was a lieutenant, junior grade, in the Free French Navy, serving as an aide to Admiral Emile Muselier, and know him to be a young man of sunny disposition, sound principles, and normally rapid intelligence, but he has not a drop of Carthaginian blood, and this, naturally, handicaps him.) The French government had already recognized Tunisian independence, in a treaty signed March 20th, but the treaty left the questions of internal security, national defense, and foreign affairs open to "further negotiation." The French said that they thought this meant negotiation about which government was to run these three branches of the Tunisian state. The Tunisian leaders, on the other hand, contended that the only "negotiation" contemplated involved no more than the details of turning the requisite authority over to them. Independence could not be anything but total, they argued with their double-edged Cartesian logic, because "un-total" independence is an impossible concept, like quasi-virginity or half solitude. And it is patently impossible, they maintained, for a country to be independent if it does not control the administration of law within its own borders.

It is possible that the French Socialist government, caught between its need for peace in Tunisia, without which it could not carry on its undeclared war in Algeria, and its need for the support of the conservative French press, without which it might be chucked out of office,

gave the Tunisians and the French newspaper proprietors divergent versions of what it thought the treaty meant. In any event, the big Paris papers, apparently in an effort to prove that the Tunisians were incapable of maintaining order, played up every incident of violence in Tunisia between the signing of the treaty on March 20th and the "little negotiation." (The Paris papers reach Tunis daily by plane, and are also quoted massively in the Tunisian French-language press.) A broken shopwindow in Tunisia during that time received a more prominent display in sheets like Marcel Boussac's Right Wing *Aurore* than four infanticides in Metropolitan France, although *L'Aurore* rather fancies a good infanticide story, *bien mijotée* with philosophical reflections. *L'Aurore* is not M. Boussac's only sheet; he also manufactures the cotton variety, for which there has been a large protected market in North Africa, since the Arabs use the sheets as outer garments. The Tunisian negotiators, on the other hand, turned the well-publicized disorders into an argument for their thesis: How could they be responsible for law and order unless they had the power to enforce it? And, they asked, what about the riot that had occurred on March 9th, in their still French-policed capital?

In singling out the riot of March 9th, the Tunisois displayed a true Carthaginian talent for raising clouds of obfuscating dust. For one thing, the rioters were not Tunisois *indigènes* in hot pursuit of emancipation but European Tunisians whose leaders were determined to do anything to prevent Tunisian emancipation. For another, the riot started out as a demonstration against the French High Commissioner, rather than against the Neo-Destour Party, and ended up with the pillage of the American Consulate General. Because of its impingement on American affairs, the riot, unlike most Tunisian happenings, was pretty thoroughly reported in the American press, but its genesis remained obscure, because the story dropped out of the news before this matter—to me the most interesting—was cleared up. In the past month or so, however, I have been piecing together a number of news reports and chicaneries that have appeared in the French and Tunisian press, and it seems to me that a pretty illuminating answer has emerged.

THE demonstration began as a proper and peaceful funeral for two French brothers named Thomasin, both farmers in central Tunisia,



Helitzer Bros. design in jersey of 80% "Orlon"*, 20% wool. Nutmeg, haze blue, ember, silver green, black. Sizes 10 to 16. About \$12 (slightly higher in West).

luxury jersey goes washable

Vibrant new jersey of "Orlon" acrylic fiber and wool gives this blouse a firm hand, fluid drapability, and makes it *washable*. Simply suds, let it drip dry, and the blouse is ready to go—in great style. For the dashing hood you see can also become a dashing cowl collar.

At Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin; Garfinckel's; Jordan Marsh, Miami; Rich's.

ORLON AND WOOL
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING ... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

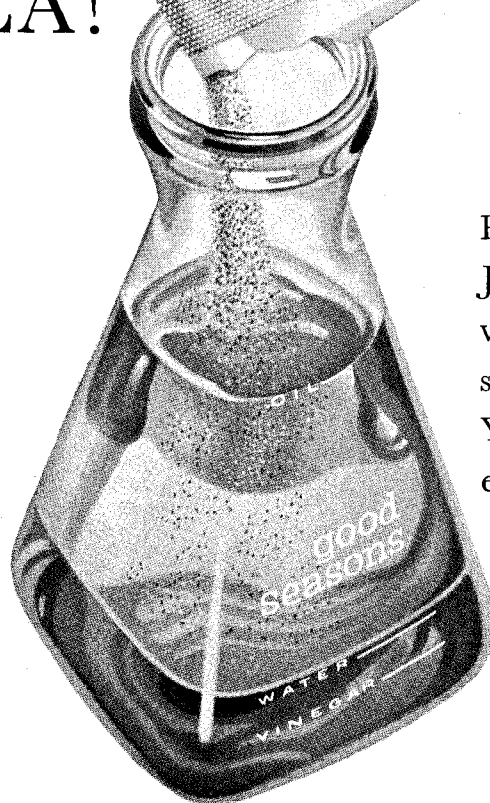


*"Orlon" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its acrylic fiber. Du Pont makes fibers, does not make the fabric or blouse shown here.



THESE HERBS AND SPICES
AND MANY OTHERS, TOO,
ARE USED IN THE SECRET
GOOD SEASONS MIXES!

FRESH IDEA!



Pour in Good Seasons.
Just add oil and
vinegar in this
self-measuring bottle.
You get perfect dressing
every time!



Good Seasons Salad Dressing
Kit contains the Self-Measuring
Bottle, 2 different Good Seasons
Mixes, and a 24-page salad
recipe booklet. Your grocer has
it at a special, low price now.

Make chef's dressing—in seconds

GOOD SEASONS SALAD DRESSING MIX

TRY ALL 5 MIXES: Old Fashion French, California French, Old Fashion Garlic,
Exotic Herbs and Bleu Cheese. Each makes a half-pint of fresh dressing.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS, MAKERS OF MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

who had been shot and killed by persons still unknown. The thousands of European Tunisians who attended the funeral assumed—as colonialist organizations had encouraged them to assume—that the murders were the work of Moslem terrorists. The Thomassins were buried in a cemetery just outside the city. At the ceremony, M. Roger Seydoux, then the French High Commissioner in Tunisia, addressed the crowd, begging it to take no violent or vindictive action against Moslems in general. Rowdies shouted M. Seydoux down, and he left. Then some of the hoodlums proposed a protest march to the High Commissioner's palace. (This building is still commonly called La Résidence, although its principal occupant's title has been progressively diminished from Resident-General to High Commissioner to Ambassador; the name of the Place de la Résidence, on which it fronts, has been still further sweetened to Place de l'Indépendance.) They would show the French government that they would not permit themselves to be abandoned to massacre! Most of those who participated in the march that followed had a quite honest motivation—fear. Except in the capital and its suburbs, Europeans in Tunisia are outnumbered twenty to one, and their ever-present bogey is "a St. Bartholomew"—a reference, incidentally, that is not drawn from Moslem history. But it is also certain that some in the march were representatives of colonialist groups that had opposed all concessions to the *indigènes* and now hoped to precipitate a riot that would panic the government in Paris, as the riot of February 6th in Algiers had done. The Algiers demonstration had frightened the government into reversing its policy of conciliation in Algeria. In Tunisia, however, this policy had gone too far to be so easily reversed. The only French in Tunis who could conceivably profit from a regression to the old status are individuals with large holdings, who could afford to leave the country during any shooting. Some of them imagine that they would be able to go back after the uprising was repressed to find a cheap force of docile labor and an unrestricted field of exploitation. Those who think this way constitute a minority even of their own limited class. They have as instruments only the toughs—the Tunis equivalent of the *nervi* of Marseille—plus a lunatic fringe of extreme racists. Most of the Europeans in Tunisia who must stay there to earn their living are in their hearts glad that Tunisia has its autonomy, although almost without exception they grumble. Servants and other employees have grown cheeky,

How to see HAWAII on a budget



A vacation in America's glamorous South Sea playground is within your reach in time and cost. Set your budget and you'll find there's a trip to Hawaii to suit it. You can take advantage of the modern vacation-on-credit way. You've always dreamed of a trip to the Hawaiian Islands. You can *afford* to make that dream come true—now!

Best Things Free

The best things in Hawaii are free. Her gleaming white, uncrowded beaches and warm, sparkling clean ocean waters belong to the public without restriction. Hawaii's gentle trade winds, her starry nights, awesome peaks, tropical foliage and brilliant flowering trees—all are your heritage in the Islands.



Easy to Get Around

Much of Hawaii's fun and beauty is at your hotel doorstep, or within a pleasant stroll. And all-day tours to outlying points of interest by modern bus or limousine are available for rates ranging from about \$3 to \$10. Visit Pearl Harbor and other historic spots, see ancient Hawaiian relics and the modern sugar and pineapple plantations.

Plenty of Room

At Waikiki, in Honolulu and on the Neighbor Islands you'll find just the right accommodations to fit your pleasure and your budget. Many new hotels have just been built to accommodate the growing tide of visitors, and all the modern facilities American travelers expect are here. Room rates start at about \$5. The average is about \$8. Superb accommodations can be obtained for \$12, less than most American resort hotel rates.



The world's most famous beach, Waikiki, beckons with a dazzling array of water sports and the lure of lazy, uncrowded hours on palm-shaded golden sands.

Dining a Delightful Adventure



Fascinating restaurants of different nationalities abound in Honolulu. Dine overlooking a lily pond or beside a waterfall. Taste tempting delights in a Japanese tea house. Try traditional Chinese dishes in quaint cafes. Feast the Hawaiian way at a ceremonial luau. Or enjoy charcoal-broiled steaks and chops and rare seafood fresh from Hawaiian waters. The cost is often less than back home.

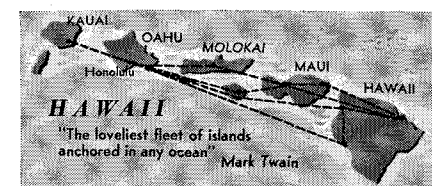
Easy to Get to Hawaii

Hawaii is a delightful flight of 8 to 9½ hours from the Pacific Coast. You can have break-

fast on the mainland and dine in Hawaii the same day. From the East Coast it's but 8½ hours more by great luxury air liners. A voyage over the blue Pacific by ship is an experience you'll treasure—just 4½ days from exciting California ports. Allow between \$250 and \$500 for your round trip fare, depending on the type of accommodations.

See ALL the Islands

Your trip won't be complete without a visit to one or more of the gem-like Islands nearby, each boasting special charms. You reach them in fine, modern aircraft flying over inspiring scenic routes. A round trip to Maui or Kauai costs but \$19 and you can fly to the Island of Hawaii and return for \$30. All-expense tours start at \$35.



You Can Travel on Credit

Decide how many will be in your party and figure out the cost. You'll be surprised at how well it fits your budget. Right now you can come to Hawaii as thousands are doing—by a credit plan. Pay nothing down and spread the cost of a wonderful vacation over a period of time at payments as low as \$25 a month. There are banks in nearly every city that will advance funds for your trip on good credit.

No Currency or Passport Problems

Hawaii is Polynesian in tradition, modern American in cleanliness and living standards. Between the U. S. mainland and Hawaii there are no passport problems, no inoculations, no annoying exchange fees. Hawaii is U. S. soil and language and currency American, of course.



What to Wear

Travel light to Hawaii. Days are always warm, evenings balmy. Bring as little as possible, then have the fun of getting Hawaiian clothing, made in Hawaii, at smart town and beach shops. You'll enjoy your new things here and find them equally pleasing back home.

Aloha Week, October 21-28

A festival of ancient sports and pageantry... a brilliant, fascinating highlight to a fall vacation you can enjoy only in Hawaii.

Rely on a Travel Agent

For sound, experienced advice, see your Travel Agent. Tell him what you've budgeted for your trip to Hawaii and he'll help you arrange it to your best advantage. You are also invited to write for free literature to the

HAWAII VISITORS BUREAU

2051 Kalakaua Ave., Dept. A, Honolulu, T. H.



New!
Elizabeth Arden

Blue Grass Hair Spray

**Holds hair in place
with a gossamer touch!**



175
plus tax

To make every wave behave—day after day after day—Elizabeth Arden creates a new super-fine, non-sticky hair spray that combines gossamer lightness with splendid holding qualities.

Just a gentle tap of the pressurized container and the *finest, lightest* spray holds every strand in place! Your hair stays *set*, soft and lovely for days on end. And, Elizabeth Arden Hair Spray has the delightful fragrance of Blue Grass, haloing your hair every moment it's on.

Elizabeth Arden

they say. Like all Europeans living in what they think of as colonial countries, they have developed a high, practically Dixiecrat susceptibility to affront; a French *entraîneuse* in a bar told me she was quitting Tunis as soon as she could get a stake, because she couldn't bear the thought of being checked on by a non-French vice squad. Most people's affairs are in a less liquid condition. You hear the Europeans say that they would leave if they could sell their house, farm, or business at a fair price, but since no Europeans are buying and few Mohammedans have money to buy with, the chances for a sale are slim. So they stay. Mechanics and skilled workmen who have not invested in property are in the best position to emigrate, because in France there is full employment and, with the Algerian war on, a labor shortage. Only the young men who have settled in Tunis since the end of the war care much for that idea, though. The Tunis-born and those who have spent most of their lives there have "formed their habits." To them, Continental France is a foreign country. It is only when there is an unexplained homicide, such as the murder of the Thomassins, that their malaise returns.

The police allowed the procession to march down the main thoroughfare, but they turned the demonstrators back from the gates of the Commissioner's palace. Somebody then shouted, "Let's get the Amerloques!"—an unfriendly term for Americans. (Here I am quoting M. Allouche, my Berber-Jewish newspaperman friend, who was there.) The American Consulate General is in an office building on the next corner from La Résidence, and the crowd surged along to it. The leaders raced up the stairs and, shouting that the Americans were supplying the *bicots* (Arabs) with arms to murder Frenchmen, wrecked the consular offices. (The Moslems reproach us for supplying the French with helicopters. There is no salvation.) This rallying cry, the consular officers determined later, was a simplification of a series of headline stories that had been breaking in French newspapers during the preceding week.

The first of these stories, modestly headlined as "revelations," was one about a practical joke played by an "inhabitant" of a small commune in Lorraine upon the American colonel commanding an ammunition dump at a place called Trois-Fontaines. The "inhabitant"—in reality a reporter for a

provincial paper—had removed a case of mortar shells from the dump, like an American college boy stealing the chapel bell, and had delivered the case to the Prefect of the Marne, in Reims. The Prefect had then publicly presented the shells to the colonel, just to show him how poorly guarded his dump was. The shells were without detonating pins, so they would have been of slight use to a guerrilla, but the story didn't say that. The day after the practical-joke story appeared, a newspaperman named Eric de Goutel, working with this simple nub of fact and Lord knows what else, broke out with a revelation, all over the first page of *Paris-Presse*, of how American arms stolen from dumps in Lorraine were being used to equip Algerian outlaws. Paid for with gold of the most sinister origins, the stolen weapons, he reported, were flooding the international market and were being acquired by groups of outlaws, cut-throats, rebels, and dissidents in Egypt, Yemen, the Sudan, the Saharan territory, Madagascar, Morocco, Libya, Tunisia, Brittany, and Saint-Pierre-et-Miquelon. Moreover, the *Paris-Presse* pipe expert revealed, a "gang" of Polish refugees, who had somehow become part of the American military organization in Europe, was operating a conveyor belt of Renault 4CVs, or *quatre-chevaux*—the next-to-tiniest class of French car—between Trois-Fontaines and fishing ports on the Italian Riviera.



The gang was known to the police as "*la bande des voitures vertes*" because it painted all its vehicles green, presumably so that they could be more easily identified. Each of the *quatre-chevaux* was jam-packed with rifles, machine guns, knocked-down tanks, and finely diced jet airplanes. At the fishing ports, crews posing as fishermen put the arms on board feluccas and smuggled them to Libya in the vessels' holds under thin layers of freshly caught *poissons d'avril*. "Twelve thousand tons of munitions have been shipped in this way," the enterprising M. de Goutel declared. I estimated that that would mean roughly ninety-six thousand round trips by *quatre-chevaux* between Trois-Fontaines and the nearest Italian fishing port. The taxis that saved Paris during the Battle of the Marne in 1914 were eclipsed by the logistic exploits of M. de Goutel's fleet of 4CVs. To be sure, my admiration was mitigated the next day when I read, far down in the same newspaper's follow-up story, that the "twelve thousand tons" was a typo-

(Advertisement)

graphical error for a mere twelve tons. I lost interest in the Polish gang after that, but not before noting that the twelve-thousand-ton story had reached Tunis on the eve of the riot.

A couple of weeks after the attack on the American Consulate General, for which a story admittedly 99.99 percent wrong provided the motivation, or pretext, Raymond Cartier, another red-hot French *scoop*eur, who was stationed in the United States, turned up in *Paris-Match*, a picture magazine, with a remarkable piece called "Why Are the Americans Detested?" The title was boxed on the cover of *Match*, and my first thought on seeing it was "Tiens! Why?" My second was "Are we?" But *Match* settled that point for me with the first item of proof it adduced: "In Tunis, two thousand French, returning from obsequies for two farmers assassinated by the *fellagha*, wrecked the American Consulate." A few days later, Guy Mollet, the French Premier, in a formal interview granted to a correspondent for *U. S. News & World Report*, stated that the Americans have managed to make themselves detested all over the world. Since it is a fair bet that M. Mollet is a reader of the cover of *Match*—it can hardly be avoided by anyone who goes to the dentist—I thought I could guess where that sentiment had imprinted itself on his unconscious.

AT any rate, as a result of *la petite négociation*, the Tunisians got their way about the police force. On April 18th, M. Seydoux, in the name of the French government, turned over to M. Bourguiba "the sole responsibility for security and public order in Tunisia." Later that day, Taieb Mehiri, Minister of the Interior in the new Tunisian government, visited Police Headquarters and installed Ismail Zouiten as the Delegate for Security and Public Order, or Chief of Police. M. Bourguiba made an unscheduled speech to the assembled higher officers of the force, most of them French. I was not there, but the furiously busy M. Allouche later described the scene to me—with delight, since he has a relish for paradox. M. Bourguiba, who had spent a good half of the previous twenty years in prison and had been arrested a dozen times by the men he was now addressing, said that the new Tunisian government had need of their training and experience. There were no hard feelings, he declared; if he had suffered a bit from their excessive vigor, he knew that this was evidence of their zeal and sense of duty. He wanted them



A title on the door... rates a Bigelow on the floor

P.S. No more heavy-footed lumbering about your office, fracturing the quiet. Peace and comfort arrive with your Bigelow carpet. Special designs, colors and textures available. Call any Bigelow district office or Contract Dept., 140 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. Bigelow, Number 1 name in Carpets.

Cartier
INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED
JEWELLERS SINCE 1847

From a
Collection
of Ivory
Flowers from Cartier...

delicately shaped petals centered with a ruby dewdrop.
Stem and diamond veined leaves in 18kt gold, \$1150.

Federal Tax included... Shown actual size

FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y. PLaza 3-0111



The Total Attendance at
Won't Equal $\frac{1}{4}$ of the corporate presidents



THE COW PALACE, San Francisco, site of the GOP Convention, has a capacity of 10,927

THE INTERNATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE, Chicago, site of the Democratic Convention, has a

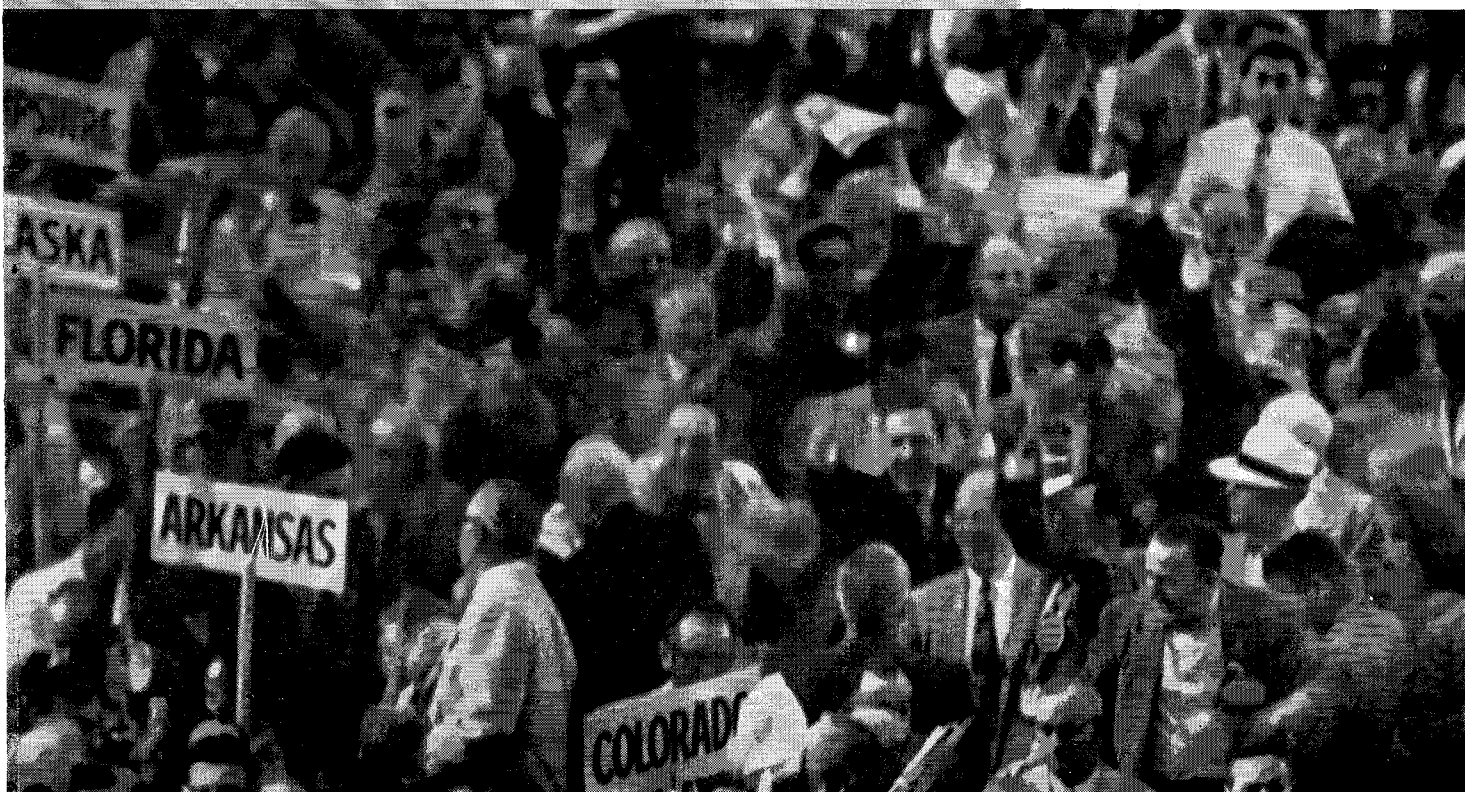


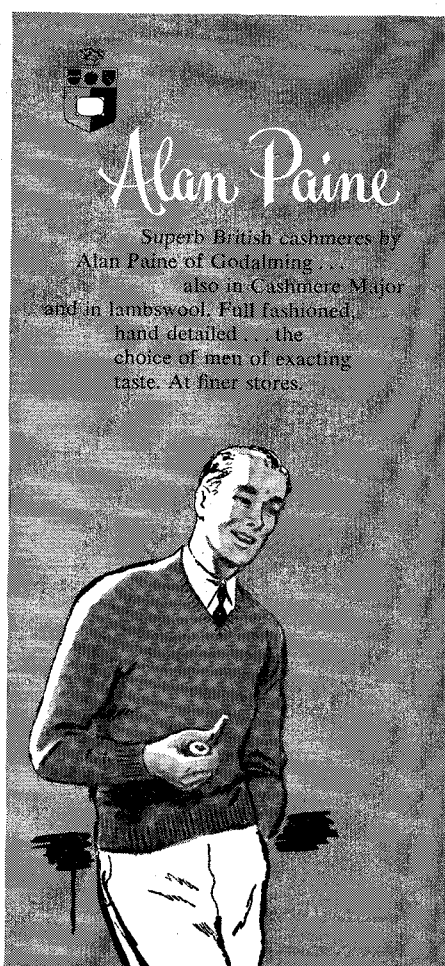
Both Conventions

and vice-presidents who read Newsweek



Serving America's
Most Significant Million

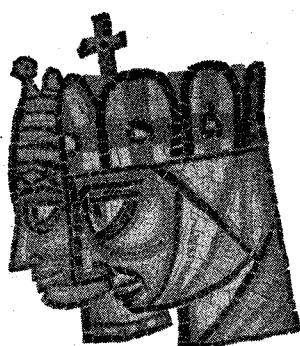




Alan Paine

Superb British cashmeres by Alan Paine of Godalming ... also in Cashmere Major and in lambswool. Full fashioned, hand detailed ... the choice of men of exacting taste. At finer stores.

FRANK L. SAVAGE INC., 17 EAST 37 ST., NEW YORK



THE ROYALTY OF BEERS!
THE BEER OF ROYALTY!

Carlsberg Beer



By appointment to Royal Courts of Denmark, Greece and Sweden. By preference... to discriminating beer drinkers everywhere. One hundred years of skill, study and research make each bottle of Carlsberg the recognized standard of quality ... the world over! Write for name of restaurant or dealer nearest you.

Imported From Denmark

THE CARLSBERG BREWERIES,
509 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 17, N.Y.

to stay on until they reached retirement age, provided that they showed the same zeal and sense of duty in the service of the new state. Tunisia needed all its sons, he said, and the new regime would not discriminate between French and Tunisian cops. "Very impressive," Allouche told me. "But it was a bit droll all the same. I mean the sight of Zouiten standing there as the new Chief of Police, with one of his eyes still out of shape from the going over the police gave him in 1952 when they picked him up as a rebel." M. Allouche is a connoisseur of goings over. In 1943, when the Germans held Tunis, a Gestapo man knocked all his teeth out with a pistol butt. (M. Allouche has since had some more bad luck. The other day, I had a letter from him, and was saddened to learn that he is now in a *kibbutz* in Israel. "I am paying the penalty to the new Tunisia for the crime of having been a Francophile, a Zionist, and, especially, an independent journalist!" he wrote. "I was violently attacked in the Arabic press, and an attempt was even made on my life. Briefly, I had to decide to leave precipitately, and here I am, starting all over again." Six weeks before he wrote his letter, I had left him in Tunis, seemingly a permanent feature of the politico-journalistic landscape. An engaging man, he was a great help to visiting journalists because of his fluent Arabic and his familiarity with Tunisian politics.)

IN view of the relatively hopeful atmosphere in Tunis when I left there, I was distressed upon arriving in Paris, early in May, to read in the Parisian press that M. Zouiten and his superior, M. Mehiri, were not doing even as well as their French predecessors in maintaining order. The reports corroborated the thesis of those colonialists who had predicted that chaos would follow the French withdrawal. A state of sanguinary anarchy prevailed in Tunisia, Parisian newspapers informed their readers, without the evidences of regret that the uninitiated might have expected. There had been almost nightly bombings and shootings, and they were not in frontier areas, disturbed by the proximity of the Algerian strife, but in Tunis itself and its suburbs. What purpose, then, the press asked rhetorically, had been served in negotiating on equal terms with a *soi-disant* regime that was proving itself unable to guarantee the safety of life and property inside its own borders? The Tunisian agreements that had already been signed, with criminal frivolity, by the same persons who had abandoned

Indo-China should certainly be reconsidered, and as for reaching any further agreements, the mere thought of such a thing was "*inadmissible*." This is a key word of contemporary French conservative journalism, meaning "unacceptable," with the added force of "intolerable," "outrageous," "exasperating," "humiliating," and "insubordinate," and it is applied to all propositions emanating from foreign governments, North Africans, and politicians left of center, with the exception of M. Mollet. The word is therefore used frequently.

"NOUVEAUX INCIDENTS EN TUNISIE!" became a stock headline in Paris. It appeared that the incidence of incidents had increased radically since the transfer of control of the police. This was confirmed in the columns of *L'Action*, a weekly published in Tunis, to which I had taken out a subscription while I was there. *L'Action* follows me about Europe and keeps me *au courant* with what the boys are saying on the Avenue Habib Bourguiba. The daily papers in Tunis all appear on Sundays and take a holiday on Mondays. This creates an ideal opening for a weekly, and *L'Action*, appearing on Monday mornings, gets the almost undivided attention of Tunisian newspaper readers, particularly since it is popularly believed to be the voice of M. Bourguiba—an imputation it denies. However that may be, *L'Action* is certainly the voice of the youngest, most aggressive, and most Bourguibist section of the Neo-Destour. (Inevitably, the Party has had its internal difficulties. On the Right, there is the open dissidence of Salah ben Youssef, who is now in Egypt, where he calls himself Generalissimo of the Army of Tunisian Liberation, and on the Left there is at least an incipient difference of opinion between Bourguiba and Ahmed ben Salah, the young leader of the Tunisian labor movement, who has declined to join the government personally, although he allows his followers to do so.) *L'Action's* closeness to M. Bourguiba was underscored when he appointed Bechir ben Yahmed, the weekly's twenty-eight-year-old editor, as his first Minister of Information. (M. ben Yahmed took an official leave of absence from his editorial duties when he entered the Cabinet.)

L'Action is a tabloid, usually of twelve pages, and it is one of the brightest periodicals I know of anywhere, which is not strange in a country that is rising to the surface again after a long submersion. It is written with a mixture of disillusioned French clarity and a Levantine sarcasm from which the chap

who is being sarcastic obviously derives so much pleasure that the effect is one of jollity. Its twelve pages are never enough, because there are so many exciting things to write about. It must throw stones after the retreating Youssefists, battle the French, fight inequities in the distribution of wealth, and plan the economic future of a country that is beautiful but bone-poor. (Three million of the four million inhabitants of Tunisia have annual incomes of less than twenty thousand francs, *L'Action* estimates, which is about fifty-five dollars. M. ben Yahmed is a graduate of the Ecole des Hautes Etudes Commerciales, which is the Wharton School of the University of Paris.) *L'Action* reports and comments on—sometimes brilliantly—the Algerian war from the Algerian point of view, picks to bits American moving pictures and whatever French lecturers show up in Tunis, and conducts a continuous forum on the status of women. (A Tunisian husband can still divorce his wife any time he wants to simply by saying, three times, “*Talqa*,” and the women are constantly writing letters to the editor about this state of affairs.) When I read *L'Action*, I have the feeling that I am watching the beginnings of both a government and a national press.

AS I read the Paris papers every morning during mid-May, I noted with anxiety that the incidents not only were continuing but seemed to be growing more grave. *L'Aurore* (of the extreme Right), *Le Figaro* (of the not so extreme Right), *L'Humanité* (of the Communist Left), and *Franc-Tireur* (of the not so extreme Left) are my daily Paris morning dose, except on Sundays and on days when the government has confiscated *L'Humanité*. None of them is an ideal source of information about Tunisia, because for each of them that country is less a geographical reality than a political thesis. Still, on Monday morning, May 21st, I realized that something of importance must have developed in Tunis, because all four carried at least the skeletal facts about a series of arrests made by the Tunisian police, who claimed to have broken up the ring responsible for the bombings and shootings. What I did not realize was that the arrests would lead me back to the riot that pillaged the American Consulate General. When my copy of *L'Action* arrived by airmail, it had all the throbbing particulars. Across its front page was the crimson streamer “THE ‘RED HAND’ UNMASKED,” leading me to wonder, in spite of my in-

BEST & CO.

Fifth Ave., at 51 St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

Nowhere but at Best's! THE *SHIRTMAKER

Completely right for any season of the year in imported Swiss Lanella, a fine blend of Australian wool and Egyptian cotton. Styled with the easy-on button front, this classic is washable and sanforized for an always-immaculate look. Gray, heather blue, beige or cornflower blue. Sizes 10 to 20, 38 and 40. (N-3) **49.95**



Mail and phone orders filled • Plaza 9-2000 • Address Section 6
Order by Style Number • Please include postage beyond our motor delivery areas
*Trademark AND 16 CONVENIENT BRANCHES

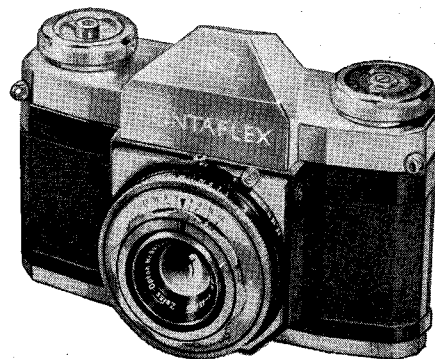
HOW CONTAFLEX GETS YOU BETTER PICTURES

Of all 35mm precision cameras, this little beauty lets you see most clearly what you are shooting. It gets what you want speedily and surely. That is why Zeiss Ikon Contaflex is the great success of the year.

You sight through the Zeiss Tessar f/2.8 lens, so that your image is unbelievably brilliant, upright, laterally correct and full picture size. Contaflex has both ground glass and split image focusing. Built-in flash synchronization. Speeds to 1/500.

Contaflex eye-level single lens reflex is only \$149, at leading dealers. See it today.

Ask us to send you
interesting and informative
free Contaflex booklet.
Address Dept. CY 11.



CARL ZEISS, INC., 485 Fifth Ave., New York
World Famous Zeiss Ikon Cameras
are precision made in West Germany



BEEFEATER BEEFEATER

famous twice over
...the world over



Thousands know this elite guardian of England's Crown Jewels. And equally famous since 1820 is the elite among English gins, Beefeater Gin. It has a clear brilliance that is unsurpassed. It makes the Beefeater Martini measurably drier, appreciably smoother, truly incomparable.

Try one.
Today!

BURROUGH'S BEEFEATER GIN

Imported from England by
Kobrand Corporation, New York 1, N. Y.

94 Proof, Distilled from Grain

terest in what the heading portended, whether a hand of any color can be masked in the first place (although I had to admit that "degloved" would hardly have done the trick). Below this, printed in heavy black type, was the statement "The authors of the crimes that have rocked Tunis during the past week, taking several lives, have been caught up with. *L'Action* is in a position to announce in detail the first results of the investigation and reveal the names of the culprits, most of them active members of the French terrorist organization called the 'Red Hand.' See page 3."

On the back page of *L'Action*, under the heading "From Sunday to Sunday," the editors present a diary digest of the news of the week, and I resolutely turned to this page, instead of to page 3, so that I could read of the week's events in chronicle form and sweat out the dénouement just as the Tunisois had. The first entry was dated Sunday, May 13th, and it read:

The criminal attacks that have occurred in Tunis every night since last Wednesday took a more serious turn last night. Only a few minutes apart, a Djerbian grocer, of the Rue de Dijon, was machine-gunned to death in his shop by three men, and a grenade was hurled into a group of pedestrians on the Avenue de Londres, blinding a little girl. The other victims' wounds were not serious.

A Djerbian is a native of the island of Djerba, identified with the mythical Land of the Lotus-Eaters, off the southeast Tunisian coast, three hundred miles from the capital. The Djerbians are Mohammedan dissenters, strict and Quakerlike, and, like the early Quakers, shopkeepers. They are ostentatiously pious and almost irritatingly honest, and they have just about cornered the retail fruit-and-vegetable business in Tunisian cities. They have a special political significance in Tunisia now, because M. ben Youssef, the Rightist who has revolted against M. Bourguiba, is a Djerbian. But while M. ben Youssef advocates violence, both against the French and against his old chief, M. Bourguiba, his fellow-islanders are men of peace, and there has been no shooting on Djerba. An attack on a Djerbian is susceptible of a lot of interpretations. As for the grenade-hurling, the Avenue de Londres is in a Jewish white-collar neighborhood; the attack there could be attributed to either Moslem or Christian Fascist anti-Semitism.

More attacks last night [the next entry reported]. Each evening a little more seri-

ous than the night before. Last night's resulted in five dead and eleven wounded, five of them seriously. [Among the victims this time were another Djerbian grocer, who had also been machine-gunned to death, and ten people (one died) who were either dancing or playing in the band in the Champs-Élysées Ballroom, on the Avenue Jules-Ferry, Tunis's main stem, when someone tossed a grenade in through a window.] The purpose of the assassins is clear. It is to sow panic among all levels of the population [meaning Djerbians, Jews, Bourguibists, and Europeans]. Many trails are open to the investigators. "They are Youssefists," some say. "Ridha ben Ammar's band is back at work." [Ridha ben Ammar, a known terrorist, has since been arrested.] But if this is so,



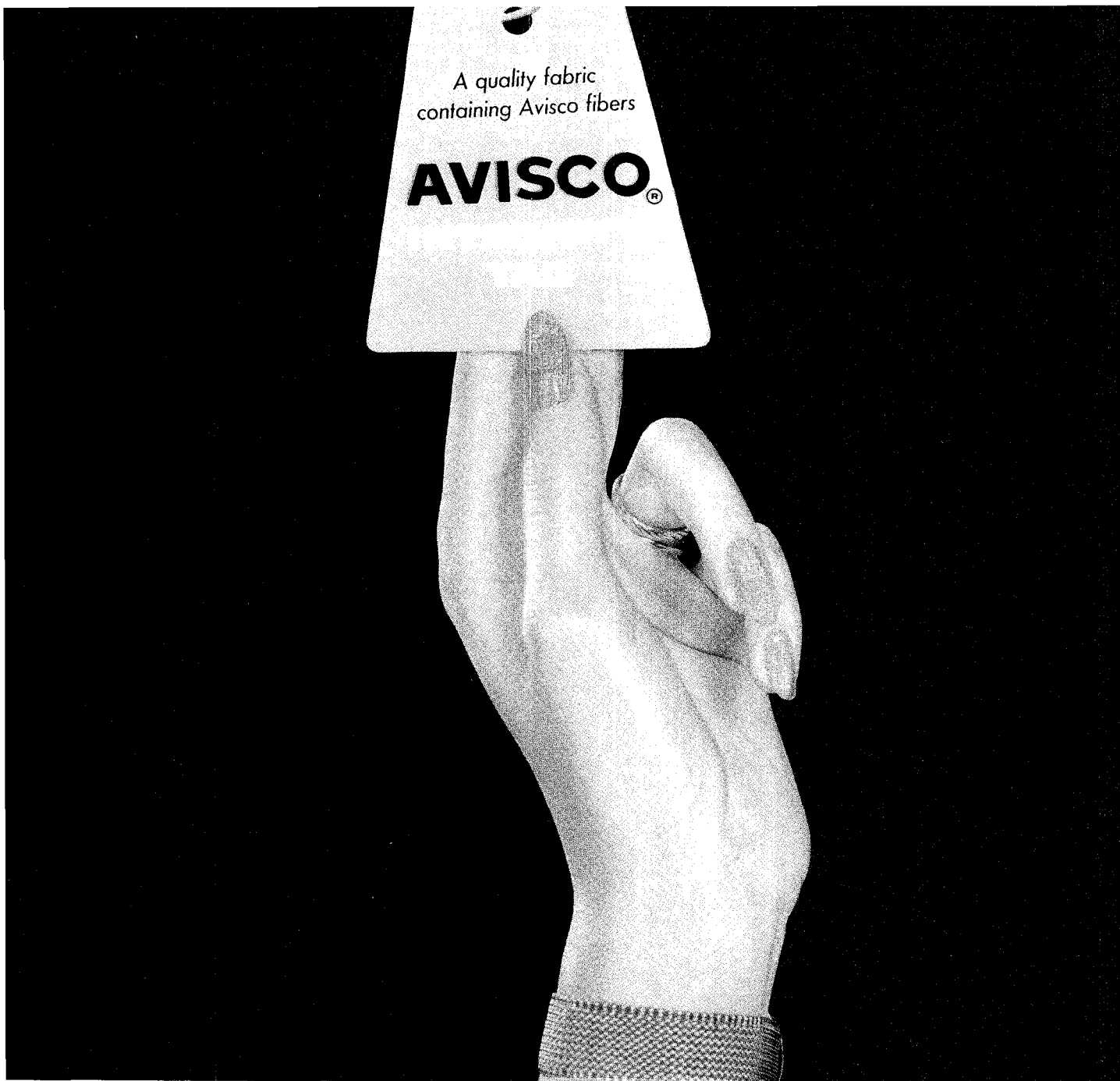
why are Djerbians particularly attacked? "To punish them for drifting toward Bourguiba," say those who hold to the Youssefist theory. "Why mightn't the assassins be French?" ask others, pointing out that men of Biaggi's sort [Biaggi is a French Rightist of the strong-arm variety] and other local irreconcilables find it to their interest to maintain an atmos-

phere of panic and passion here, in order to make Continental French public opinion believe that there is a strong opposition to Bourguiba in Tunisia; that, in consequence, he represents nothing; and that everything is going to pot since the transfer of responsibility for security to the Tunisian government.

After scanning the rest of the week's record, which was similarly grim, I at last allowed myself to turn to page 3 and the Red Hand story:

One month after the taking over of the police by Tunisians, a vast gang of French terrorists has been unmasked [it began]. A group of killers of the Red Hand, accustomed for years to "work" easily and with impunity, has been broken up and put out of action. It is the young Tunisian detective force that... carried out the investigation and made the arrests. To achieve this result, a group of a dozen men worked four days and four nights without a break.

According to *L'Action*, on the night of May 13th—the night the grenade was thrown into the ballroom—a car in which several men were riding drew up in front of the headquarters of the Neo-Destour Party in Ben-Arous, a suburb of Tunis. The building, which was brightly illuminated in observance of the Eid El-Fitr (the feast that marks the conclusion of the fast of Ramadan), had been attacked on several previous occasions, and three guards had therefore been assigned to protect it—one on the roof and two in the street. The men in the car alighted and fired a tommy-gun burst into the building, wounding two people. They then jumped into the car and drove off, but not before the guards, who returned their fire, had



What is this **AVISCO** Integrity Tag, anyway?

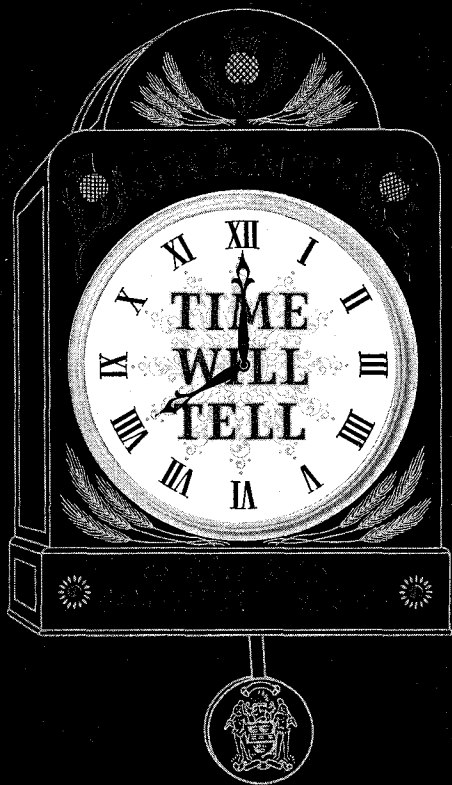
Right out where you can see it and touch it, attached to everyday things you buy for yourself, your family and your home, it tells you a behind-scenes story of products made with Avisco acetate or rayon. The Avisco Integrity Tag tells you that the high quality of what you're buying goes all

the way back to the basic fiber. And it tells you that American Viscose Corporation, makers of Avisco rayon and acetate fibers, never stops testing in the world's biggest rayon laboratory to keep quality coming your way. Enjoy this protection when you shop.

AMERICAN VISCOSE CORPORATION, 350 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Look for the
AVISCO Integrity Tag
when you shop for
men's clothes
women's clothes
children's clothes
carpets, sheets
and other home furnishing.

TIME WILL TELL



Time — plus
selected quality ingredients
handled with traditional skill
produce Grant's
consistent excellence.

86 PROOF — SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc. NEW YORK — NEW YORK
IMPORT DIVISION

wounded one of them. Possibly, in the bright light, the guards were able to identify one or more of the attackers; in any case, here is *L'Action's* account of what happened next:

Five days later... it was learned that one of the killers, one Jean-Honoré Andrei, living two hundred yards from the Rue de Dijon [where the first Djerbian was murdered], had been mortally wounded, that he had died before he could be got into a private hospital, and that Dr. Chapelon, a physician on the Rue Navarin, had filled out—as an act of complicity, or from kindness of heart or under threat—a certificate stating that death was due to “natural causes.” It was learned that Jean Andrei had been buried discreetly on the afternoon of the fourteenth, and that in his neighborhood his death had been attributed to a fall down a flight of stairs. A permit for exhumation was obtained, and Saturday evening, in the presence of a *juge d'instruction* and two doctors—one French, the other Tunisian—the corpse of Jean Andrei was disinterred and autopsied. Verdict: Death by bullets. Shortly afterward, the murder car was found, pitted by bullets, and one of the band was arrested. At the moment of going to press, and with what we know now, it seems that a thread has been found that leads very far and very high.

One might have thought that the disclosure of the French origin of the outrages in Tunis would cause exclamatory editorials of self-reproach and apology in Paris, plus a few flowery eulogies of the *astuce* and *allant* of the members of the young police force—worthy emulators of Lecoq and Maigret, faithful to the lessons they had learned from their French preceptors. *Mais non*. It wasn't that the Parisian editors considered the crackdown in Tunis unimportant; during the week, they printed news stories telling of further arrests there and of the disappearance of a French Deputy Chief of Police who was suspected of being involved, and the independent *Monde* even printed an extensive interview with M. Mehiri. But they offered *bizarrement* little in the way of comment until late in the week, when the dispatches hinted that the Tunisian government would demand that its prisoners be tried before the new Tunisian High Court. That, said *L'Aurore*, was “inadmissible.”

Next Monday's *Action* did a thorough roundup on the case. On its front page were a photograph of four of the prisoners, hiding their faces with their jackets as cops escorted them from the courtroom where they had been arraigned, and the headline “THIS GANG WANTED TO TURN BACK THE CLOCK.” Inside were individual photographs of eight of the gang and brief biographical sketches of all of the thirteen who had by then been impli-

PATEK PHILIPPE

THE WORLD'S FOREMOST WATCH



18 karat, 18 jewels.
Five hundred dollars, F.T.I.

ASK THE NATION'S FOREMOST JEWELERS

Write for interesting Patek Philippe Newsletter

PATEK PHILIPPE, 587 Fifth Avenue, New York 17



Supermen!
Superwomen!
try
Supersec



The superb cream deodorant
that leaves the most sensitive skin dry and soft.

1.00 plus tax

Germaine Monteil

663 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22

crew neck shetland pullover for casual wear
in six ivy league colors, \$14.95
available at . . . FRANK BROTHERS, new york
JACK LANE, boston . . . CANTERBURY SHOP, baltimore
J. B. IVEY, charlotte . . .
SIMONS & CO., LTD., quebec

Bernhard Altmann

BERNHARD ALTMANN CORPORATION, 1401 Broadway, New York 36, N. Y.

Biggest PLUS
in Air Travel

FOR BUSINESS

Business travelers insist on the Trans-Atlantic airline that's surest for on-time arrivals and convenient connections throughout Europe and the Middle East. Your fare includes stop-overs at no extra cost (up to 12 cities)

Remember, you can FLY NOW . . . PAY LATER

CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR

SWISSAIR

U. S. A. • MIDDLE EAST • EUROPE • SOUTH AMERICA

10 WEST 49th ST., ON ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK 20

cated. Of these, *L'Action* said, nine were in jail and four in flight. The men arrested included the doctor who had faked the death certificate. He insisted that the missing Deputy Chief of Police of Tunis, Serge Gillet, and a roughneck named Charles Vincent had forced him to do it. "Vincent is in flight, and Commissaire Gillet, too; the absent always get the blame," *L'Action* observed. It described the physician as rich, popular with the ladies (he was a gynecologist), and a follower of *Présence Française*, which is a colonialist, European-supremacy organization that has branches throughout North Africa. After calling Vincent "incontestably the chief of the gang, the killer," *L'Action* went on, "He is a gangster, specializing in safe-cracking. Made confident by his police protection, he used to brag about how he shot up the *indigènes*." Of the Deputy Chief of Police, it said, "His rank in the police covered him perfectly. He seems to have been the instigator, the organizer on a higher level, of the operations of the Red Hand." According to *L'Action*, not only Gillet but his police chauffeur had disappeared. It was *L'Action's* guess that the two men had left for Algiers by air, perhaps in a military plane. (A much later number of *L'Action* reported Vincent in Algeria and Gillet in France, although the Deputy Police Chief's French colleagues profess not to be able to find him.)

Of the others arrested, one was the Mayor of suburban La Marsa. *L'Action* said that the Mayor, a Dr. Pugalli, had hidden Gillet for twenty-four hours after a public alarm had gone out for his arrest, and had thus enabled him to get away. "At the end of a day under arrest, Dr. Pugalli manifested severe signs of mental disequilibrium," it reported. "He is said to drink thirty to forty Pernods a day. Deprived of this dosage, he began to call for his children 'before the inevitable hour of execution.' He was removed to a hospital for mental diseases." Another prisoner was a man named Rouveure, the proprietor of a foundry and a fairly consequential businessman. Rouveure's home had been found to be that necessary ingredient of gang-arrest stories the world over—an arsenal. He, too, was a member of *Présence Française*, the weekly said. The rest, smaller fry, included the alleged machine-gunner, a young tough who is the son of the custodian of the courthouse building; the custodian himself, who was named as an accomplice; and a couple of young hoodlums, one of whom, a fellow named Tedesco, was given a capsule biography that com-

Another thinly disguised WJR success story



Frenzied fans fight frantically for foul ball

Last June, during a night ball game, a player popped a foul into the broadcasting booth. The announcer casually remarked that he'd send this ball to the WJR listener writing in from the most distant point.

What a deluge! Letters came from Canada, California, Arizona, Oklahoma, Florida, Georgia, New York, Maine, and all points in between. Letters came from small fry, grownups, farmers and city folks, tourists and traveling salesmen. According to the mailman, everybody wrote in for that foul ball!

The best part of it all was that a lot of the letters came from the Great Lakes area—WJR's own backyard. The general tenor of *these* letters was—

"... don't expect to win the ball, just wanted to let you know how happy we are that WJR is now broadcasting the night games—they're coming in loud and clear for the first time."

But what does all this prove? Simply that when you have as many listeners as WJR, even a foul ball is a "national event." Of course we knew this, because we've already read the latest report from Alfred Politz Research, Inc., which stated: 38 percent of all listeners in the area surveyed specify WJR for sports. That's considerably more than the next four stations combined. And that's worth considering if you've got something to sell. So ask your ad manager about WJR—he knows what we can do for you!

The Great Voice of the Great Lakes

WJR *Detroit*

50,000 Watts CBS Radio Network



*Have you registered to vote?
Tch, tch—better do it now.*

OUT TODAY!

*A big new HOLIDAY
magazine - with an
all-American flavor!*

NEW YORK

Right at the tip of Manhattan is a fascinating half square mile! It's downtown New York—a crazy quilt of financial tycoons and rough-and-tumble sailors, bargain shops and excellent restaurants, famous courtrooms and unique Fulton Fish Market. It's New York in a nutshell—and no one should miss this Holiday trip there!

Holiday salutes CHICAGO and all ILLINOIS

Here is a vivid portrait of the state that's the hub of the nation—and of Chicago, the lusty city right at the heart of America. You'll want to read about this industrial giant, corn farmer, historical shrine, buoyant midwestern glamour girl! 27 colorful Holiday photos.

LAS VEGAS

You can't beat the casinos' spinning wheels. And the hotels and restaurants are *not* dirt-cheap! But this modern Arabian Nights in the Nevada desert *does* have plenty to offer—top entertainment, fabulous desert scenery, the chance to flirt with Lady Luck, and more. Sean O'Faolain reveals it all in "The Coarse and Lovely Illusions of Las Vegas"!

PLUS . . . Confessions of a Flirt, Eric Ambler's Murder Tour of Scotland, A United Nations feast of World's Favorite Recipes, the impish Bea Lillie, a Holiday thrift tour of the Puget Sound Triangle, and more!

NOW AT YOUR NEWSSTAND!

**SEPTEMBER
HOLIDAY**

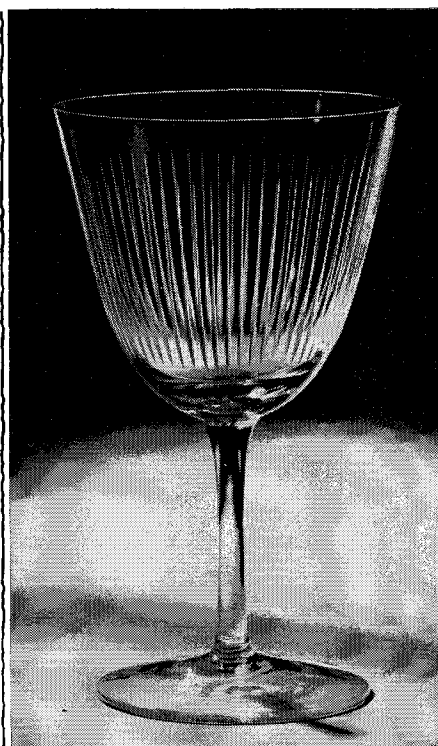
*—for a new look at
the world around you!*

A CURTIS MAGAZINE

pleted the circuit back to the pillaged American Consulate:

The "blond sheik" was well known around Tunis [*L'Action's* Plutarch wrote of Tedesco]. He is a brother-in-law of the Andreis. [The dead man's brother was picked up, too.] He is one of the best-known strong-arm men of *Présence Française*. He was up at the head of the procession on March 9th and chanted loudly, "The police are with us!" He had, it seems, good reason to believe that the police shared his sentiment on that occasion. He is a typical loudmouth, and an undesirable muscle man as well.

SO there it is. The leading spirit of a synthetic riot whose repercussions aroused strong feelings on two continents was a hired thug, capitalizing on a fake scare. All in all, one could wish that the bogus "inhabitant" had not had *l'idée saugrenue* of pinching a case of mortar shells without pins from the dump at Trois-Fontaines, for then M. de Goutel would not have been inspired to move twelve thousand quickly evaporating tons of munitions by green *quatre-chevaux*; the blond sheik and his fellow-roughs in Tunis would not have had a pretext for attacking our Consulate General; M. Cartier would not have been able to "prove" in *Match* that we are the most detested people in the world; and Premier Mollet would not have been exposed to M. Cartier's lambent phrase. And there have been other echoes of the little joke. On March 20th, for instance, Douglas Dillon, our Ambassador to France, upon being informed by his ear-to-the-ground men that "the French" were terribly angry at us (the riot in Tunis), delivered an address to an association of diplomatic correspondents in Paris that was designed to be an umbrella in this thundersquall of wrath. He said he could promise the "whole-hearted support" of the United States for a "liberal solution" in North Africa. All the Paris newspapers I saw, except the Communist *Humanité*, hit their readers in the eye with streamers, of which this one is typical: "TOTAL SUPPORT FOR FRANCE—U.S." By the newspapers—and, *forcément*, by their readers—Mr. Dillon's "support" was interpreted as support for anything, no matter how outrageous, that the big-money French conservatives could persuade the government to do to restore their economic privileges in Tunisia. As for *L'Humanité*, it gave its readers to understand that Mr. Dillon's speech meant that the United States was messing in France's affairs again, which is precisely what the Ambassador was trying to say the United States was not doing. The upshot of all this is that we



ALTO . . .

Hand-fashioned glass by Richard Sussmuth, Germany. Goblet, champagne, claret, cordial, juice or parfait, \$2.50 each.

WRITE FOR SUSSMUTH FOLDER



GEORG JENSEN INC.

Fifth Avenue at 53rd Street, New York 22



TURKISH
DELIGHT

just plain luxury!

terry butterfly robe
for beach, brunch, bath or boudoir

The one, wonderful robe you'll live in at home.

Thick 'n thirsty turkish delight with snug elasticized waist and deep, deep pockets.

White, maize, pink, aqua or orange.

Small, Medium, Large. only \$6.95

Add 35¢ for shipping.

Specify Quantity, Size & Color desired.

THE TOG SHOP, Americus, Georgia

now have a solid commitment—a psychological one, which is stronger than the signed-document variety—registered in the back of the mind of every French reader who saw the unjustified headlines. In international emotional relations, it isn't so much what you agree to do that counts; it's what the other fellow in the street thinks you have agreed to do.

The thing hasn't ended yet. Only a few days ago, I saw that the publisher of the *Standard-Times*, an isolationist newspaper in New Bedford, Massachusetts, had bought a full page in the *New York Times*, for \$4,950, to reprint M. Cartier's *Match* piece as proof that people everywhere else in the world detest us, and so why not say the hell with them?

—A. J. LIEBLING

THE EBB AND FLOW OF LIFE IN CALIFORNIA

[Cordell Hicks in the *Los Angeles Times*]

These indefatigable Californians!

If they aren't giving a party then they are going to one... if there isn't a gala first night there's a Hollywood premiere with all the trimmings... and if there isn't a music festival, then there is a garden tour or a special round-trip train excursion christening a new streamliner!

There is no end to variety of offerings and interest range. How that situation fits, like a hand in a glove, this great State, which itself has everything: The ocean and its beaches, mountains, deserts, lakes and forests!

Invitations that arrive are a social barometer fascinating to an incredible degree. They remind one of the endless tides with their advance, before the event, and their ebb, as the event is past. And always, there is another and another and another wave of them since this is no longer a sleepy pueblo with a stately and measured pace, but a metropolis whose vibrations of vitality and energy affect the whole country and the world.

THE DAY YOU MASTER THE WATER HOLE

"It's awful far across, ma'am, want an old ball?"

"Why?" you ask, smiling gently. "It's not much of a carry." You finger your new Wilson clubs thoughtfully as you face the water. The wind presses against you, yet you take out an iron. Its chromed head glints reassuringly and the soft, calfskin grip is firm under your fingers. You don't think about holding the iron correctly. The unique Wilson Reminder feature does that for you *automatically*.

Your swing is leisurely, your shot firm. The ball bores a hole in the wind, lands and stops on the distant green. As you're crossing the bridge, the boy hands you your putter. "Bet you could be club champ!" he hazards. You resist an impulse to tousle his hair.—*Adv. in Sports Illustrated.*

Oh, go ahead, lady, go ahead!

Carioca Rum

makes a
Summer drink

SING!

"Close harmony!" That blissful moment when a thirst is joyously serenaded by a refreshing, ice-cooled Carioca 'n Tonic... Collins or Highball. Any drink made with Carioca—the finer, smoother Rum of Puerto Rico—is music to your taste. "Carioca makes a drink SING!"

For 28 ways to enjoy Carioca—write for free Carioca Recipe Booklet to SCHENLEY IMPORT CORP., 122 EAST 42ND ST., NEW YORK FINE PUERTO RICAN RUM, WHITE OR GOLD, 86 PROOF

CREATING NEW
CITY DECOR FOR YOU ...
SAN FRANCISCO DESIGNER

Eleanor Green

BLENDS COHAMA'S SHIKI
WITH SILK PEAU DE SOIE IN A
SOFTENED TWO PIECE DRESS FOR
LATE AFTERNOON; BLACK ONLY,
SIZES 8 TO 18, 29.95



LORD & TAYLOR, NEW YORK • JOSEPH MAGNIN,
SAN FRANCISCO • CHASNOFF'S, KANSAS CITY
CARSON PIRIE & SCOTT, CHICAGO • JACOBSON'S
OF MICHIGAN, JACKSON • HOVLAND-SWANSON,
LINCOLN • HERZBERG'S, OMAHA • FIELDS, TULSA

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Barry with Ballads

A COVEY of ingratiating characters may be flushed in "High Society," a new-day and melodiously musical version of "The Philadelphia Story," which Philip Barry wrote back in 1939. The author of this one is John Patrick, and among those present are Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, Celeste Holm, and Louis Armstrong. If their efforts are perhaps not quite as rewarding as those of the performers in the original movie (as you may remember, Cary Grant and Katharine Hepburn had the leads in that), they are, as I've said, an attractive lot. Miss Kelly is, naturally, no Hepburn in the business of highly stylized acting, but she does have enormous charm.

In "The Philadelphia Story," the heroine was a young and rather gelid lady, resident on the Main Line, who found her virtue being questioned after a swim in the nude with a Lucenterprise worker—a smart, perceptive, and handsome fellow, as are, of course, all the workers in the Luce vineyard. The way things go now, however, our heroine's swimming companion is a representative of something called *Spy*, a magazine of no more stature than a comic book. Twisting our way through the involvements of the plot, we find Mr. Sinatra as the natatorial journalist, Miss Kelly as his aquatic companion, Miss Holm as a camera lady attached to *Spy*, and Mr. Crosby as a staggeringly wealthy former husband of our girl. It is only occasionally that the fine, funny dialogue of Barry comes through in "High Society," and there are some rather slack periods, but, generally speaking, everything runs along with commendable ease. While I thought now and then that Mr. Armstrong was being neglected, I have to admit that I'd be inclined to give up any movie to listen to him line out a tune. The score of "High Society" was written by Cole Porter, and I'm afraid that the Master's touch wasn't too sure on this occasion. Still, the assembled songbirds (and Miss Kelly is prettily among them, with a fragile soprano) make more of the pieces than any composer really has a right to expect. The settings, which have been transferred from Philadel-

phia to New England for the purpose of introducing the Newport Jazz Festival into the act, are gorgeous, and although much is made, in the true Barry pattern, of the troubles of the rich (income taxes and all that), the movie leaves no doubt that money is a nice thing to have around.



"THE DOCTORS" is a French film advancing the proposition that urban medical practice can make a man a cynic, whereas rural medical practice may inspire him to become a sort of St. Francis of Assisi. I'm not at all certain that this is a defensible proposition, and yet the movie is entertaining enough. It is more or less standard fare

—an adaptation of a novel called "Les Hommes en Blanc," which is an original French work and not a translation of Sidney Kingsley's play "Men in White"—and reveals Raymond Pellegrin as the hardheaded urbanite who gets medical religion by doing a spell in the provinces. Aiding M. Pellegrin on his rounds are two other doctors—Jeanne Moreau, who is prettier than most practitioners, and Fernand Ledoux.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

Carol Smith, above of Stannard Road, Branford has been named winner of The Outlet's "Nite on the Town" contest. Albert Terry, President of The Outlet, announced that the winning jingle was selected because of its originality and rhyme. The winner completed the sentence: "I want an Outlet Charge Account because" with the following verse: "The styles are right . . . the location central . . . what more is there?" She received a \$100 wardrobe, an orchid, free tickets to the Pops, and was chauffeured to dinner and the Oakdale Theatre.—*Photograph caption in the New Haven Register.*

We don't know about the originality, but it sure rhymes.

The coalition which formed the new Government, to be headed by Premier Hermann Jonasson of the Progressive Party, won 33 of the Althing's 52 seats.

They live in hollow logs and tree stumps and they sleep mostly in the daytime.
—*Omaha World-Herald.*

Never mind that. Do they reduce taxes?

Costume cashmere
by Hadley...

the tie collar pullover
with three quarter sleeves.

Soft and luxurious in Autumn shades
of haze blue, nutmeg, black, white,
ember rose or silver green.

34 to 40 sizes, 32.95

Add .35 postage

Neiman-Marcus

DALLAS
HOUSTON

Mail orders to Dallas

TRAVEL QUIZ



Landing place of Noah's ark was in:

- ☐ Turkey ☐ Palestine ☐ Iran

Tradition says Noah landed on Mt. Ararat in what is now Turkey. Noah, with most of his funds tied up in livestock, didn't carry First National Bank of Chicago Travelers Checks. But today's wise rovers do, knowing they can cash them anywhere in the world.

Geographic center of the U. S. is in:

- ☐ Nebraska ☐ Kansas ☐ Missouri

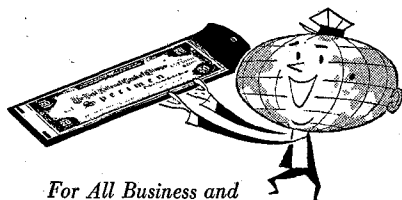
To see the center of the nation, you travel to a point near Lebanon, Kansas. And if you want convenience on the way, you carry First National Bank of Chicago Travelers Checks. Each denomination (\$10, \$20, \$50, \$100) is a different color to prevent confusion in cashing.

The world's smallest nation is

- ☐ Monaco ☐ Vatican City
☐ Switzerland

The smallest nation is Vatican City, with Monaco a close second. When touring small nations or large, you'll feel safer carrying The First National Bank of Chicago Travelers Checks. Only you can cash them. Prompt refund if lost or stolen. Ask for them at your bank.

**The First National Bank
of Chicago**
Travelers Checks



For All Business and
Vacation Travel

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

TEE AND GREEN

Youth Movement



THE Junior Amateur Championship of the United States Golf Association, played off last week at the Taconic Golf Club, in Williamstown, Massachusetts, is probably enjoyed more enthusiastically by the participants than any other golf tournament in the country. A hundred and twenty-eight young hopefuls (aged seventeen or under) from all parts of the country were in the starting field, and most of them were still on the premises for Saturday's semifinals and final, in the role of intent spectators. And when they weren't trudging the fairways behind the competitors, they could usually be found working out on either the driving range or the practice putting green. I can't recall any other championship contest in which such a large percentage of the contestants who lost out in the earlier rounds followed the remainder of the play with such interest, and certainly I can't recall any set of players who were more forthright in their criticisms of one another's golf. Seventeen-year-old Harlan Stevenson, of Long Beach, California, who played a consistently fine game to win the event, missed a three-foot putt during his semifinal match and was sharply taken to task by an onlooker who happened to have been one of his earlier victims. "Cripes," the victim said, "my dog can putt better than that."

Selecting the Taconic course for the tournament was, I thought, an extremely happy move. It's part of Williams College, and almost all the players were housed in dormitories less than a mile from the first tee—a factor that eliminated transportation problems for the many participants who were too young to have a driver's license. Its location in the Berkshire Hills makes it one of the prettier layouts in the East, and its narrow fairways and heavily trapped greens provided just about the right degree of severity for the adult champions of tomorrow. Considering the conditions, which included hard, fast greens, formidable rough, and an intermittent tricky wind, there was some remarkably low scoring during the four days of play. Without much question, the outstanding performance was the third-round match between Wayne Pence, Jr., of Kansas City, and Larry Beck, of Kinston, North Carolina. The lat-

ter played the first nine in 35 and found himself 4 down to Pence's 31—a score that would have had Ben Hogan reeling. Unperturbed, Beck came up with four birdies on the next six holes. Even that wasn't good enough, though, and he lost the match on the seventeenth, when he missed a putt for a birdie 2. They played out the eighteenth, and Pence set an unofficial course record of 67—unofficial because he had been conceded a six-inch putt on one hole.

Jack Nicklaus, a sixteen-year-old Columbus, Ohio, towhead with the build of a Notre Dame tackle, struck me as being the soundest all-round golfer in the tournament. He lost, 1 down, to Jack Rule, Jr., of Waterloo, Iowa, in the semifinals, but he was at or near par throughout the six rounds he played, and his swing has more authority than any of the others I watched. Unfortunately, he is also about as allergic to poison ivy as anyone I've ever seen, and he got into the stuff somewhere—on the driving range, he thinks. The rash showed up on him Thursday morning, and forty-eight hours later, at the start of his match with Rule, he was almost literally covered with it. In spite of his fervent declarations that it didn't bother him in the least, I, for one, just can't believe it.

The U.S.G.A. had no less than twenty committee members on hand to help with the officiating, on the reasonable ground that not all of the young players were quite as familiar with the rules of golf as they might be. In general, the committeemen went well out of their way to be helpful. On one occasion, a member spotted a contestant wandering disconsolately in some particularly forbidding rough and asked if he needed any help. "Why, thank you, sir, I do," the boy said politely. "I can't find my drive, I'm four down, I'm two thousand miles from home, and I'm broke." The official found the lad's drive for him, wished him better luck the rest of the way in, and then wandered off, possibly reflecting that a lot of other young men have managed to get home from Williamstown without a penny in their pockets.—P. W. W., JR.

But 26 Americans and 24 Democrats voted against use of any of the new money to arm Yugoslavia.—*The Mirror*.

Just give the news, please, even though this is a Presidential year.

Clothes that lead the life you love...



Peck *and*
Peck

straightforward and striped:

in soft

Lanella

The shirt-look knows no season and somehow manages to look very correct for any number of events. Our newest Craely haberdasher—done in Swiss Lanella—a soft (and washable) mix of wool and cotton. All ours. Black Watch and Royal Stuart stripe. 8 to 16. 29.95.

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • BALTIMORE • DETROIT • CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS • MINNEAPOLIS • ST. PAUL
INDIANAPOLIS • WASHINGTON, D. C. • ATLANTA • CINCINNATI • KANSAS CITY • MILWAUKEE • HARTFORD • BUFFALO • PROVIDENCE

A REPORTER AT LARGE

MY GRANDFATHER WOULD BE ALL FOR IT

WHEN Richard Wagner, an impecunious twenty-two-year-old conductor and novice composer of operas, first saw the old Bavarian town of Bayreuth, one summer evening in 1835, he fell in love with the place. "Ten horses couldn't pull me away from here," he is said to have exclaimed, but he was given, then as always, to extravagant statements; within a day or two he set out for Nuremberg, fifty miles to the southwest, to conduct a concert, and didn't return for thirty-five years. It was in 1870, when he was finishing the "Ring," that Wagner revisited Bayreuth. For some time, he had wanted a theatre of his own ("I'm going to build my own house and educate my own artists," he had written a few years before. "I don't care how long it takes"), where he could produce festivals of his works, and he went back to Bayreuth to see whether its baroque Margravian Opera House, which had the largest opera stage in Germany, would answer his requirements. He immediately decided that it wouldn't—the auditorium was too small and the acoustics were ordinary—but then he strolled up the Green Hill,

a wooded slope a mile north of the town, and concluded that its summit would make a splendid setting for his theatre. "Nowhere else! Only here!" he said, and the city fathers of Bayreuth, overwhelmed by his enthusiasm, made him a present of the site. Four years later, Wagner's theatre—or, as he named it, the Festspielhaus—was completed, and two years after that, on August 13, 1876, the first of the Bayreuth Festivals began. On opening day, there was a formal procession of notables and musicians from the center of Bayreuth to the top of the Green Hill. An account of it written by Peter Ilich Tchaikovsky, who was a visitor, says, "I watched the arrival of Kaiser Wilhelm from a window of a neighboring house. Then came into view a number of brilliant uniforms, then the instrumentalists from the Wagner Theatre, with Hans Richter [the conductor] at their head, then the tall figure and the well-known features of the Abbé Liszt, and finally, in a fashionable carriage, a man with an aquiline nose and thin, derisive lips—Richard Wagner."

The first Festival was an artistic and popular success but a financial failure,

and Wagner could not afford to put on another one until 1882, the year before his death. From then until 1944, a Festival was held in Bayreuth every two or three years, except when war or the problems of postwar reconstruction prevented it, and since 1951 there has been a Festival every summer. From the beginning, the Bayreuth Festival has been one of the most celebrated musical enterprises in the world, and in recent years, it has become one of the most controversial as well, for the present owners of the Festspielhaus and producers of the Festival, Wieland and Wolfgang Wagner, Richard's grandsons, have decidedly unorthodox notions about how to stage their eminent ancestor's operas. While these notions, which involve, among other things, scrapping such traditionally Wagnerian paraphernalia as papier-mâché castles, clanking armor, and overweight singers, have delighted a good many people, they have infuriated a good many others, notably the old-line Wagnerians who want everything done as it was during the lifetime of the Master.

IT was on V-E Day—May 7, 1945—that I first visited Bayreuth and the Festspielhaus, and I must say that I didn't fall in love with either. I was a technical sergeant in the United States Army, driving a jeep from Nuremberg to the Czechoslovakian border, under orders to "proceed without delay," but when I arrived in Bayreuth, I decided to stop for a few minutes to see how Wagner's famous theatre had fared during the war. The town had been badly hit by American planes, and most of the rococo patrician houses Wagner had admired were heaps of rubble. The Festspielhaus—a large building of red brick and wood, which I thought styleless and tasteless—had not been damaged, but it looked neglected, and so did the park around it. The main door was locked, but the stage door was open, and a few lights were on inside. I called out loudly, but there was no answer, so I walked in, went down a drafty corridor, opened an iron door with a sign on it saying "FORBIDDEN TO ALL WHO HAVE NO BUSINESS ONSTAGE," and found myself in Hans Sachs' *Schusterstube*, the cobbler's workshop in which the first scene of the third act of "Meistersinger" takes place.

The curtain was up, but the house was empty. Before me was a vast, ugly, funnel-shaped auditorium, with bare walls, ascending rows of seats, and, set



"It was Monday morning you couldn't face, but this is Wednesday."



INDIVIDUALITY*

A Most Priceless Heritage

**the particular character, or aggregate of qualities, which distinguishes one person or thing from others*

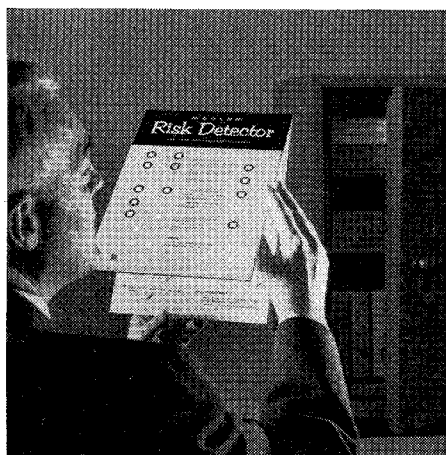
Three qualities set Gordon's above and beyond all other gins. These are higher proof of 94.4...superb liqueur quality...crystal clear dryness. That you recognize and appreciate these qualities that make for individuality...is borne out by your continued and consistent preference for Gordon's.

There's No Gin Like **GORDON'S**
Clearly America's Favorite

94.4 PROOF • 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N. J.

Can your office safe
pass this free

"Risk Detector" Test?

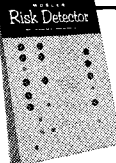


FIND OUT. The amazing Mosler testing device shown above tells you in 2 to 5 minutes if your office safe really is a safe place for your records. Flashes up to 15 warning signals if it isn't. Stop wondering what would happen to your accounts receivable and other business records if a fire ever started. Find out. Then rest easy . . . or *know* what you should do. Mail coupon, right now, for your free Mosler "Risk Detector."

IF IT'S MOSLER . . . IT'S SAFE

The
Mosler Safe
Company Since 1848

World's Largest Builders of Safes and Bank Vaults

		FREE! The Mosler Safe Co., Dept. NY-74 320 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y. Please rush a free Mosler "Risk Detector" to me at once.
NAME		
POSITION		
COMPANY		
ADDRESS		
CITY ZONE		
STATE		

back into the rear wall, several large boxes. Those boxes, I knew, had often been occupied by Hitler, Göring, von Schirach, and other prominent Wagnerians, who loved to be photographed at Festival time with Frau Winifred Wagner, the widow of Siegfried, Richard Wagner's only son. To take my mind off those box holders, I sat down in Hans Sachs' chair, leaned back, and started singing his "*Wahn! Wahn! Überall Wahn!*" ("Madness! Madness! Everywhere madness!"). Many experts claim that the acoustics of the Festspielhaus are better than those of any other opera house on earth, but they didn't seem so to me, and I soon gave up. When I rose to leave, I saw a man in the wings staring at me. He was a stage carpenter, he told me, and had been working at the theatre for twenty years.

There hadn't been much to do lately, but he had stuck around, keeping an eye on things. The cobbler's workshop had been set up for a rehearsal late in the summer of 1944, but then Dr. Goebbels had decreed that all the theatres in Germany be closed for the duration, and it had simply been left there. "Thank God, we'll soon have another Festival," the man said, with what struck me as remarkable optimism, considering the condition of his country. It was to take six years, a great deal of German energy, and some American money to get the Festival going again.

Until just a few weeks ago, I wasn't much interested in the Bayreuth Festival. I had heard all the arguments in its favor—"You've got to go there if you really want to understand Wagner," and so on—but I've never been a confirmed Wagnerian, and in recent years I've done my best to avoid "*Lohengrin*," with its romantic nonsense, and the "*Ring*," with its slow-motion pathos and its long stretches of dreary alliteration. (I love "*Meistersinger*," though, and, of course, there's great beauty in "*Tristan*" and "*Parsifal*.") So when I stopped in Bayreuth, on my way from Munich to Hof, several days before the current Festival began, it was a bite to eat, not opera, that I was after. It was only a little after noon and I was in no particular hurry to get to Hof, so, after my bite, I decided I might as well take another look at the Green Hill. This time, the park was a brilliant green and adorned with flower beds, the gravel paths were clean, and the benches were freshly painted, and while the red building was as ugly as I had remembered it, the scene was brightened by the summer clothes of a crowd of young

people who were sitting in clusters on steps and benches, under the trees, and in the small garden of the Festival restaurant, facing the theatre. Many of them were studying scores. From the restaurant came the sound of a women's chorus rehearsing "*Parsifal*," and in the theatre a woman was singing the "*Ho-yo-to-ho*" from "*Walküre*."

"That's Varnay," a waiter told me as I sat down at a table in the restaurant garden; he was referring to Astrid Varnay, the American soprano, who has been a leading singer at the Festival since 1951. I ordered coffee, and as the waiter went off, humming a phrase from "*Parsifal*," I eavesdropped on the



conversation at the next table, where a group of young people—German, American, and French—were sitting with an older man who wore his sports shirt outside his

trousers. He had long hair, an aquiline nose, and thin lips, and he was explaining, in German, English, and French, that his production of "*The Flying Dutchman*" was an entirely new one. Not the Dutchman but the sea was the hero, he said—or, rather, the heroine. The young people were listening with shining eyes, and when the waiter returned, he told me, in a whisper, that the older man was Herr Wolfgang—Wolfgang Wagner.

When I walked out to my car, I found a young man, with a score in his lap, sitting on the rear bumper. "You're not going to leave now—ten minutes before the rehearsal?" he asked, with an easy familiarity that indicated he took me for a fellow-Wagnerian.

"What rehearsal?"

He pointed to his score. "*Rheingold*." What else?" he said indignantly. "Do you want to miss Hotter as Wotan?" Hotter, the young man confided to me, was going to rehearse his part in full voice. "On the level," he added. "He told me so himself."

For me, "*Rheingold*" conjures up stout maidens chasing each other through what Wagner called a "greenish twilight," but the prospect of hearing Hans Hotter, an excellent Austrian baritone, was appealing, and I decided to stay for a scene or two. The young man told me I would have no trouble getting a pass for the rehearsal; all I had to do was to ask Herr Klebe, one of the Wagner brothers' assistants, whose office was inside the stage door. As I went in, I came across a mezzo-soprano acquaintance from Vienna, who is known all over Europe for her fits of temperament and her disinclination to obey producers and conductors. She

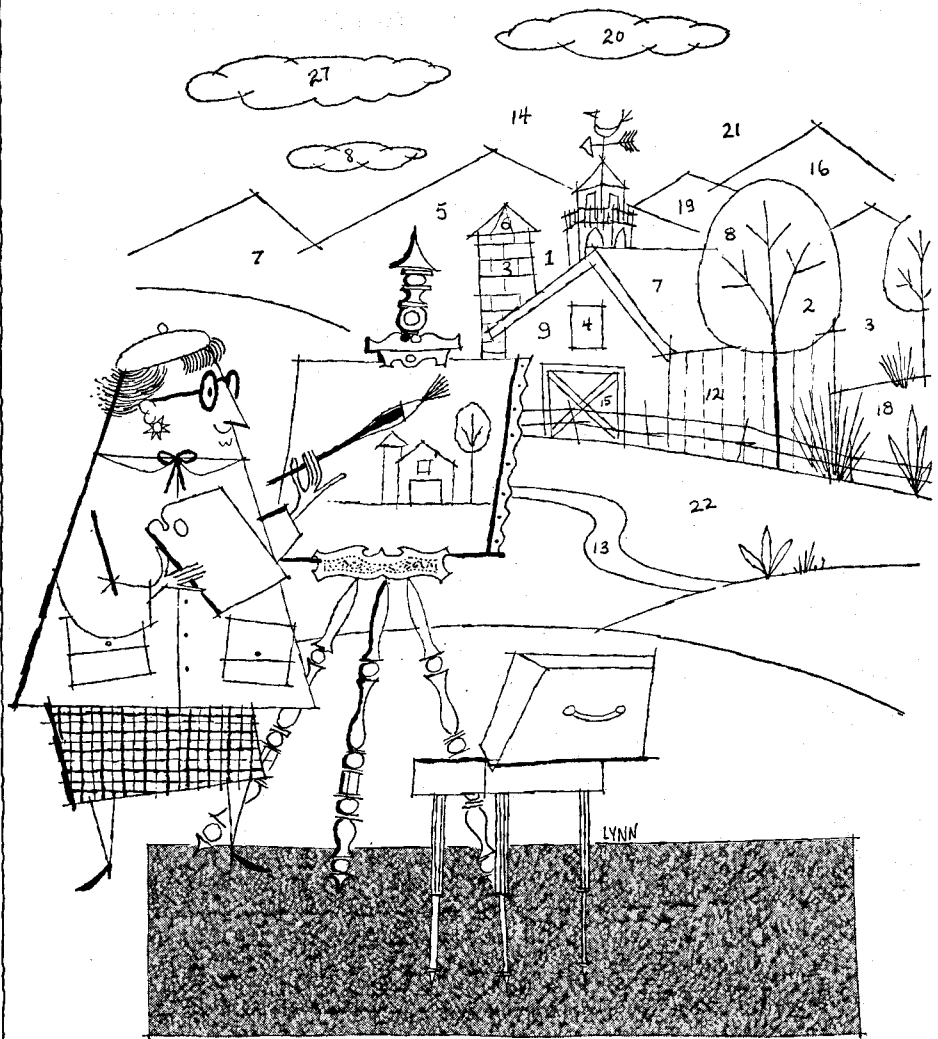
told me that she was singing Fricka in "Rheingold;" she had been rehearsing since ten that morning and would continue, off and on, until midnight, and she loved every moment of it. I remarked that she had never appeared to enjoy rehearsals in Vienna.

"In Vienna, I'm fed up with a rehearsal before it starts," she said bluntly. "Here I enjoy it right down to the end. It's Wieland, of course. Wieland listens to you, and if your ideas are sound, he accepts them. And working with him, you never have the feeling that you're improvising. Ah, he's inspiring. The place is inspiring. Even the air is inspiring."

The air, I thought, was hot and humid, and I walked on to the office of Herr Klebe, a slender, junior-diplomat type with a soft voice and careful diction, who willingly gave me a pass, with "Rheingold" stamped on it in large Gothic characters. In the ugly auditorium, which seats eighteen hundred but looks smaller, about five hundred people, most of them young, had already gathered. The chairs were wooden, with backs and seats of woven straw, there was no upholstery to absorb sound, and there were no armrests, but nobody seemed to mind. That's the way Richard Wagner designed the chairs, and that's the way, apparently, they are going to stay.

I sat down behind a young couple, and as I did the girl asked her companion where Wieland Wagner was going to sit. The young man turned and pointed to a makeshift platform, in the rear of the theatre, on which there were a few chairs and a long table with a microphone and some telephones. "He sits up there, but his spirit is everywhere," he said, and the girl nodded raptly. As the lights dimmed, five or six men took places at the table. "The last one is Wieland," said the young man. The girl craned her neck, and I craned mine, but just then the lights went out. I could hear a man talking quietly, probably into one of the telephones.

Then there was silence, and out of the darkness came a sustained E flat—so low that I couldn't distinguish exactly when the silence ended and the sound began. Nor could I be sure where the sound came from; it might have come from the sides of the auditorium, or the rear, or the ceiling. It was just there. Slowly the orchestra began to play melodic passages, barely audible at first and gradually increasing in volume until the auditorium was filled with music—the music of the waters of the Rhine. When the curtains parted, the whole stage seemed filled



everybody who is anybody

loves **B** *arwick carpets*

E. T. BARWICK MILLS • CHAMBLEE, GEORGIA
makers of fine carpet



*The timeless aspect
of furniture designed by
Harvey Probbler*

HARVEY PROBBER, INC.

New York: 41 East 57th Street
Chicago: 638 Merchandise Mart
Dallas: 230 Decorative Center

Boston, Charleston, W. Va., Cleveland, Chicago,
Kansas City, Houston, Miami, Milwaukee, St. Louis,
Philadelphia, San Francisco, Washington, D. C.

Send 10¢ for Booklet, A-1

Gordon's Lanella Club-Lazer

Gordon's styling in Lanella (50% Australian wool, 50% Egyptian cotton) creates a new kind of blazer, as versatile as it is handsome. Correct for club or campus, lightweight for lounging comfort. Club-Lazers® come in our exclusive tartan stripes or in miniature Ferguson, Black Watch, and Royal Stewart plaids at about \$42.50. Solid Navy, Scarlet, and Hunter Green, about \$37.50.

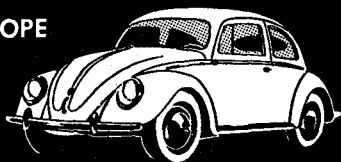


Available at:
 Lord & Taylor, College Shop, New York and suburban stores
 Indianapolis San Francisco Robert Kirk, Ltd.
 L. S. Ayres & Co. Madison, Wis. MacNeil & Moore
 Chicago Baskin Washington, D. C.
 St. Louis Boyd's Lewis & Thos. Saltz

For other stores write: GORDON-FORD SALES COMPANY
 EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

EUROPE

VIA



VOLKSWAGEN

**No. 1 car in Europe
 ...U.S. sales,* too.**

* imported car sales, of course.

Make your tour carefree and memorable. . . . These features make V. W. number one: 35 mi. p. gal.; room for 4 adults and luggage, an 8 pass. model, too; V. W. service everywhere; high dollar resale. Write Dept. N83 for further details.

WORLD-WIDE AUTOMOBILES Corp.
 49-12 Newtown Rd. L.I. City 3, N.Y.
 RA 6-0800

del. any city
 in Germany.
 Other European
 cities slightly
 higher.



with water—blue-green waves, ebbing and flowing in precise synchronization with the music. The Rhine Maidens appeared from behind a rock, pretty, slim, and wearing golden one-piece bathing suits; the music rose, and fell back to pianissimo; and Woglinde started her "Weia! Waga!" It took me a moment to realize that there were no props and no stage set; the whole scene—rock and all—was created by means of projected film and light. The music, the singing, the waters, and the lights blended perfectly. Although the brass dominated, it did not sound brassy, as it often does in the large orchestra Wagner calls for. By accident or design, the strings, particularly the first violins, were somewhat subdued, but that was a very minor flaw—if, indeed, it was a flaw. I was under a spell, and when the scene ended, the idea of leaving didn't enter my mind. I sat and listened as Wieland Wagner explained over the microphone that, to make the transition to the next scene, a mountain-top, the waters of the Rhine would slowly fade into bluish mist, the mist slowly turn into clouds, and the peak slowly emerge. The technicians carried out his instructions, and Wotan and Fricka appeared on the mountain-top, gazing at Valhalla, the home of the gods. Hotter was a strangely unencumbered Wotan, in a dark doublet instead of a suit of armor, with a clipped beard instead of an abundant one, and without the standard black eye patch; my ebullient mezzo-soprano friend, wearing a simple gown, made a surprisingly restrained Fricka; and Valhalla was a blue Impressionist castle, hazy and blurred. Hotter did sing in full voice, as the young man with the score had told me he would, and I thought he was fine.

Wieland interrupted the second scene twice—once to change some lights and once to harangue Fricka. "We're not putting on a melodrama!" he exclaimed. "Don't move your arms, for goodness' sake. Don't move them at all!" The mezzo-soprano nodded meekly. Wieland did not criticize the singing or the orchestra; he left such matters to the conductor. The lighting and the acting were his province, and it was obvious that he does not permit the singers to "act," as Wagnerian singers are accustomed to; all the gestures were spare and symbolic. Once, Wieland asked the conductor to stop the orchestra and had the singers act out an episode without music; they seemed like marionettes, moving pointlessly and lifelessly. As soon as the music started again, however, the same

There is only one
Pendleton
 always virgin wool.



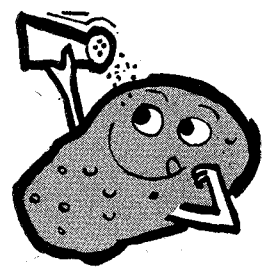
**PLEATMASTER
 SKIRT**

Impeccably Pendleton, this slender Scotch tartan skirt... dyed, spun, woven and tailored by Pendleton, with bias front walking pleat and rayon half-lining, \$14.95. Write us for name of nearest store and Pendleton's complete skirt story!

Write Dept. NA

Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland 4, Ore.

**salt
 free
 diet?**

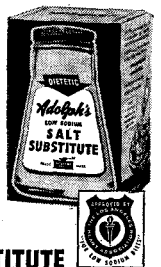


*Use one of the best-tasting
 Salt Substitutes ever made.*

- Sprinkles and seasons like salt.
- Enhances food flavor.
- Retains flavor in cooking, baking, canning.

Available at grocers everywhere.

**Adolph's
 SALT SUBSTITUTE**



also at your grocers

ADOLPH'S LOW SODIUM MEAT TENDERIZER
 Seasoned and Non-Seasoned • makes every cut
 and grade of meat extra tender and flavorful.

Established 1864
Keeler's
 STATE STREET
 The Restaurant Landmark of
 ALBANY, NEW YORK

movements were vital and convincing. All in all, I got the impression that the grandsons have done well by their grandfather; Richard Wagner's work had been showing dangerous symptoms of senescence, and there's no denying that the grandsons have given it a new lease on life.

WHEN the rehearsal was over, I went to see the orchestra pit—"the mystic abyss," as Wagner called it—from which those astonishing sounds had come. It was designed by Wagner himself, and it is unlike any other—a vast rectangular cavern sloping downward under the stage. Only the conductor can be seen by the singers, and even he cannot be seen by the audience, for the podium is screened by a wooden barrier. Wagner was convinced that only with a pit of this peculiar shape and in this peculiar location could he get the pure, rounded orchestral tone he was striving for. To reach the pit, I had to walk down a stairway in one of the wings. It was warm in the cavern, and most of the orchestra were in their shirtsleeves. I knew the conductor—Joseph Keilberth, a soft-voiced man with a great mass of silver hair. He was standing alongside the podium, looking hot and exhausted, and he greeted me wearily, pushing his hair back from his forehead. "I'm tired," he said. "We're all tired. We've been working since early morning, and now Wieland wants us to rehearse the Erda scene. Heaven knows what we'll have to do after that; I've never seen a place with so many rehearsals. Richard Wagner created a wonderful sounding board when he designed this house, but he didn't make it easy for the conductor. I've worked here several summers now, but every time it takes me a good while to catch on. I can hardly hear the singers. And they can't see me very well. So I work in shirtsleeves. Some of the conductors wear shirts that reflect light. The musicians don't hear the singers at all; in some sections of the pit they don't even hear themselves. Right here, though, the music literally beats around your ears. Under the circumstances, the conductor has a hard time keeping singers and orchestra together. He has to rely on instinct, float along with the singers, and keep the orchestra moving. I've worked in a lot of places, but, I assure you, Bayreuth is the toughest."

I asked why it was that the strings sounded subdued. Could it be that the overtones of the violins were getting lost?

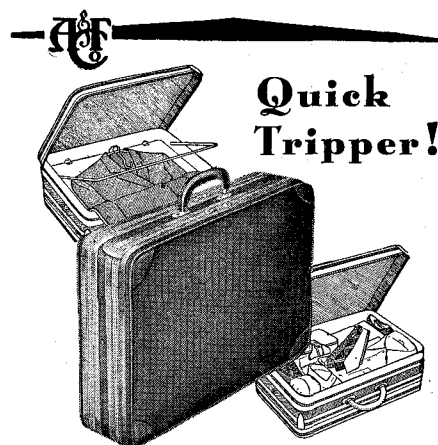
Keilberth glowered at me. "Overtones!" he said contemptuously. "The



New 3-in-1 pack keeps Master Zwieback Toast crisp 3 times as long. No other zwieback is wrapped with 3 separate packs to seal in crispness. Enjoy this ready-to-eat toast for breakfast, brunch, evening snacks. Cinnamon sugared or plain. At leading food stores. Zinsmaster Baking Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Ballantine's
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

The Crest of Quality
"21" Brands, Inc. NEW YORK CITY



Quick Tripper!

Carry aboard our *Air-Carry One-Suiter* on all but the smallest planes. This newest in lightweight luggage is most compact ever . . . holding suit, shoes, shaving kit, changes of linen (enough for almost a week), it weighs approximately 16½ lbs. We've divided it into two sections, with all-around zippers, so suit hangs alone, stays clean and in press. 22" x 15" x 6".

Duck. Brown with tan trim or charcoal gray with black . . . \$52.25*
Suntan Cowhide Leather . . . 79.75*
*Tax incl.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

360 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
SUMMER SHOP, HYANNIS, MASS.
CHICAGO—VON LINGERKE & ANTOINE

latest craze! The trouble is that people listen to too much canned music nowadays. In Richard Wagner's time, the violinists used gut strings, which produced fewer overtones than today's steel strings, and yet Richard Wagner, who knew plenty about acoustics, was perfectly satisfied. Some people around here are talking about changing the position of the first violins. Well, Richard Wagner put them where they are now, and he knew what he was doing. As far as I'm concerned, they're going to stay right where they are."

A phone on the podium rang. Keilberth picked up the receiver, nodded resignedly, and told the members of the orchestra to resume their places. Musicians who have to rehearse long hours usually grumble—and very expressively—but I didn't hear a murmur from these men. I asked a double-bass player about this interesting phenomenon. "It could only happen here," he said. "It's what they call the miracle of Bayreuth. Of course, it couldn't go on forever. The best thing about Bayreuth is that it lasts only two months—a month of rehearsal, a month of Festival. We couldn't keep up this pace any longer than that."

Keilberth pushed his hair back and raised his baton. His downbeat was followed by a crashing fortissimo that made me jump. The brassy clamor was amplified a hundred times by the walls of the pit, and it seemed inconceivable that this horrible racket should emerge in the auditorium as pure tonal beauty. I hastily left the pit.

It was high time to leave Bayreuth, too, if I wanted to get to Hof that evening, but I was fascinated by what the double-bass player called the miracle of Bayreuth, and I decided to stay overnight. I wandered around backstage for a while, listening to the sounds from rehearsal rooms and watching makeup artists repair the foam-rubber wigs of the giants in "Rheingold," and then, when the orchestra rehearsal was over, I stood in the wings and watched another rehearsal of "Rheingold"—just for the lighting staff, this time. The curtain was up, and from the projection booths in the rear of the dark auditorium came the waters of the Rhine. Then I heard Wieland Wagner's voice, distorted by the microphone. "Herr Meyer, the other cathedral glass. Diffuse a little toward the outside. More Blue Number Two. Still more. Now, fade in with green." The waters changed from blue to blue-green, and at last Wieland said, "All right, that's it. Note the position."

Near me, in the darkness, was a slim

shadow that turned out to be Herr Klebe. We watched as a man on the stage made a rotating movement with a flashlight and shouted, "Noted, Herr Wieland!"

"That's Paul Eberhardt," Klebe whispered. "He's our technical adviser on lighting and Wieland Wagner's right-hand man."

I whispered that the whole rehearsal was incomprehensible to me, and he said that later Eberhardt might have a few minutes to tell me about the lighting system. As the scene shifted from the river to the clouds and the mountaintop, Wieland talked steadily. "Let's put on more cloud, Herr John. No, that's too much cloud. No, that's no good either. Try a small blue cathedral glass. Not so fast! Now, breathe slowly with the glass. Once more. That's it! Write that down!"

Finally, Wieland asked Eberhardt to stand where Alberich's underground cave was to be, and then said, "Stoop down, will you, Paul? What light are you in?"

"Green Number Two, Herr Wieland."

"More green, on both sides. Still more. Now turn on the steam."

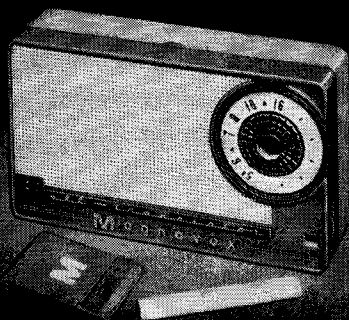
Clouds of pale-green vapor that seemed to come from the center of the earth swirled about Eberhardt, and I thought it was a fine effect, but Wieland said, "We haven't got that right. Too thin." He kept his staff at it until Eberhardt was completely enveloped in the clouds of vapor.

When the rehearsal was over, Klebe called out to Eberhardt, and he came over and joined us. He is a sturdy man with grayish hair, and he was wearing a velvet suit. He carried a score under his arm. When he spoke, he gesticulated with his flashlight. I asked him how he and Wieland managed to blend perfect sound and vision, color and music, with such remarkable precision.

"We have all the resources, and there wouldn't be any excuse for not getting it right," he said. Bayreuth's lighting system, he added, was installed after the war, when the Wagner brothers ordered a complete overhauling of the stage machinery. First of all, there is the new cyclorama, the arched surface onto which water and flames and clouds and castles are projected, with a surface of 17,215 square feet—large enough for a Valhalla on the most grandiose scale. Then, above the stage, there is a large apparatus, called "the organ," which controls hundreds of lights, of all kinds, colors, and intensities. Finally, in the rear of the auditori-



Pocketful of pleasure



THE COMPANION— all-transistor personal radio

"Magnatronic" chassis gives super-selective long-distance reception—remarkable tonal quality. In two-tone colors, complete with battery, \$64.50.

Magnavox
the magnificent
television • radios • phonographs

um, there are forty film projectors and a pair of extra-high-intensity floodlights. With this equipment, Eberhardt said, the technicians can create twenty-two colors and innumerable nuances.

"You may have noticed the pale dusk that falls over the gods in 'Rheingold' when the giants come to take away Freia, the goddess of youth," he went on. "Well, the dusk is supposed to indicate the approaching doom—the twilight—of the gods. We tried everything, week after week, and finally we decided that instead of projecting any direct light onto the cyclorama, we would just let it pick up, faintly, the reflection of the stage lights. That way, we got the mood we wanted, one of deep depression. We often project our film through what we call cathedral glasses—ornamental glasses, of various colors, with rough surfaces, which make clouds three-dimensional and give a plastic feel to the water. Sometimes the men 'breathe' with these glasses; that means they keep putting them into and out of focus, which makes the water ripple and the clouds stir a little."

"Herr Wieland paints with light as a painter paints with color," said Klebe.

"Herr Wieland is a poet with color," said Eberhardt. "He sees to it that the color and the intensity of the lights blend with the costumes and wigs. He can build a room out of light. He can create an entire scene with a few spotlights. Our lighting scores are as complicated as the musicians' scores, and we have a lighting staff of twenty men. Eight of them are 'pursuers,' who work on bridges in the loft above the stage and follow the singers with spotlights."

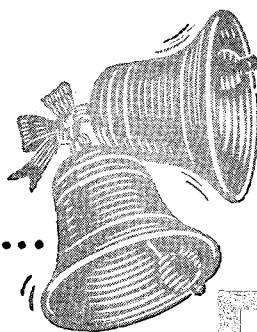
The stage, Eberhardt said, was large enough—it is more than eight thousand square feet—to permit the creation of every scenic illusion in the book. It is normally eighty-two feet deep, but can be extended to a hundred and twenty-five feet; it is sixty-nine feet wide; and it is eighty-five feet high. Sections of the stage can be raised or lowered. "This stage is a magnificent instrument," Eberhardt went on, "but you must learn to play it. Technique alone won't do. It must be coupled with creative ideas."

"Herr Wieland and Herr Wolfgang have the creative ideas," Klebe said.

"And the patience and perseverance to carry them out," Eberhardt added.

I had a glimpse of Wieland's perseverance a couple of minutes later. He came onstage, and I saw him clearly for the first time—a lean man of medium height, wearing a velvet jacket. He closely resembled his brother. With him

That reminds me...



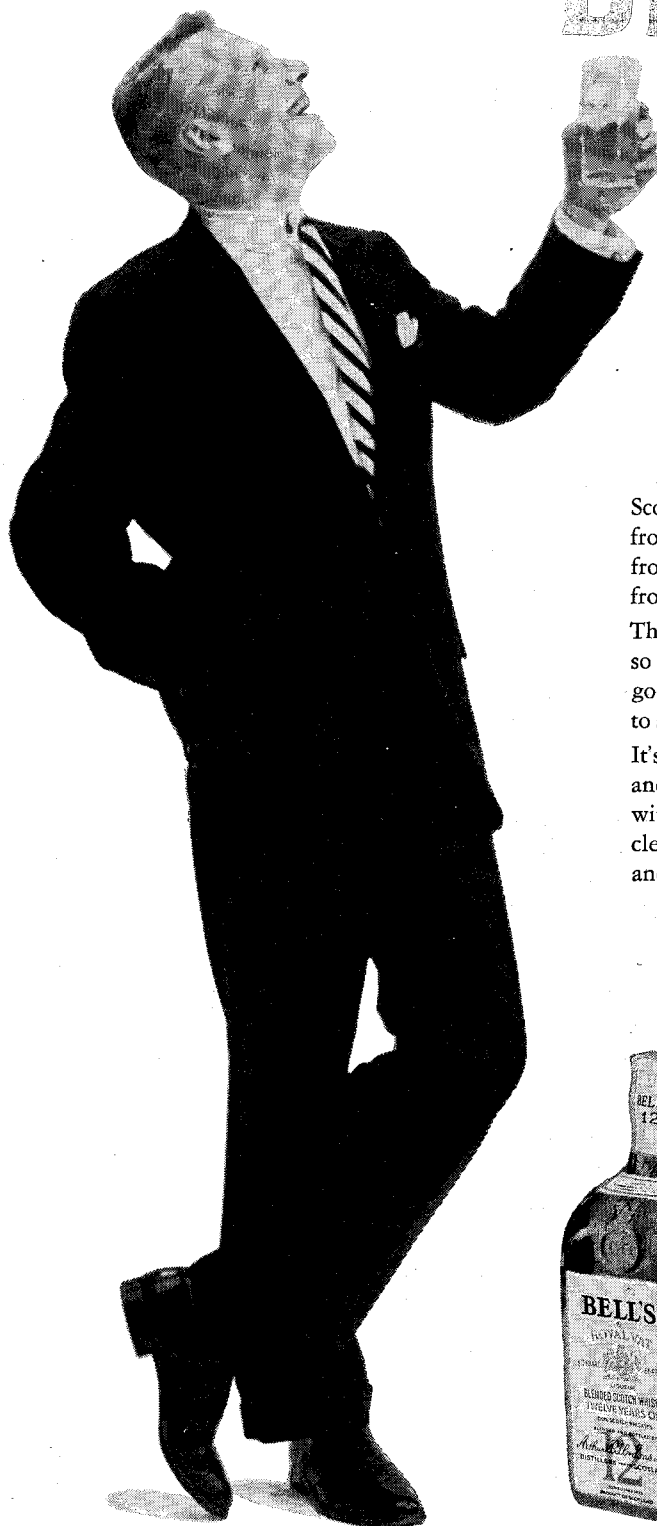
BELL'S

THE
CELEBRATION
SCOTCH

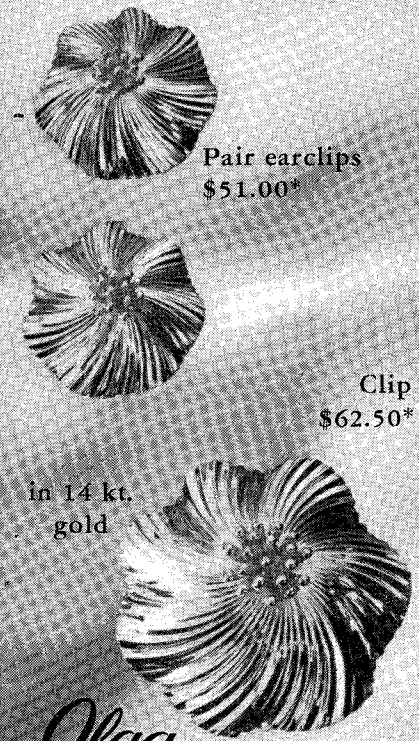
Scotches vary from heavy to light, from harsh to mellow, from smoky to "clean."

That is why so many people go out of their way to specify *Bell's*.

It's ideally light and right, with exceptional cleanness of taste and aftertaste.



86 PROOF. Blended Scotch Whiskey. Arthur Bell & Sons, Ltd., Distillers, Perth, Scotland. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Conn. Sole Distributors for the U. S. A.



Pair earclips
\$51.00*

Clip
\$62.50*

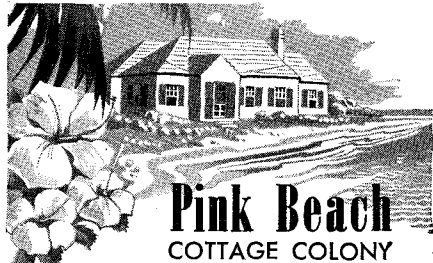
in 14 kt.
gold

Olga TRITT

424 Park Avenue
(between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York 22, N. Y.

*Federal Excise Tax included

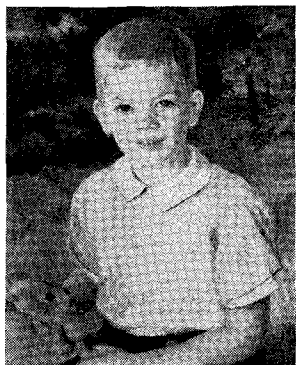
BERMUDA'S DISTINCTIVE



Dream world setting on the famous South Shore. Superb cuisine, spacious clubhouse lounge, cocktail bar.

Color booklet and reservations
from YOUR TRAVEL AGENT or
Leonard P. Brickett, American Rep.
Hotel Roosevelt, New York 17, N. Y.
MUrray Hill 9-3967

Your choice
of today's
foremost
portrait
painters



PORTRAITS, INC.
PORTRAIT CENTER OF AMERICA

136 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK
LOIS SHAW HELEN APPLETON READ

came a hundred and twenty boys, from six to eight years old, who had been selected from the local schools to play the Nibelungs. They were to rehearse the scene in which Alberich, their master, orders them to pile up the hoard of gold and silver, and then draws the magic ring from his finger and sings, "Tremble in terror, downtrodden race! Obey the master of the ring!" whereupon the Nibelungs run off howling and shrieking. Wieland stood in the middle of the stage, and a pianist in the wings played the music. From both sides, the boys came onstage in pairs, their heads and shoulders lowered, carrying the prop gold bars and silver jewelry. They ran around Wieland in diminishing circles until they formed a solid mass of hands, heads, and bodies. When they were all gathered around him, Wieland counted out loud to eight, and the boys quickly made a pile of the gold and silver and then stood motionless. Finally, at a sign from Wieland, they uttered a piercing shriek and rushed offstage.

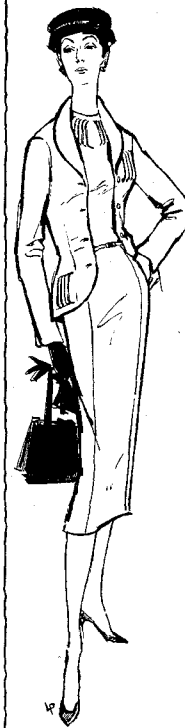
The boys did their job well, I thought. Wieland thought not. It was too slow; they were supposed to be off the stage in four seconds. Moreover, they hadn't crouched low enough coming in. He sighed, and said, "Sorry, we'll have to try the ropes again." Some stagehands stretched ropes across the stage a yard above the floor, and the boys made their entrance and went through the scene again and again, trying to crouch so low that they wouldn't touch the ropes. They soon were showing signs of exhaustion, but Wieland kept them at it, studying the scene from this angle and that, and sometimes walking out into the auditorium, over a wooden bridge across the pit, to see how it looked from there.

"You're dwarfs and you're the slaves of Alberich," he told the boys. "He's a cruel master, and you must look afraid. Your scream has to be heard all over the Green Hill. It has to make people's blood run cold."

"That scene lasts a few minutes, and he's spent the better part of an hour on it," Klebe said. "And Vinay and Varnay are waiting for him." (Ramon Vinay, a Chilean tenor, is another leading Festival singer.)

"Vinay and Varnay can wait," said Eberhardt.

IN conservative southern Germany, it is not considered good form to discuss the private lives of celebrities, and on the Green Hill one hears little gossip about the brothers. Even people who have worked with them for years pro-



FALL
FAVORITE

Sheer wool ensemble with unusual shutter detail at high round neck, also on matching jacket.

Attractive Colors;
Regency blue,
Empire red, Windsor
brown-beige and
charcoal —
Sizes 12-40

Price 155.00

Kathleen Inc.

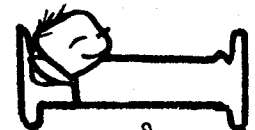
118 East 60 St., New York 22, N. Y.
88 Main St., New Canaan, Conn.

Elegantly different... delightfully dry



SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CO., NEW YORK, N. Y. DISTILLED
FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 90 PROOF

CONVALESCING?



WASH-N-DRI
SO REFRESHING!

the cleansing, cooling pick-up
that washes face and hands
without soap, water or towel

This  miracle-moist towelette
does it all!

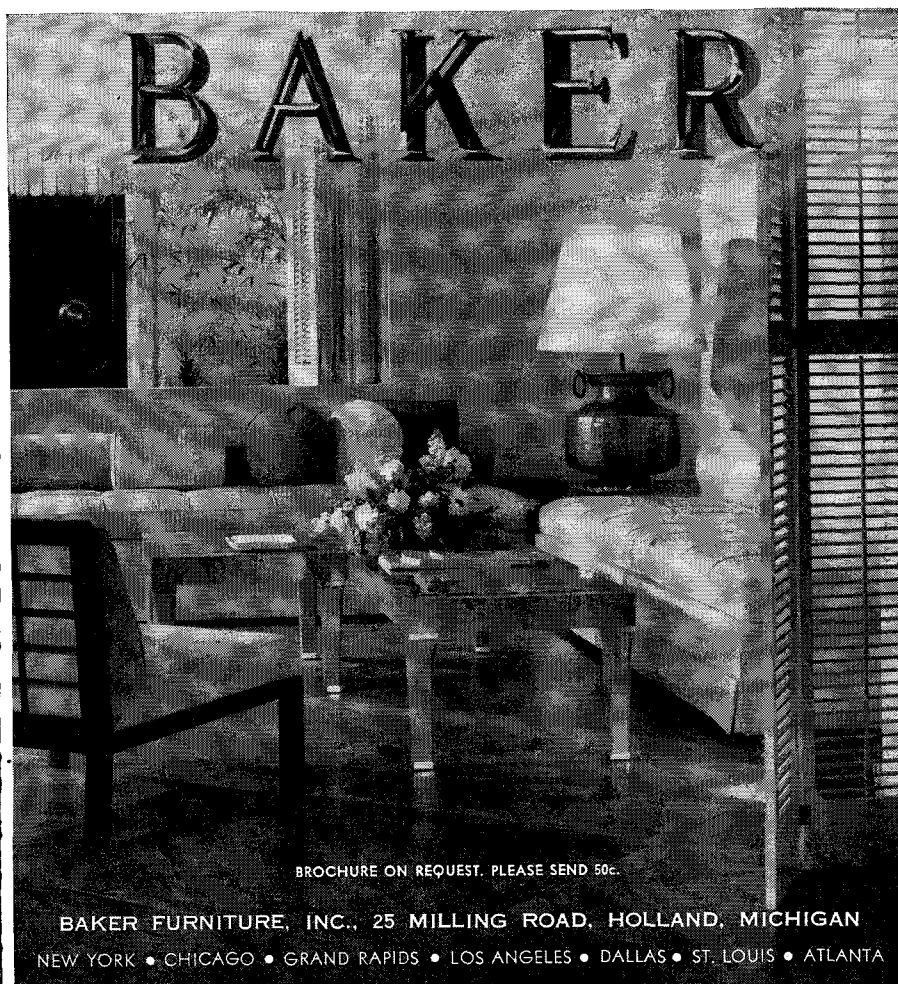
Box of 21, \$1.00 at most cosmetic counters.
Special trial offer: send 25¢ for 5-PACK

© 1956 R. R. WILLIAMS, INC., CANAAN 20, CONNECTICUT.

fess to know nothing about how they live. Wieland, who is thirty-nine and three years older than his brother, lives with his wife and their two children in Wahnfried, the house that Richard Wagner built on the outskirts of Bayreuth and spent the last nine years of his life in; Wolfgang, his wife, and their four children live in a new villa on the Green Hill, not far from the theatre. The brothers are listed on the Festival program as "the management," and questions about their individual contributions are frowned upon, but one gets the impression that Wieland is the artistic genius and Wolfgang is the financial genius. Everybody agrees that both are geniuses and that until one knows them well, it isn't easy to tell them apart. "At first I always addressed Wolfgang as Wieland, and vice versa," a singer told me. "Neither seemed to mind. Now I know that Wieland is the one in the velvet jacket and that Wolfgang wears his shirt outside his trousers. They work together, but they never interfere with each other, and whatever either of them does is done well. Everybody is loyal to both of them. You've heard of big, happy families? Well, we have one here at Bayreuth."

The family is indeed a big one. In addition to the orchestra and the soloists, there is a chorus of two hundred, drawn from all over Germany, as well as a local chorus of a hundred, the hundred and twenty schoolboys, and a hundred and twenty supers, to say nothing of musical directors, assistant musical directors, prompters, stage technicians, stagehands, lighting engineers, carpenters—almost a thousand people in all. The administrative organization is compact, however; it consists of Wieland and Wolfgang Wagner, Klebe and another assistant, half a dozen bright young women, and the press-relations man—a soft-spoken, low-pressure chap named Walter Eichner, who during the winter is assistant to a theatre director in the Rhineland. I went to his office backstage, which looked like an Old Bayreuth conception of Lohengrin's wedding chamber, chatted with him for a while, and asked him whether I could meet Wieland Wagner. "Certainly," he said. "He should be finishing the Varnay-Vinay rehearsal. Come along."

Wieland Wagner's office turned out to be a simple room, with a large desk, chromium chairs, and a gray rug. Rehearsal schedules were tacked up on the walls, and the only unbusinesslike touch was a bunch of red roses in a large vase. Hans Knappertsbusch, who, at sixty-



BAKER

BROCHURE ON REQUEST. PLEASE SEND 50c.

BAKER FURNITURE, INC., 25 MILLING ROAD, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • GRAND RAPIDS • LOS ANGELES • DALLAS • ST. LOUIS • ATLANTA



Frederick & Nelson
DIVISION OF MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY
SEATTLE

hooded, the any-weather coat, 79.95

Lawrence of London's dashing convertible with a cowl of a collar that becomes a hood when it rains. Sagenomor wool jersey that's weather-resistant. Milium lined. Dark green, camel, red, heather. grey. 8 to 16.

sunningdale shop

mail orders (please add 55c for postage) to Frederick & Nelson, Seattle 11

**THE
BERMUDA
SHOP** Ltd.
545 Madison Avenue, New York 22



The Kilt
Ever popular in
worsted tartans
Black Watch,
Royal Stewart,
Dress Campbell.
Sizes 10-16
\$17.95



'For breath sublime
Samovar
truly fine! **VODKA**



**THE
ORIGINAL
DRY VODKA**

Product of U. S. A. Boaka Kompaniya, Schenley, Pa.
and Fresno, Calif. Made from Grain, 80 and
100 Proof.

eight, is the oldest of the *Generalmusikdirektoren* now conducting in Bayreuth, and his daughter Eva, aged ten, were waiting to see Wieland. When he came, or rather burst, into the room, it was instantly full of talk. I was struck by Wieland's resemblance to earlier pictures of his grandfather; he has the same aquiline nose, the same light-blue eyes, and the same "thin, derisive lips." He patted Eva on the cheek and asked her how she liked the new *Burg* (the projection of Valhalla used in the rehearsal of "Rheingold" that day was a new one, I gathered), then shook my hand, and then made a long-distance call. Presently, after briefly discussing the next day's schedule with Knappertsbusch, he said he was going home for "a man-sized cup of coffee" and invited me to come along. We went out the stage door—Wieland moved so fast that I could hardly keep up with him—and got into his open car. The ride was a windy nightmare. Wieland talked steadily, but I hardly heard him, being fully occupied with an effort to stay in the car. On Richard Wagner Strasse, he made a sharp right turn that almost propelled me straight up in the air, and then drove through a beautiful park with gravelled paths and old beeches and oaks and brought the car to a screeching stop in front of a large old house covered with ivy. The façade was adorned with a painting of Wotan, the young Siegfried, and the muses of tragedy and music. Rising out of a thicket not far from the front door was a bust of King Ludwig II of Bavaria.

Wieland led me into the house through a side door, and then down a hallway, through a pantry, and out to a large veranda in the rear. The veranda looked onto a large, almost circular lawn, surrounded by tall weeping willows and a man-high hedge. "A typical Wagnerian setting in the Old Bayreuth style," Wieland commented acidly, surveying the gloomy landscape. "This wasn't always a veranda. We owe this architectural improvement to the United States Air Force. The house was hit by a bomb toward the end of the war, and the back part was shattered. Richard Wagner's workroom was where we're standing now." He pointed upward, and I saw the painted beams of the old roof, jutting out a little over the veranda. The family has its meals on the veranda in the summer, he told me. There were some easy chairs, a few rattan lounge chairs, and a large table with a checked tablecloth and a vase of roses. We sat down, and a huge black Newfoundland dog, who had been dozing,

got up slowly and lay down at Wieland's feet. A servant brought a pot of coffee, a cake, and two large cups of blue onion-pattern Meissen.

Wieland poured the coffee. "We rent the house from my mother," he said. "She's living in retirement in the Fichtelgebirge, near the Czech border. This house is quite large for our small family. My wife and I are away a good deal, but my son and daughter go to school here. My son likes the theatre. Perhaps he will continue the family tradition."

He offered me some cake. "You came at the right moment," he went on. "The best time to visit Bayreuth is before the Festival starts, during the final rehearsals, when the whole apparatus is running full blast and the Hill is vibrating with tension. As the Festival progresses, the performances gain in polish, but they lose in intensity. It's the intensity that I like; everyone is operating a little above himself, and that makes all the difference between a passable performance and an outstanding one. We ask a lot from our artists. Every Festival, we put on the 'Ring' and 'Parsifal'—I produce those—and two other of Richard Wagner's operas. This summer, the two are Wolfgang's 'Flying Dutchman' and my 'Meistersinger.' For each Festival, we have about five hundred solo rehearsals, twenty or thirty stage rehearsals with orchestra, sixty or seventy stage rehearsals with piano, and hundreds of lighting rehearsals and chorus rehearsals, like those you saw today. The first thing Wolfgang and I did when we took over was to reëducate the singers, to try to make them forget that they were prima donnas and *Kammersänger*. 'Total theatre' was what Richard Wagner wanted, and total theatre knows no stars. Most of the singers had an awful lot to unlearn. For that matter, so had Wolfgang and I.

"The luckiest thing that ever happened to me was that I never knew Richard Wagner. I have never thought of him as Grandfather but as Richard Wagner, an important chapter in musical history. I've been able to keep the proper distance; I haven't been overwhelmed by him. My father had it tough; no matter what he did, he was measured by the achievements of his father, and, naturally, he couldn't always live up to them. Who could? To be sure, my father was only fourteen when Richard Wagner died, but all his life he had Richard Wagner's memory and Richard Wagner's widow, Grandmother Cosima, to contend with.

"Grandmother Cosima was a for-

midable woman. I was thirteen when she died, in 1930, at the age of ninety-three, and I remember her quite well. She had a regal bearing and an authoritarian dignity inherited from her father, Franz Liszt. No one who saw her could ever forget her. She was called the most remarkable woman of her age. After Richard Wagner's death, she ruled the Festival with an iron fist, and that was the way she ruled the family. My father had sound ideas about reforming the productions, but it wasn't until 1927 that he was able to carry any of them out. That year, he produced a new 'Tristan,' and it must have taken a lot out of him, for he died in 1930, a few months after Grandmother Cosima died. I was old enough then to understand that my father had suffered all his life on account of Richard Wagner, and I resolved that I wasn't going to. But Wolfgang and I have had our troubles, too. Our mother is close to the past, she reveres Grandmother Cosima, and she often doesn't approve of what we are trying to do. She thinks we show an appalling lack of piety.

"I've always been something of an oppositionist. Take the Festival of 1936, for instance. I was only nineteen, but I had my own ideas. I thought the productions were atrocious. Those papier-mâché castles, those pseudo-naturalistic forests, those fat ladies in helmets, with their lusty shouts." Wieland shuddered. "Well, I told people what I thought, and all hell broke loose. The directors and the conductors listened to me politely, but behind my back they were saying that I was a silly ignoramus and wasn't it a shame that Richard Wagner's grandson had no feeling for tradition! We Germans are ardent traditionalists, of course, and Bayreuth is probably the most tradition-ridden town in all Germany. Well, during most of that Festival I drank in the wonderful music and didn't even look at the dreadful traditional things they were doing on the stage. Six or seven years ago, when Wolfgang and I were about to take over, word spread around town that we were planning to make a sharp break with the past, and all Bayreuth turned against us. People said that we were going to ruin the Festival, that we had no civic and artistic conscience, that we ought to be locked up or run out of town. It wasn't funny, I assure you. The butcher and the baker refused to do business with us, and no one wanted to work for us. Some people claim that we have ruined the Festival. I haven't made it any easier for us. I

The finishing touch—a dress you can wash in a wink, and it won't shrink out of fit. Cottons stay fresh and bright with Dri-Smooth—need little, if any, pressing. JOSEPH LOVE dress; brown or charcoal; 3-6x, about \$5. Arnold Constable, New York.

DRI-SMOOTH* finished by *Cranston*

a
dream
come
true



for a fascinating holiday at any season
visit

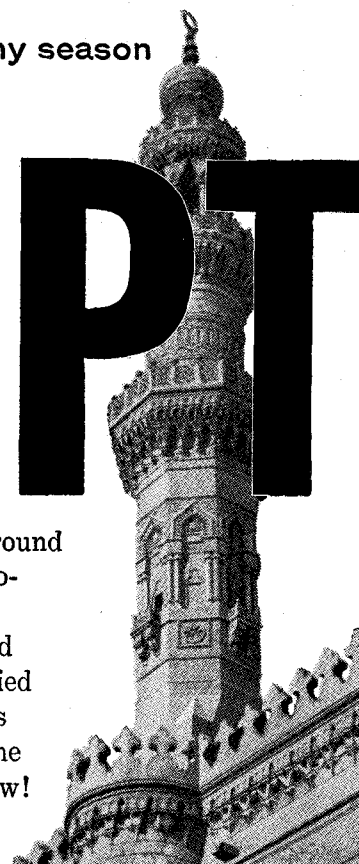
EGYPT

Egypt welcomes you with a kindly year-round climate, luxurious modern hotels, cosmopolitan cities and smart seaside resorts. See for yourself the wonders you've read about: Sphinx . . . Pyramids . . . storied mosques, churches, palaces . . . fabulous treasures of ancient kings. You'll find the cost of a holiday in Egypt amazingly low!

See your Travel Agent

EGYPTIAN STATE TOURIST OFFICE

Dept. L, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.



DON FRIEDMAN in association
with KEN JOFFE presents
FIRST ANNUAL



DON'T WAIT! CHOICE SEATS GOING FAST!
RANDALL'S ISLAND STADIUM IN N. Y. CITY

FREE PARKING—Easy to reach by subway or car. Drive to Stadium Entrance directly off Triboro Bridge. 6 min. bus ride from Lex. Ave. Subway at 125th St.—Astoria Line stop at Ditmars Blvd., Queens

FRI. COUNT BASIE & ORCH.
AUG. JOE WILLIAMS • ERROLL GARNER
24, GEORGE SHEARING • GENE KRUPA
MODERN JAZZ QUARTET • ZOOT SIMS
LESTER YOUNG • BUD SHANK
8:15 BOB BROOKMEYER • BOBBY HACKETT
P.M. DON ELLIOTT • BILLIE HOLIDAY

SAT. LIONEL HAMPTON & ORCH.
AUG. DAVE BRUBECK • GERRY MULLIGAN
25, CHET BAKER • JAZZ MESSENGERS
LEE KONITZ • COLEMAN HAWKINS
8:15 BUCK CLAYTON • BILLY TAYLOR
P.M. WILD BILL DAVIDSON • AL COHN
CHRIS CONNOR • DON SHIRLEY

Twilight Jazz & Art Show—7 P.M.

ALL SEATS RESERVED—Single Night Orders—\$2.00, \$2.75, \$3.50, \$4.50. Special Prices on 2-night orders received by mail before Aug. 20—\$3.50, \$5.00, \$6.50, \$8.00. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope to: Tickets, N.Y. Jazz Festival, Dept. NYM, Hotel Bristol, 129 W. 48th St., N.Y. 17, N.Y.
TICKETS ALSO ON SALE AT (in N.Y.C.) Basin Street—Sam Goody's Annex—Colony Record Shop—all Record Hunter Stores—Cafe Bohemia—Childs Paramount—Hotel Theresa—For other ticket outlets in N.Y.C. and out of town, call or write N.Y. Jazz Festival.
Dave Brubeck, Don Elliott appearing courtesy Basin Street

"FABULOUSLY FUNNY! UPROARIOUS!" Atkinson, N.Y. Times
RUTH EILEEN LORING
GORDON HERLIE SMITH
THE MATCH MAKER
ROYALE THEATRE, W. 45th St. N. Y. C.
Evs. \$2.50, 3.00, 3.60, 4.80, 5.75.
Mats. Wed. & Sat. \$2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.60, 4.05.

2nd YEAR SMASH "BROADWAY'S BIGGEST MUSICAL"
—Life Mag.
LAWRENCE TIBBETT • BILLY GILBERT
"FANNY"
MAJESTIC THEATRE, W. 44th St., N. Y. C.
Evs. \$2.50, 3.00, 3.60, 4.80, 6.25, 7.50.
Mats. Wed. & Sat. \$2.50, 3.00, 3.60, 4.30, 4.80.

"ONE OF THE BEST MUSICALS OF THE CENTURY!" ATKINSON, Times
REX JULIE
HARRISON • ANDREWS
IN THE CRITICS' PRIZE MUSICAL
My FAIR Lady
with
STANLEY CATHLEEN
HOLLOWAY • NESBITT
ROBERT COOTE
Air-Cond. MARK HELLINGER, 51 St. W. of B'y
Eves. at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30

was born under Capricorn—no compromise, you know, head against the wall." He laughed.

"A lot of people tell me, 'Your grandfather would be horrified if he saw how you do things,' " he continued. "On the contrary," I answer. 'My grandfather would be all for it.' I've made a thorough study of everything Richard Wagner wrote. During the first Festival, he told his artists, 'Children, create something that's new, forever new! If you stick to the past, you'll be a sad bunch of artists.' A few years ago, Wolfgang and I had some long talks about our ideas with Thomas Mann. He understood Richard Wagner, and he thought we were on the right track. Mann once told me that Richard Wagner was always ahead of his time; Richard Wagner would never have gone on producing nineteenth-century theatre in the twentieth century."

WHEN Wieland Wagner was in his teens, he had an experience that greatly influenced his future; he heard a performance of "The Flying Dutchman," in Munich, with Hans Hotter singing the title role. "Here, I thought, was somebody who looked and behaved and sang as the Dutchman should," Wieland told me. "Here, finally, was the proper synthesis of acting and music, of form and idea. And now, as you know, Hotter is the key singer in our 'Ring.'" When Wieland was a young man, he intended to make a career of painting, but, he says, it was not long before he realized that the theatre was his destiny. In the late thirties, he worked for small opera houses in Altenberg and Nuremberg, and Wolfgang went through a similar apprenticeship in Berlin. Although both brothers play the piano and know a lot about music, they have never considered themselves musicians. Wieland has no patience with people who pretend to know everything—notably conductors who think they can produce and producers who think they can conduct. After all, he says, Richard Wagner wasn't a bad conductor, but he hired young Hans Richter to conduct the "Ring" at the inaugural Festival.

As for lighting, Wieland considers himself an "autodidactic enthusiast." "I don't know the difference between a watt and a volt," he told me, "but I'm quite certain what sort of light responds to a musical phrase. People say I'm obsessed with lighting effects. That's not quite true. I'm obsessed with total theatre, and lighting is a large element in it. We use color and light

2 BIG B'WAY MUSICALS

"TREMENDOUS MUSICAL!" —McClain, Jr., Amer.
GWEN VERDON
A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY

"damn yankees"
starring
STEPHEN DOUGLASS • RAY WALSTON
AIR COND. 46 ST. THEATRE
226 W. 46 St. Circle 6-4271 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A HUMDINGER!" —Kerr, Her. Trib.
JOHN RAITT • EDDIE FOY JR.
JULIE WILSON
A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY

THE PAJAMA GAME
with **NEILE ADAMS**
AIR COND. ST. JAMES THEATRE
246 West 44th St. LA 4-4664 Mats. Wed & Sat.

IN THE HEART OF THE THEATRE DISTRICT
The LOBSTER
NOW IN ITS 37th YEAR
CLOSED SUNDAYS
The Lobster
"In Season" Seafood, Steaks & Chops
145 West 45 St. New York 36
Stan Fuchs Mike Linz

"WILDLY FUNNY"
The New Yorker
no time for sergeants
Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs. Orch.
\$4.60; Mezz. \$4.10; Balc. \$3.45.
2.95, 2.30, 1.80. Fri & Sat. Evgs.
Orch. \$5.75; Mezz. \$4.60; Balc.
\$4.10, 3.45, 2.95, 2.30. Mats.
Wed. & Sat. Orch. \$4.10; Mezz.
\$3.45; Balc. \$2.95, 2.30, 1.80.
Tax Included.
ALVIN THEATRE AIR-COND.
250 W. 52 St., N.Y.C.

"Sex on-the-Rocks!" —Time Mag.
GEORGE AXELROD'S New Comedy Hit
"WILL SUCCESS SPOIL ROCK HUNTER?"
Air Cond. SHUBERT THEA. W. 44 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"ELECTRIFYING!" —Kerr, Herald Tribune
—Chapman, News
VIVIAN BLAINE in
"A HATEFUL OF RAIN"
Air-Conditioned
LYCEUM THEATRE 147 W. 45 St., JU 2-3897

to give form and atmosphere to the music and the drama. But technique is justified only as long as the audience isn't too conscious of it. Clouds mustn't just appear and disappear; they must form out of haze and dissolve into mist. The color of a costume is as important as the sound of a violin. A false shade is as painful to me as a sour note is to a conductor. In opera production, the world is hopelessly backward, still tolerating foolish scenery and ridiculous rock formations. Twenty years ago, the 'Wagnerian singer' was a popular joke—a fat man with a booming voice, or a strident lady built like a refrigerator.

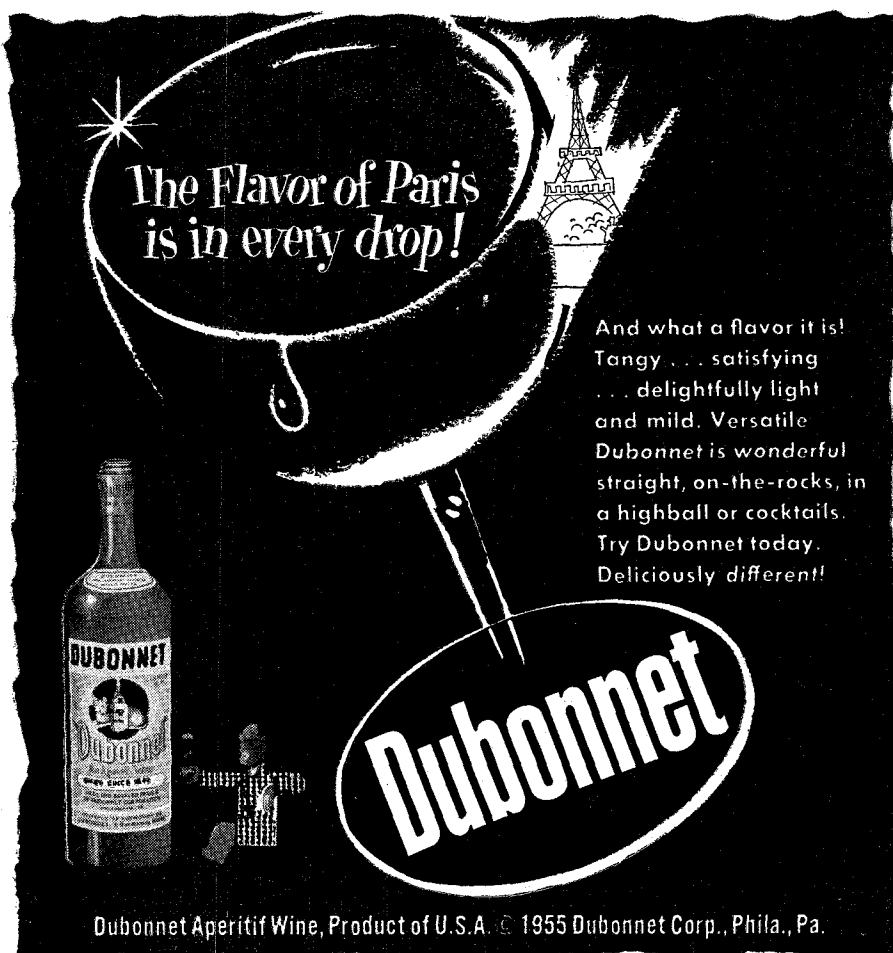
"My brother and I had to start from scratch. We set out to develop a new type of Wagnerian singer, a type that wouldn't be a figure of fun, a singing actor or acting singer who used his intellect as well as his voice. Our singers must know the meaning not only of the music but of the words. They must be able to express every nuance with as little gesture as possible and just the right volume of voice. They are members of an ensemble; they have to give up their egocentric mannerisms and submit completely to our instructions. A singer with a fine voice is useless to us unless he knows how to carry himself. We would rather not do a production than put it on with the wrong people.

"When Hotter joined us, he was convinced that Wotan had to wear a long beard and a black eye patch. Well, as you saw this afternoon, we've talked him into a short beard and no eye patch. We're still working on him, and someday his Wotan will be clean-shaven. Modern gods shave every day. Our Rhine Maidens resemble Esther Williams. They don't have to be blond and Nordic, as some German critics claim; they have to look well, act well, and sing well. We've reduced props to a minimum. The stage has trapdoors, but we never use them. We had a drake for some of Richard Wagner's riverside scenes, but he died last year, and we haven't replaced him. May he rest in peace."

I reminded him that at least one prop had been left in "Rheingold"—the gold of the Rhine.

"That's different," he said. "The gold isn't a prop. It's the basic symbol of the tetralogy. We've improved the gold every year, and now we think it's beautiful. We use glass and small mirrors and a lot of other things that reflect light. Still, the gold is only as good as Alberich is. What's the use of a fine hoard with a phony Alberich?"

Wieland took a sip of coffee. "We



The Flavor of Paris
is in every drop!

And what a flavor it is!
Tangy . . . satisfying
. . . delightfully light
and mild. Versatile
Dubonnet is wonderful
straight, on-the-rocks, in
a highball or cocktails.
Try Dubonnet today.
Deliciously different!

Dubonnet

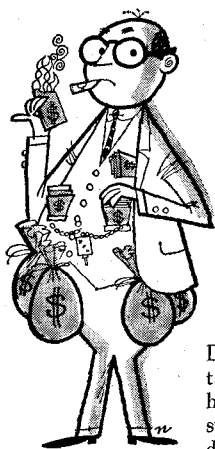
Dubonnet Aperitif Wine, Product of U.S.A. © 1955 Dubonnet Corp., Phila., Pa.



INFORMATION

"American Airlines, Inc. carries more passengers
than any other airline in the world."

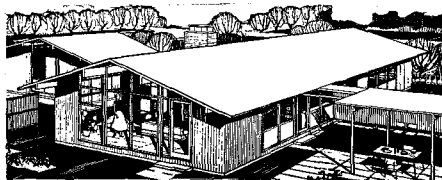
(Advertisement)



if
you
have
**beaucoup
d'argent,**
DON'T
WRITE!

Don't even phone. Our tale of a new type of house that provides more space for less bucks is dull stuff for mansion

dwellers. But if you're not averse to spending money wisely and you rather like the idea of plenty of room and light and air—inside as well as out, then let's strike up a correspondence. As the first step we'll gladly send you some spirited reading material on a new concept of light-hearted living that we deeply believe in—the Techbuilt House. Unless you live west of California, write Techbuilt, Inc., Dept. 8, 1692 Mass. Ave., Lexington, Mass.



TECHBUILT

"REVUE HIT OF THE YEAR"
—WALTER WINCHELL
NEW EDITION **LEONARD SILLMAN'S**
NEW FACES '56
A NEW MUSICAL REVUE
Air-Cond. **ETHEL BARRYMORE** Theat. West 47 St.
Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"SAMMY DAVIS, JR. IS A POWERHOUSE!"
—Hawkins, Wild. Tel. & Sun
"MR. WONDERFUL"
BROADWAY THEATRE

★ **SINGER SERKIN SCHNEIDER** ★
and other leading artists provide
music for the discriminating
MARLBORO MUSIC FESTIVAL
Weekends to August 26
for programs & information, write
FESTIVAL, MARLBORO, VERMONT ★

Oh, those delicious Island drinks!
DAGGER
Jamaica Rum
The recipes are on the bottle
97 Proof • Schieffelin & Co., New York

give the audience plenty of leeway for fantasy, but we try never to leave them in the dark about the basic idea of an opera. Although we don't show everything—we prefer to stylize and indicate—we do our best to avoid ambiguity. For decades, producers of Richard Wagner's operas delighted in mystic ambiguity. Mystic ambiguity merely confuses the audience, and it's one of the things that give us Germans our silly reputation for being deep when we're merely vague.

"Our most successful production is 'Parsifal,' which has been performed almost three hundred times here at Bayreuth. Our 'Parsifal' seems to create less controversy than our other productions, but I've begun thinking of a new and altogether different way of doing it. In opera, there can be no standing still; you go forward or you go backward. If you think you're perfect, you're in a rut. Our production of the 'Ring' changes every year. There was a terrible uproar a couple of years ago when I suggested that some of the Wagner scores should be cut. The *Generalmusikdirektoren*, to a man, refused to conduct if a single bar was omitted. They said they wouldn't be a party to any such heresy. I certainly wouldn't want to cut a hemidemisemiquaver in 'Meistersinger' or 'Tristan'—they're holy to me—but in the earlier works there are certainly some dreary stretches. If Richard Wagner were alive today, I'm sure he'd do plenty of cutting. Every time I say anything like this, a lot of old Wagnerians walk out on me, but I'm not interested in them. I'm interested in the young people who might never have understood the work of Richard Wagner without our modern approach to it. You see them here during the Festival—not inside the auditorium, because they can't afford it, but sitting outside on the steps, with scores on their knees. We admit them free to the rehearsals. They are as important for Bayreuth as the glittering first-nighters Romain Rolland wrote about thirty years ago. You remember? 'During intermission the French flirt, the Germans drink beer, and the British read the libretto.' It's a healthy sign that only half of the Festival visitors are German. The rest are French and Italian—the Latins have finally got around to accepting Richard Wagner—and Scandinavian, British, and American.

"We've got plenty of reforms on our agenda. Last year—cautiously, to be sure—I took up a taboo question: acoustics. I suggested that if the violinists changed places with the viola players,

we'd get a brighter, stronger, more modern sound. After all, our sense of hearing has changed in the past eighty years. And anyway, the violins probably sounded better in the days of Richard Wagner, when the stage had gaslights, which made the air warmer, so it carried sound better. Well, naturally, all the conductors condemned my idea. Sacrilege, they said. So I promised to wait a while, but ultimately we'll make the change. In the meantime, we've been attacking another sacred dogma—that the Festival productions must be German in character. Wolfgang and I have always felt that the heroes of the 'Ring,' 'Tristan,' 'Tannhäuser,' and 'Parsifal' are Germans by accident, not by Richard Wagner's intent. They are not German *Übermenschen* but timeless symbols, much closer to Greek tragedy than to German myth. In my new 'Meistersinger,' I've minimized the German elements; I've tried to show that the work has universal, not just national, meaning. The German background—late Gothic—is only stylized. The conductor is a Frenchman—André Cluytens. 'Meistersinger' has a special place in Richard Wagner's work; it has the universal joyousness of 'Falstaff.' Last year, I heard 'Meistersinger' in East Berlin, at the Staatsoper. It was terrible—an ode to the proletarian masses. In my production, there's no propaganda or flag-waving. To me, 'Meistersinger' is a drama of modern man torn between liberalism and tradition. Richard Wagner was just such a divided man—that was the great tragedy of his life—but 'Meistersinger' represents the reconciliation, the synthesis of art and nation, of tradition and revolution."

Wieland's wife, a tall, slim, dark-haired woman, came out on the veranda and asked her husband if he wasn't due back at the theatre.

Wieland shrugged. "I guess I've been talking too much," he said.

"If there is anything that Wieland likes better than the work of Richard Wagner, it's talking about it," Frau Wagner said. "I heard quite an argument about your 'Meistersinger' downtown—Old Bayreuth versus New Bayreuth."

"Good!" Wieland said. "Our most important contribution to Bayreuth is that we've started people arguing again. Not long ago, nobody was talking about Richard Wagner. He had become a national monument. He was taken for granted."

Wieland told his wife he would just show me a few rooms in the house and then go back to the theatre. From

the veranda, we walked into a long drawing room with a tile floor. The room was chilly, and there was a faint museum odor. In the middle of it stood a large piano, inscribed, "*Festgruss aus Steinway Hall an Richard Wagner. Steinway & Sons, New York, 1876.*"

Wieland walked over to it and, standing, softly played with one hand the opening theme of "Parsifal." "Richard Wagner wrote 'Parsifal' at this piano," he said gently.

We went into a dark room with heavy drapery and Renaissance furniture—this was where Grandmother Cosima had issued her orders to Wagnerians the world over—and then into a brightly curtained and carpeted library, with a large desk, modern furniture, and many books, records, and paintings, where Wieland works when he is at home. One wing of the house was locked—the wing where his mother had housed her favorite guest, Adolf Hitler. Because of her Nazi sympathies, which distressed the rest of the family, Winifred Wagner, who was born in England, had to give up the control of the Festival after the war. Since then, she has lived in the mountains, and nowadays comes to Bayreuth only occasionally, to see what her two sons are up to and to visit her grandchildren. Wieland's children are Eva and Gottfried, and Wolfgang's are Nike, Iris, Daphne, and Wolf-Siegfried. Poetic first names are a family custom; Richard and Cosima named their children Isolde, Eva, and Siegfried, and Siegfried named his daughters Verena and Friedelind.

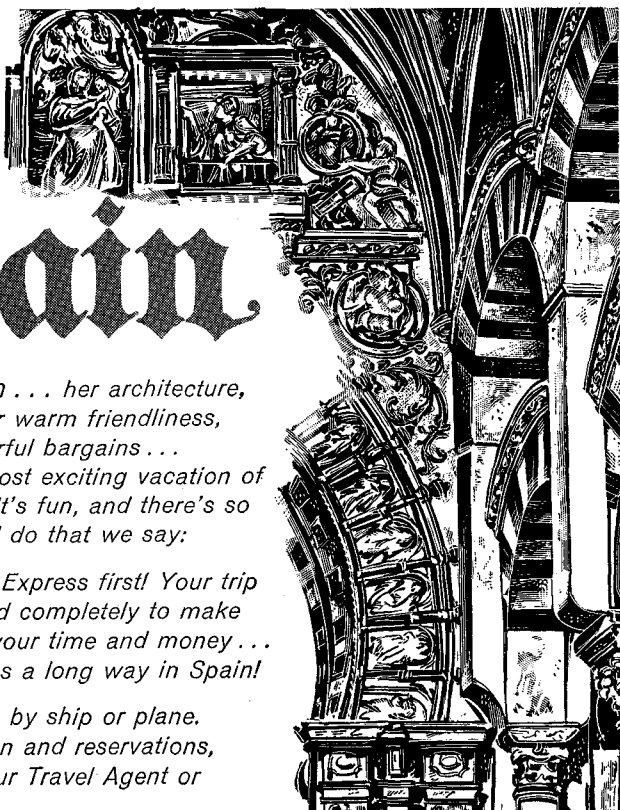
As we left the library, Wieland picked up a thick folder from the desk. "Figures," he told me. "I'm better with scores than with financial statements, but once in a while I have to deal with business matters. Luckily, Wolfgang inherited a sound business sense from our English forebears. The first Festival ended with a big deficit, and Richard Wagner had to give a series of concerts in the Albert Hall, in London, to pay off his debts. He wouldn't have been able to complete the Festspielhaus if King Ludwig II hadn't lent him a hundred thousand talers, which he later paid back. The Festival is still short of money. In an average year, we have a deficit of half a million marks—a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars—and we cover it partly by radio fees and partly by subsidies from the city, the province, and the Bonn government. We've made it quite clear, though, that, subsidy or no subsidy, we won't tolerate any interference in artistic matters; Cabinet ministers and



Doubling in brass —

Aigner's bag and belt,
that might be the sole addenda
to campus tweeds!

Hand-stained cowhide
(like polished
mahogany)—
bag, 25.00
plus tax,
belt, 12.00—at the
College Accessory Bar,
Street Floor,
Lord & Taylor, New York



Spain

*Thrilling Spain . . . her architecture,
her cities, her warm friendliness,
her wonderful bargains . . .
offers you the most exciting vacation of
your lifetime! It's fun, and there's so
much to see and do that we say:*

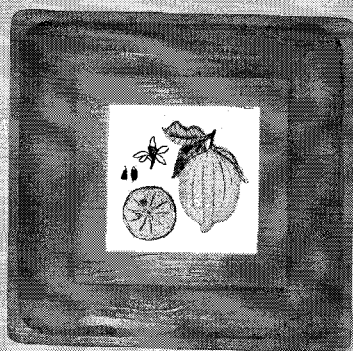
*See American Express first! Your trip
will be planned completely to make
the most of your time and money . . .
and money goes a long way in Spain!*

*Go to Spain by ship or plane.
For information and reservations,
consult your Travel Agent or*

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVEL SERVICE

65 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.

Offices and correspondents throughout the world



colorful hors d'oeuvre tray

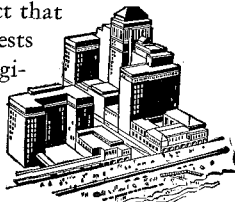
This handsome, 14" square, natural cherry wood tray is exclusive with America House. The 6" under glaze tile comes in your choice of a wide variety of beautiful hand decorated designs. Included are geometrics and accurately colored botanical illustrations of such flowers as rose, daisy, iris, jonquil; herbs, mint, thyme, oregano, rosemary and fruits, lemon, peach, lime, pear, raspberry and fig. \$10.00. Add 75¢ for postage and insurance.

new fall catalog on request

AMERICA HOUSE
32 East 52nd Street
New York 22, N. Y.
Plaza 3-0839

STRETCHING IT

We are proud of the compliment implied in the fact that so many of our guests overstay their original reservation period.



CHALFONTE HADDON HALL

on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Owned & operated by Leeds & Lippincott Co. for 66 years
Write for illustrated folder

CELEBRATING?



serve

MOËT

the great Champagne of France

Schieffelin & Co., New York

mayors have no influence on us. We've received a good deal of support, material and moral, from the Society of the Friends of Bayreuth, which was founded in 1949 and has over seven hundred members, in all parts of the world. I'm afraid Bayreuth will never pay for itself. Yet the top salary for our artists is a thousand marks a week—two hundred and fifty dollars—and that's a lot less than they'd get for a single appearance in Italy or America."

We drove back to the theatre. Outside the stage door, musicians, singers, and stagehands greeted Wieland cheerfully. Young men and women stood about, talking vociferously about Richard Wagner and Wieland Wagner, Varnay and Vinay, Old Bayreuth and New Bayreuth.

Wieland Wagner was delighted. "My grandfather would have liked all this, don't you think?" he asked.

The temperamental mezzo-soprano came toward us and impulsively took Wieland's arm. "I've been waiting for you," she said. "You promised to rehearse the second scene with me. We must—"

"Of course we'll rehearse it," he said. "If necessary, we'll rehearse it after midnight." Then he turned to me. "You'll stay for the rehearsal of 'Walküre,' won't you?" he asked. "We're going to do the first act, then break for dinner, then do the rest. It starts in five minutes. Klebe will give you a pass."

"Of course you'll stay," the mezzo-soprano said, raising her arms in a dramatic gesture. "You'll stay and hear 'Parsifal' tomorrow and 'Meistersinger' the day after and—"

"Don't move your hands!" Wieland Wagner said, inspecting her as if she were onstage. "Stand relaxed! Let your arms hang! That's it!"

A bell rang inside, the crowd went into the theatre, and I hastened to Herr Klebe's office to get passes for "Walküre," "Parsifal," and "Meistersinger."

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

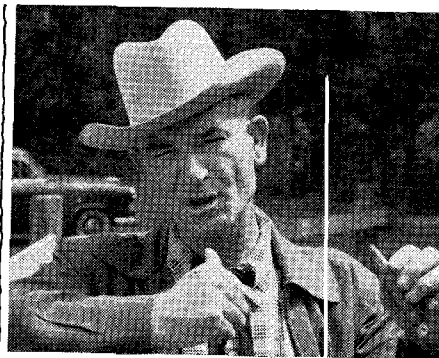
Lt. Eugene Holman was married Feb. 18 to Antonia Pew '57 in Houston, Tex. Houston is the second largest port in the nation from the standpoint of tonnage handled.—*Cornell Alumni News*.

Was it a pretty wedding?

HIGHER MATHEMATICS DEPT.

[From the Wall Street Journal]

Boyd's new catalog, to be issued next fall, will offer a list of 16,001 U.S. millionaires. Price: \$425. A list of persons worth \$50,000 or more is much cheaper; \$30 per thousand names.



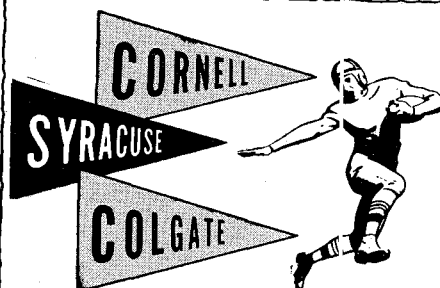
WHO, ME FLY?

MY OWN AIRPLANE!



Fifty-nine-year-old W. S. Tyler (left), Sulphur Springs, Texas, said the same thing a few months ago. Now he's flying his own airplane. "Actually it was much easier than

learning to drive my automobile." You can learn to fly, too. It's easier than ever in the amazing new Cessna 172 with Land-O-Matic gear... the airplane that makes flying like driving! Have your Cessna dealer demonstrate the easy-to-fly Cessna 172 today. He's listed in yellow pages of phone book. Or write Cessna Aircraft Co., Dept. WY-21, Wichita, Kan.



Football Week-end Headquarters... comfortable rooms, superb food, dancing, gracious service. Minutes from Syracuse University and a short drive to Cornell and Colgate.

HOTEL SYRACUSE

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK
James F. Gilday, Exec. Vice-Pres. Teletype SS300

our Italian sun glasses with graded lenses in tortoise frames 15.00



Pattaglia

MILANO • NEW YORK 45 E 51 50

I WILL REMEMBER AND I WILL FORGET

EVER since the days of Fenimore Cooper, American Indians have commonly been credited with supernatural powers. This is not an idea held only by people who do not know them; often those who know them most intimately, who work with them day by day, share it. Almost any ethnologist returning from a field trip to the West or Southwest is likely to bring with him a story of some Indian—old or young, man or woman—who has demonstrated occult gifts. From the very beginning of my own study of ethnology, I heard such tales, or fragments of them. Professors forbore to regale their classes with accounts of the inexplicable, but in relaxed periods in the laboratory or over afternoon cups of coffee the stories would come out.

They always came after deprecatory introductions—"This is the amusing sort of thing that can happen..." or "Of course, there's invariably some rational explanation, but..." And the students who listened were either properly amused or rational, or both. Usually, I would find myself in the last category, but even so trying hard to deny the shiver that was running along my spine. I would deplore it, and tell myself that being the daughter of a long succession of Irish ancestors need not make me prey to superstition. I would remind myself of my chief ethnological interest: material culture—the articles used in primitive daily life, and their materials and processes of manufacture. Naturally, I was also interested in the non-material, but only as a sideline.

In the course of time, I began my field work. I went first to stay among, and investigate the customs of, a tribe of Plains Indians in western Oklahoma. My main concern was the tanning of deer and buffalo skins and the uses these leathers were put to, but of course, when I came across other information, related or not, I recorded it. Elizabeth, my interpreter—a young woman of the tribe, who became my friend—was as rationalistic in attitude as I was. She was Christian; so were her parents. All the old beliefs and religious practices of her tribe she lumped

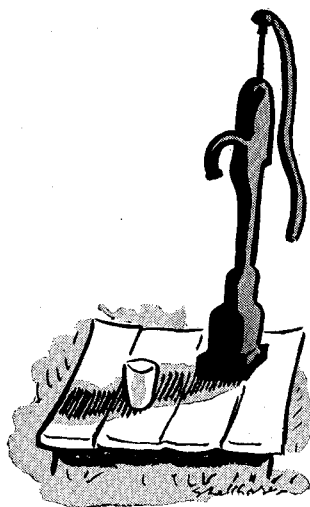
together as superstitions. She and I recorded myths and ceremonies, weather omens and prophetic rituals, with cool detachment, just as we recorded methods of flaying and stretching hides. The fact that most of the older men and women, including some of Elizabeth's relatives, believed that their lives were directed and their fates controlled by guardian spirits concerned me less than the tribal saying "Every hide has brains enough to tan itself"—a remark stemming from the practice of rubbing the brains and the liver of an animal onto its skin to soften the leather and make it pliable.

The only person who ever shook the scientific detachment I brought to my interviews was Elizabeth's old uncle. He was her mother's half brother. Elizabeth's grandfather had been married four times. Uncle Fred was a child of the first marriage; Elizabeth's mother, who died at Elizabeth's birth, was a child of the fourth. A full generation of living had separated the two physically, and in era they had been farther apart than the poles. Uncle Fred belonged to the buffalo-hunting neolithic age; Elizabeth's mother had belonged to the age of the wheel. She was born after the white settlers had come to the Great Plains, and had

grown up in contact with wagons, metal tools, store-bought fabrics, matches, and, in her last days, automobiles.

Uncle Fred had seen all these things come to the tribal range, and he had seen the buffalo, the bow and arrow, the wild turkey, and the antelope go. Now, at the end of his life, he sat on the earth floor of his tattered canvas tepee, with a painted buckskin case that contained his god hanging above his head. This fetish, and its guardianship, had passed from father to son since the founding of the family and the tribe. And, sitting there, Uncle Fred observed the comings and goings of his descendants and their white friends with a slight, skeptical smile on his wrinkled pagan face. They and their ways had come into his country, and with time they and their ways would go.

But he could and did reach across



HAT BY
BETMAR

HELENE SCOTT maternity costume with mushroom pleated top, bateau neckline, velveteen collar trim. The fabric is Beacoup by PACIFIC MILLS FABRICS... a cotton-and-Cupioni* texture that looks and feels like imported silk. Aqua, blueberry, tan, silver grey. Sizes 10 to 18. **\$17.95**

MACY'S, New York
KAUFMANN'S, Pittsburgh
CARSON, PIRIE SCOTT, Chicago
FAMOUS & BARR, St. Louis

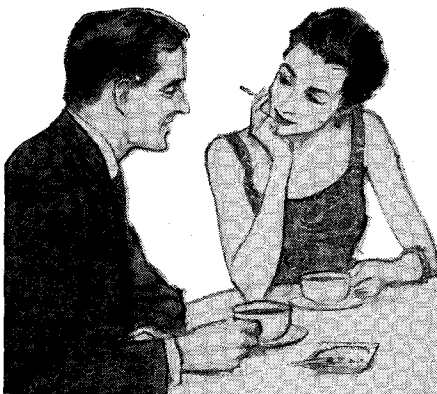
Bemberg
"ARISTOCRAT OF MAN-MADE YARNS"

*rayon

For name of store nearest you write to:
AMERICAN BEMBERG, 261 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 16, N.Y.

She deserves to eat out —at least once a week!

Whether it be dinner, breakfast, brunch or lunch . . . the pleasure's made greater by America's best-loved beverage—coffee! And Chase & Sanborn Coffees are served by more fine hotels and restaurants throughout America than any other brand!



**KEEP
COOL
IN NEW YORK**

**AT THE
SAVOY
PLAZA**

AIR-CONDITIONED ROOMS WITH TV
AT NO EXTRA CHARGE
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

**If
You Have A
CREDIT
CARD
anywhere**

AUTO RENTAL • CLUB
GASOLINE • HOTEL • RESTAURANT
TELEPHONE • TRANSPORTATION

**YOU CAN
CHARGE
WITH US**

THE BRASS RAIL
Restaurants

NEW YORK • BROOKLYN • IDLEWILD

the gulf of time and custom to be friendly when he wished. After I had been working among his people for some time, I was adopted by Elizabeth's grandmother and became a member of the family and the tribe. Uncle Fred sent for me to come and see him. He said there were things I would want to know that he could tell me now, because I stood in the relationship of niece to him. Certain things he was still forbidden to speak of, but on many topics no restrictions remained. I learned from him, among other matters, how children were named, and that the names of dead people were never mentioned.

Uncle Fred and all his generation, whether they were nominally Christian or not, stood in terror of death and the dead. They were not sure what became of good people when the breath left their bodies, but they were convinced that bad ones or those who had left unfinished work behind them returned in the form of owls, and haunted trees and outbuildings and tepee poles, crying dolefully of sorrow to come and pleading endlessly for release. The only happy immortality Uncle Fred could be sure of was that brief time in which he would exist in the minds of people who would remember him and his ways and works. And even that small portion of eternity was reduced by the requirement that those who survived him must avoid the use of his name—must actually forget it—if he was to escape the fate of one whose work was unfinished.

Uncle Fred did not want to return as an owl. His sight had failed him long before I knew him, but he was still, by a tremendous effort of will, continuing what he considered his life's duty. Long rituals were necessary to serve the god in the buckskin case. To neglect them would be as bad as neglecting a child. Not a twilight, but a midnight, of the gods might fall if the proper rituals of song and prayer and the required sacrifices of tobacco and juniper incense were not made. Uncle Fred had been training his successor, a nephew, in these observances. To me, through Elizabeth, he transmitted many, but not all, of the myths concerning the god.

It was a long time before I realized that the sympathy existing between Uncle Fred and me had become empathy. I did know that we seemed to understand each other, though we were without a common language. We laughed at the same things; even our

Heineken's Beer... the unhurried Dutch treat



Here is real zest from the Zuider Zee. Carefully brewed in small batches and fully aged in the vats by master brewers with over 300 years experience.

You never tasted beer like Heineken's, America's largest selling imported beer.

IMPORTED
Heineken's
HOLLAND BEER
Gen. U. S. Importers: Van Munching & Co., Inc., New York 36

CURRIER & IVES

"Trolling for Blue Fish" large folio by Currier & Ives. Finest American Blue Fishing Print \$450.

The OLD PRINT SHOP
Harry Shaw Newman
150 Lexington Ave. at 30th St., New York
Tel. Murray Hill 3-3950 • Established 1898

**The Aristocrat
of Sea Food
Restaurants**

SeaFare 1033 First Ave. at 57th St.
41 W. 8th St. Greenwich Village

THE Divan SINCE 1923
PARISIEN
RESTAURANT • Memorable French Cuisine
Famous for CHICKEN DIVAN
Luncheon • Dinner • OPEN SUNDAYS
33 E. 48th St. New York EL 5-6726

gestures were similar. Presently, I found that I could follow his telling of a myth without Elizabeth's interpretation. I explained these things to myself quite rationally. A parallel sense of humor could occur in any two people, whatever their cultures might be. Similarity of gesture was unconscious imitation. And I understood his telling of the myths because I had become accustomed to the sign language with which he accompanied his narratives.

A day came, though, when, after I had been listening to Uncle Fred and writing furiously in my notebook for a long while, I looked up and saw Elizabeth, on the opposite side of the tepee, laughing and yawning simultaneously.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"You ought to fire me," she said. "I've been asleep all afternoon. I haven't said a word since lunch. What have you been doing—drawing doodles?"

"No," I answered. "I've been working like a horse. I've got a whole myth about the Warrior Twins down. Look." I passed the notebook to her.

"Well, I don't know how you did it," she said. "You must understand a lot more of our language than you've let on."

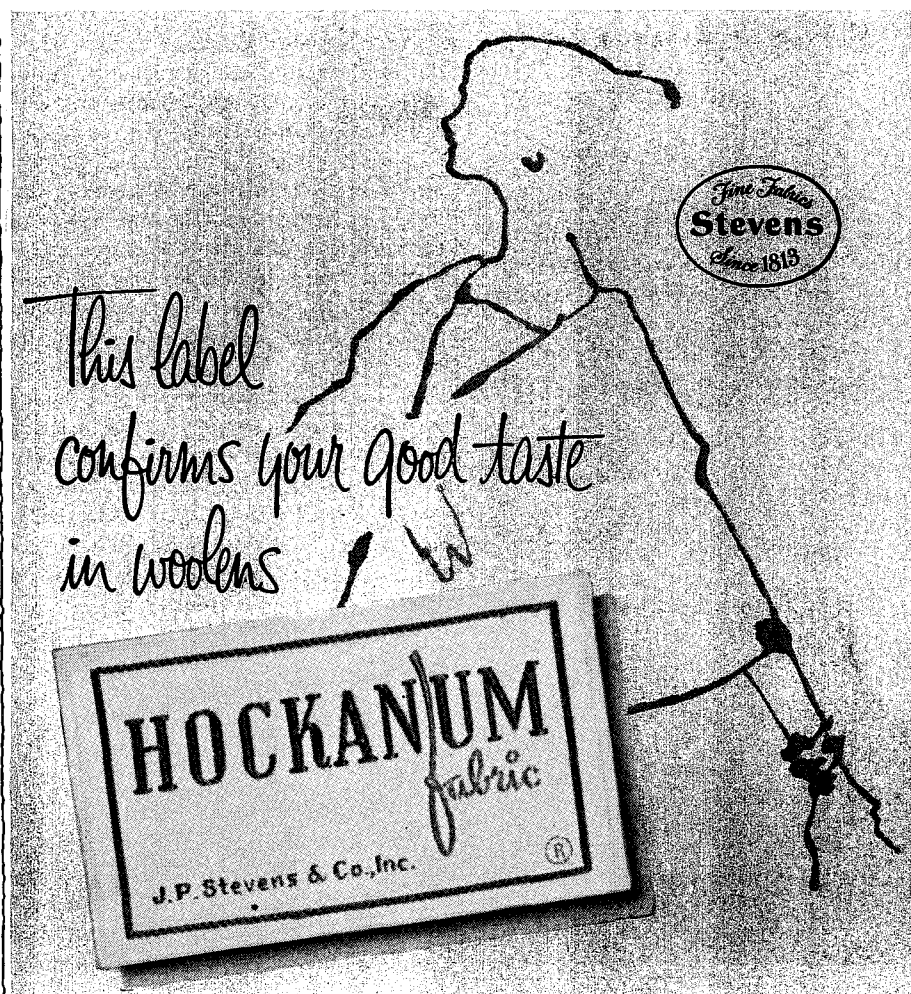
I handed Uncle Fred the pack of cigarettes I brought him each day, bade him goodbye, and crawled out of the tepee. I got into my car, for I was planning to drive to town that afternoon. It was not until I was seated there, ready to turn on the ignition, that the import of what Elizabeth had said struck me. My hand seemed paralyzed on the key. I looked at Elizabeth, who had followed me out. "Go back—quick—and ask him what he's been telling me," I said. "Maybe I made it all up—everything I've been writing."

At that moment, Uncle Fred spoke from within the tepee, loudly and positively. Elizabeth listened and then turned back to me. "He says he told you the story about the Warrior Twins and the Spider Grandmother." She shook her head wonderingly. "He answered before I asked him!"

"He heard me. He understands more English than he admits, that's all," I said. "But you *know* I don't speak your language."

"I don't know anything," said Elizabeth, with feeling. We stared at each other. Something strange had happened, and neither of us was ready to admit how disturbing it was.

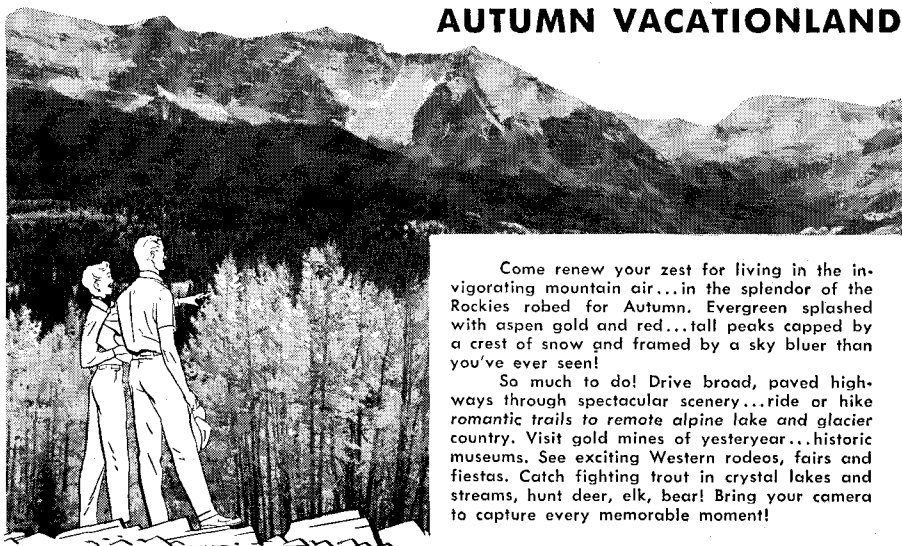
A few weeks later, I had to return



Come
Live
a While

IN Colorful
COLORADO

AUTUMN VACATIONLAND



Come renew your zest for living in the invigorating mountain air...in the splendor of the Rockies robed for Autumn. Evergreen splashed with aspen gold and red...tall peaks capped by a crest of snow and framed by a sky bluer than you've ever seen!

So much to do! Drive broad, paved highways through spectacular scenery...ride or hike romantic trails to remote alpine lake and glacier country. Visit gold mines of yesteryear...historic museums. See exciting Western rodeos, fairs and fiestas. Catch fighting trout in crystal lakes and streams, hunt deer, elk, bear! Bring your camera to capture every memorable moment!

Accommodations of every type.
FOR FREE LITERATURE PACKET
MAIL COUPON NOW!



COLORADO CLIMATE—The Magic Ingredient

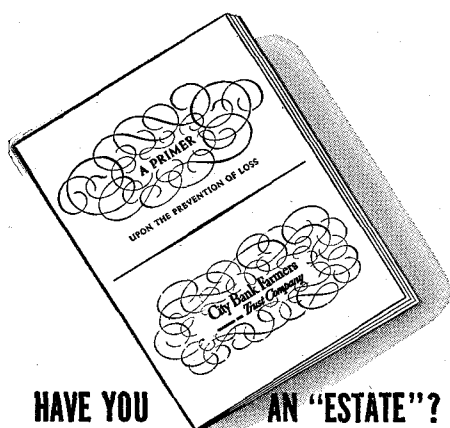
COLORADO DEPT. OF PUBLIC RELATIONS
505 State Capitol, Denver 2, Colorado
PLEASE SEND:

- ☐ 54-page full-color Vacation Guide
- ☐ List of Statewide Events for Fall
- ☐ Full color State Highway Map Folder
- ☐ Hotel, Resort, Motel, Dude Ranch information.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....



HAVE YOU AN "ESTATE"?

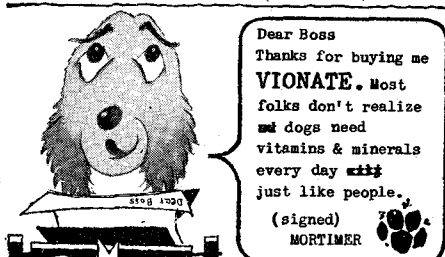
The answer to the above, especially if you're over 40, is probably "yes." It follows that you ought to give it some serious thought. This means careful preliminary analysis, and the development of a sound plan for the preservation, enhancement, and eventual distribution of that estate.

Our "Primer Upon The Prevention of Loss" is free upon request and definitely worth reading.

The FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK of New York

Fiduciary Services are Administered by our
Affiliate: City Bank Farmers Trust Co.
22 William Street, New York 5

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation



As Mortimer knows, dogs, cats and birds need Vionate to supply essential vitamins and minerals in scientific balance. Add Vionate to food once daily for healthy skin and coat, sound teeth and bones, vigorous long life.

For 8 oz. pkg.
at your druggist

VIONATE®

VIONATE is a registered Squibb trademark.

SQUIBB QUALITY—THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT

600

AIR-CONDITIONED Guest Rooms

NOW you can be sure of an air-conditioned room when you come to Baltimore! Teletype: BA 263.

The Lord Baltimore

HOTEL

for a day to the university at which I was a graduate student. It was a Friday. That afternoon, when I was done with the business I had gone to transact, I went to the Student Union for coffee. I remember that I had a headache, and that it seemed pleasant to sit still and do nothing in the middle of an afternoon, realizing that I was not due to return to my field work until Monday. I had been working steadily ten and twelve hours a day for the past month.

Suddenly, I found myself rising and walking out of the coffee shop, leaving most of my second cup. I went directly to the parking lot, where I had left my car, still loaded with luggage for the restful weekend I planned, and, without a backward glance, headed out of town and straight for Uncle Fred's tepee.

He and Elizabeth were waiting for me when I drove up, at dusk. She walked out to the car. "He said you were coming," she told me. "He said he sent you a message and that you would come."

"What does he want?" I asked wearily.

"Nothing," she said. "He just wanted to show you he could do it. He thought you would want to see how it works."

I leaned my head on the steering wheel. "Tell him that as long as I'm here, we're going to work tomorrow and the next day," I said, "and tell him that next week I'm going away for four days."

UNCLE FRED and I continued to communicate, in varying degrees, without words. Even after I had left university work and field research, an impulse to return would come over me from time to time, and I would go back. Uncle Fred and the rest of the family were always expecting me when I arrived. After that first occasion, there was invariably a reason for his calling me: Uncle Fred had remembered an important bit of lore that he wished to tell me about; one of the children in the family was having trouble with schoolwork, and my advice was wanted; there were letters about tribal business to be typed. And he was considerate. He did not disturb me on working days or when I was too far away. The calls, except for the last one, came only when I was at home, and on Saturdays or Sundays.

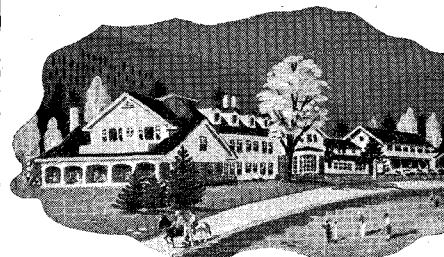
The final call came in bitter-cold weather, just before Christmas. I had been in Washington on business, and

This is a **REEVES** *fabric*

The dress-shirt set by fawn

For formal occasions... the discerning gentleman chooses luxurious Pima cotton. Reeves' finest Egyptian cotton broadcloth. He knows how well it looks after repeated washings, how long its elegant sheen lasts. Here, in a Dandy Dan suit in white, powder blue or yellow. S, M, L, EX L. About \$4. At fine stores everywhere or write Fawn Fashions, 112 West 34th Street, New York 1, N. Y. or 291 Ivy Street, N.E., Atlanta, Georgia.

Fabric by REEVES BROTHERS INC., N. Y. 18



THE LODGE

At Smugglers' Notch

Rec. AAA. At Mt. Mansfield in the scenic Green Mountains. Morgan horses, tennis, heated pool. Dancing. Golf nearby. Renowned European cuisine. Wine cellar. New Color FOLDER. Write or Tel. 6-3311. Reserve NOW for Glorious Fall Foliage Season.

STOWE 4, VERMONT

HOTEL BAMER

HOTEL BAMER

MEXICO CITY

NEWEST AND MOST DISTINGUISHED HOTEL

When You Visit Albany, N. Y.

It's the DeWitt Clinton

John J. Hyland, Manager
Parking Lot and Garage Adjacent

a Knott Hotel

They all speak well of it

(Advertisement)

was on the train returning home when I became increasingly impatient and uneasy. My mother met me at the station. "It's good to have you back," she said. "Can't you take a few days' leave and settle down for a rest?"

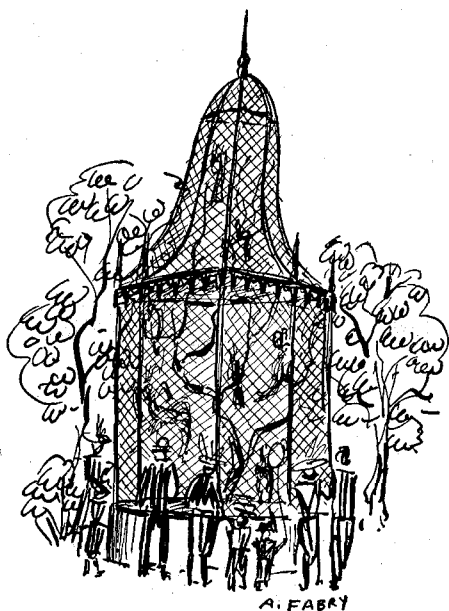
"Not right away," I told her. "I have to go to see Uncle Fred first."

"Must you?" she asked, and I nodded. I knew the call was urgent and that I had no choice.

I set off in my car. The cold penetrated the warmth of the heater and my heavy coat. My hands stiffened on the wheel, and I moved my feet on the pedals stiffly, as if they had no joints. I drove through prairies silvered with frost, and in a nacreous twilight I stopped the car outside Uncle Fred's tepee. Its canvas drooped and slapped against the poles in the gusts of wind. There was no smoke rising from the cone. There was no light inside. Smoke curled from the chimney of Elizabeth's sister's house, and its windows were brightly lighted. I started to walk toward it. The door opened, and Elizabeth stood silhouetted against the lamplight. "There you are," she said. "I thought you'd never get here. Hurry!"

I went inside and found a huddle of people in the living room. They all looked at the floor and kept silent, except for an old woman who was sobbing noisily. Elizabeth led me into the bedroom. It was small—so small that with only the two of us and the bed it felt cramped. Uncle Fred was in the bed, and the buckskin case was hanging above it.

At first, I thought that he was dead, he lay so still. His features had the sharp cleanness of bare bones. Then I



"to togetherness"

© MC CALL CORP.

**inspired by McCall's of course*

HOW TO MISS YOUR BUS



...think of chilled VICHYSOISE by CROSSE & BLACKWELL

Never, never think of Crosse & Blackwell's chilled Vichyssoise during those crucial moments before the bus comes. You might miss your transportation, and have to wait, hot and irritated, for the restoring coolness of this perfect-for-summer soup, so conveniently prepared for you by . . . CROSSE & BLACKWELL COMPANY, Baltimore, Md. 1706-1956 . . . 250 years in the making of fine foods.

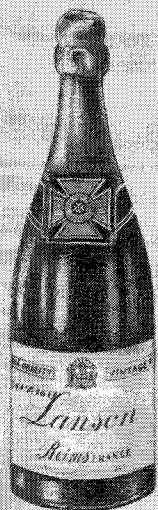
"Mad Money" Ten really-truly pockets on cotton broadcloth, turquoise or grey. 2, 3, 3X Toddler \$8.95, 3 to 6X \$10.95, 7 to 12 \$12.95. At B. Altman & Co., New York and all Altman's branch stores, or write Celeste.



Her fashion future begins with *Celeste*

1350 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

The Finest of France



Lanson
CHAMPAGNE



Grillon Co., Ltd., Sole U. S. Representatives
60 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

saw the quilt stir slightly with his breathing, and I looked questioningly at Elizabeth.

"Four days now," she said tonelessly. "Pneumonia. The field nurse came, and the government doctor. There isn't anything much they can do. They gave him sulfa, but it doesn't work. He is so old."

I sat on the floor beside the bed and laid my hand on the old man's. Slowly, very cautiously, he turned his head and his sightless eyes toward me. He spoke my Indian name. I answered him, calling him Uncle.

"He said you were coming," said Elizabeth. She was crying. "Yesterday morning, he spoke your name and said you would be here today. I told him you were in Washington. This morning, he sat clear up in bed and said you would be here tonight. I told him you couldn't get here, but he didn't listen. He lay down again, and he stayed that way all day, waiting for you."

I laid my hand on Uncle Fred's forehead, and, in my turn, I waited. Nothing moved in the room, and there was no sound except Elizabeth's weeping. He spoke my name again, and again I answered him. Then he spoke what seemed to be a whole sentence, quite loudly. "It's the old language," Elizabeth told me. "The language they use in ceremonies. I can't interpret it very well. I don't hear it often." She bent her head, and we both listened closely to the old man's voice—a whis-

per now, rustling like dry grasses under a prairie wind.

"He wants to know what you believe," Elizabeth said eventually. "What you believe yourself. Do people live forever?"

I knew what she wanted me to say—the old man was questioning his own belief, but I knew she was convinced of immortality—and in my mind the struggle between what she wanted and my personal rationalism was very strong. "Tell him I don't know what to say," I answered, at last. "Tell him I have to think."

"He says for you to hurry," she said.

"Tell him," I said then, groping for the right words, "that I do believe that people live forever, but I don't know how or where they live. I can't tell him that. And tell him that I am sure he himself will live on at least as long as we do, because neither of us will ever forget him."

Elizabeth repeated my words, and listened to the faint, whispered reply. Before she repeated the answer for me, I knew what the old man had said: "Tell her that she must go on remembering me, but that she must be sure to forget my name."

"I will remember and I will forget," I answered.

We stayed as we were all that night, and in the morning, with a deep, final sigh, the old man left us. I still remember him, and in telling this story I have changed his name.—ALICE MARRIOTT

CAMPAIGN SONG

The White House is working quietly in the intellectual community this election year to break the Democratic party's long monopoly of "eggheads."... In this attempt the President's lieutenants have been representing him as deeply concerned over the party's failure to attract the leaders of thought and the cultural lions away from the Democrats.—*The Times*.

Come, leaders of thought! Arise and *venez*!
To be Democratic is strictly passé.
We're the new G.O.P. and a vote for us'll
Mean chats about Orwell and Bertrand Russell.
We're up on our Berenson, Kafka, Camus,
We don't miss a line of the *Kenyon Review*;
There's change in the wind, and you'd better be ready;
The new G.O.P. is going eggheady.

Come, cultural lions! Arise and *venez*!
Come, chuck the New Deal! From the dull Dems, away!
Your interest is one with the G.O.P.'s heart
(Which is bursting with Copland, Brancusi, and Sartre),
For Charlie is learning to use the *mot juste*,
And Len goes to bed with a copy of Proust.
We're *le plus*, we're *avant*, we're T. Roosevelt's scions;
So come be *Republican* cultural lions!

—RICHARD LEMON

THE RACE TRACK

Poor Little Rich Colt



AS I'm sure you've heard by now, Nashua suffered an attack of colic early last Saturday afternoon and was withdrawn from the race he was supposed to have run in—the inaugural of the hundred-thousand-dollar Atlantic City Handicap at Atlantic City. Fortunately, the seizure passed quickly, and within a few hours he was declared out of danger. However, he was expected to remain at Atlantic City for three or four days before returning to his stable at Saratoga. Colic, which is the equine equivalent of acute indigestion, can be very serious, especially if it isn't treated immediately. Veterinarians say it causes more deaths than any other illness horses are heir to. Usually it is brought on by bad food (sometimes poisonous weeds get into the hay) or overfeeding, and I am told that it can also come from undue excitement in hot weather. Of course, Nashua's diet has always been carefully regulated, but he has had several attacks of colic before, and when he showed symptoms of it again his groom and his exercise boy gave him first aid, in the form of colic medicine. Later, three vets were called in, and not long after that Leslie Combs II, who is spokesman for the syndicate that owns Nashua, said he would be able to start in the Saratoga Handicap on August 25th. Well, he may be able to, but I'll be surprised if he does, because he's pretty sure to be assigned not less than a hundred and thirty-two pounds, the same weight he was given in the Brooklyn Handicap; he was scratched from that because Mr. Combs thought it was too much.

Even without Nashua, the Atlantic City Handicap was an interesting and exciting race, and the management deserves full marks for thinking it up and spending so much time and money on it. The filly Blue Sparkler led all the way, winning by half a length from Skipper Bill, who beat Find by a nose. The victory must have more than made amends to Blue Sparkler's owner, Amory Haskell, who is president of Monmouth Park, for her disqualification in the Champlain Handicap at Jamaica a fortnight ago. Mister Gus, who was fourth, looked thinner than he did in California last May, but he's done a lot of travelling and has had some hard races since then; besides,

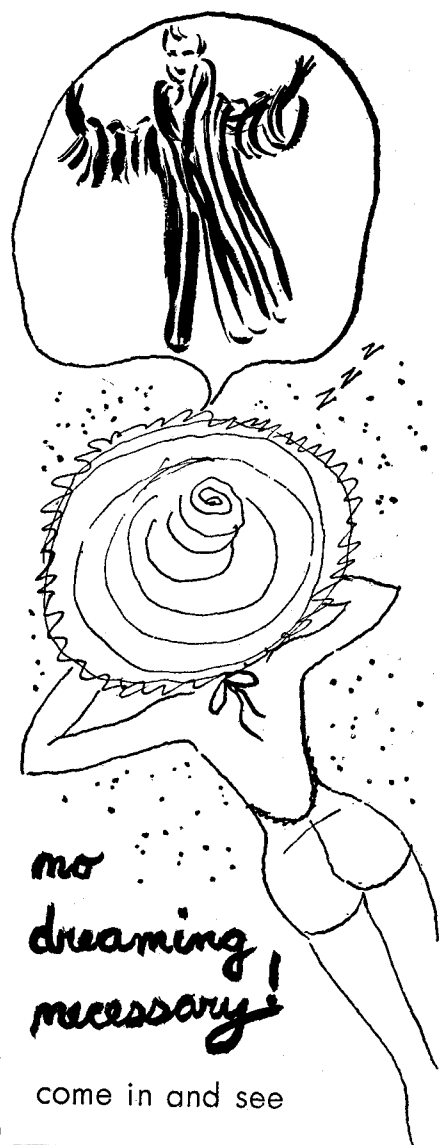
the hot weather may have been a bit too much for him. Bardstown, who was fifth, is a handsome fellow; he reminds you a lot of his mother, Twilight Tear.

SARATOGA opened last week, and I can report that the racecourse still has much of the charm it had when I first visited it, years and years ago. The grass seemed greener and the flowers brighter, but I suppose that was because I'd been so long at Jamaica. Things got off to a lively start when Missile, a War Relic colt who is owned by John A. Morris, brought off a 30-1 chance in the Flash Stakes. Tar Man was second, half a length behind, and Cohoes was third. Everybody likes to dip into the past at Saratoga, and the Flash provided a splendid opportunity for doing just that. The first running of the race, in 1869, was won by a filly named Remorseless, who was owned by Francis Morris, the great-grandfather of Missile's owner. Remorseless, by the way, was a sister of the famous Ruthless, who won the first Belmont Stakes, in 1867, and later on the same year took the fourth running of the Travers Stakes. I hear that last Saturday's Travers was a good one. Twelve horses started—the most anyone can remember—and it was a wide-open affair (the favorite was better than 4-1). The winner turned up in Oh Johnny, Tick Tock was second, and Bill's Sky Boy was third. For the record, Miss Blue Jay beat seven other two-year-old fillies in the Schuylerville Stakes at Saratoga on Wednesday; Ambergris won the American Legion Handicap from thirteen older horses on Friday; and there's no truth in the rumor that this is to be the last year of racing at the Spa.

FOR my money, the big event this weekend will be the American Derby at Chicago's Washington Park. Although there will be other runners, the race should be strictly between Needles and Swoon's Son. Offhand, I would say that Needles would be more likely to win at a mile and a quarter than Swoon's Son, but only the other afternoon Swoon's Son ran a very fast mile and a sixteenth. You pick it.

—AUDAX MINOR

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT
[Headline in the Frederick (Md.) Post]
SURPRISE ATOM RAID
WOULD HARM NATION



**Gunther
Jaeckel**
10 EAST 57TH

august fur sale
Mink at

worthwhile savings
for the foresighted

**Natural Mink Capes
and Stoles from \$495**

**Natural Mink Jackets
from \$1650**

**Natural Mink Coats
from \$2650**
Plus Federal Tax

Fur products labeled to show
country of origin of imported furs.

AMONG THE WORLD'S FINE WINES

Beaulieu
Vineyard

BV
WINES



Beurose'—a light wine of rosy tint and delicate flavor, one of the choice collection of Beaulieu vintages from Napa Valley...Beurose' is served more and more in homes, best hotels and restaurants.

Beaulieu Vineyard, Rutherford, California

check it! for its
superb tailoring,
for its fresh good looks.



at
better
stores
everywhere
about \$4

**Shapely
classics**

THE MACK SHIRT CORP., CINCINNATI 2, OHIO

LETTER FROM LONDON

AUGUST 7

THE last week here has seemed to many people to be all too reminiscent of other crisis-haunted Augusts in Europe with its mixture of grave news and the big bank-holiday exodus of Londoners going off to relax lightheartedly (if they can) in the sun (if they can find it for once). The deep national shock and anger over Nasser's grab of the Suez Canal Company added the final touch to one of the most unpleasant, unsummery summers on record. All over Britain, damp and irritable holidaymakers have had nothing much to do while the merciless rain beat down except study the newspaper reports or switch on the



B.B.C. bulletins telling them endlessly of the comings and goings at Downing Street, of the proclamation calling up Army reservists, which was signed by the Queen at an emergency Privy Council held in Sussex (where she had gone to relax, too, at the Goodwood races), and of the dispatch of aircraft carriers to destinations unknown but freely guessed. Underneath the surface quiet with which everyone seems to have taken in these news items and their alarming implications, there is an impressive air of determination. Large numbers of the British people appear to have made up their minds—in the sudden, instinctive, and unbudging way in which this country often arrives at its decisions—that Nasser must be halted this time, because if he is not, there will be no next time for the West in any of the watching Arab lands.

How closely the Arab lands are watching has just been demonstrated by Iraq's plumping heavily on the side of Egypt. Iraqi flags that flew cheek by jowl with Union Jacks from the great standards lining the ceremonial route along the Mall were hauled down only the other day, at the end of young King Faisal's state visit, during which reciprocal compliments also flew briskly, at the various gala junketings in honor of Britain's only Arab ally in the Baghdad Pact. Londoners who turned out to cheer the friendly visitor now feel ruefully that such a snub is a new line in thank-you letters. It is, however, a letter that the recipient has been able to interpret without any help, and many experienced observers think that similar missives will be turning up rather frequently on the doormats of the Western powers if the present affair is allowed to

turn out entirely happily for Colonel Nasser.

So far as can be judged, few people here feel as optimistic about the results of the Suez conference that has been called for August 16th as Mr. Dulles appeared to be in his broadcast. If it should not come up with any effective method of bringing Egypt to book (assuming she even gets to the table), then a large section of public opinion here

would probably be in favor of trying something stronger. Though this much seems fairly clear from the enormous amount of discussion now raging on the subject, very little else is clear at all. The what, the how, the where, and the with whom

are still disturbing question marks, although it is presumed that the Government, following up its firm words with firm gestures of preparedness, has already figured out some of the answers. There are people who insist that the something stronger, if it must be used at all, should certainly not be resorted to without putting the whole thing up to the United Nations, even though the issue is likely to be dissolved altogether there in streams of the old familiar fruitless arguments, with a Russian veto lurking at the end of the line. There are also those who believe, however reluctantly, that while Nasser continues, with his present show of sweet reason and light, to keep to the rules as the Canal's new boss—having, of course, already broken those rules by stopping the passage of Israel-bound ships through the Canal—there is nothing to do but wait for him to break them even more flagrantly. But by that time, as warning voices have pointed out, it may be too late to repair the damage to Western prestige in the Middle East, where the Soviet hand has already been immensely strengthened.

There is a certain amount of impatience here with the United States, which is felt to be too preoccupied with its election-year problems to recognize what a Scottish Conservative Member of Parliament cried, in a lilting, richly accented crescendo of insistence during last week's House of Commons debate, was "the airgency, the airgency, the terrible airgency" of the Suez situation. The man-in-the-street view seems to be, indeed, that Washington is largely responsible for this situation, by being so anxious to see its old colonial friend leave the Suez base in the first place, by going

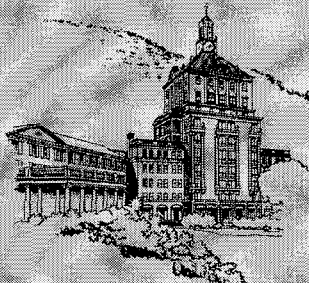
through the recent amazing diplomatic acrobatics of offering and then snatching back the Aswan Dam aid, which led to Britain's withdrawing her far smaller offer, and finally, when Cairo's swift riposte followed, by backing up the stand of the French and British governments with what people suspect to be—in spite of the bracing official communiqués—a good deal of half-heartedness.

There was nothing halfhearted about the talk in the House of Commons, where the members, who had their suitcases packed and were all but out the door when the crisis came, squeezed the Suez debate into the last day and then adjourned until October, with the understanding that they would be recalled if necessary. On the whole, the debate, before packed galleries of ambassadors, peers, and the anxious public, all sitting tense in their pattern of light summer colors above the sober Parliamentary scene, was notable for its restraint and all-party solidarity. The evacuation of British forces from the canal zone and the new policy toward Egypt had been Sir Anthony Eden's particular responsibility, but the nearest thing to criticism of the fact that his efforts have not paid off as handsomely as was expected was a mild reference by one of the Opposition speakers to the failure of the Government's "elaborate policy of appeasement." The "Suez rebels," a group of Tories who have been predicting trouble with Nasser ever since Britain did what they angrily denounced as a "scuttle" from her watch post on the Canal, were also surprisingly restrained. Mr. Gaitskell's speech, which someone later described as "the speech of a first-rate Conservative Foreign Secretary," apparently struck some of the rather taciturn flock sitting behind him as being just that; at any rate, about fifty Labour members, including the Bevan wing, have complained irately that their leader did not consult the Party before he squared them up so uncompromisingly behind the Government. Even more surprisingly, Labour's old leader Herbert Morrison squared right up behind Gaitskell in the best speech he has made since he left the Front Bench. The Conservatives cheered him lustily. Sir Winston Churchill was in his corner seat, craning forward so as not to lose a word of the speeches, but he was silent, as is now, alas, his custom. In a debate like this one, the sight of his stocky, unbelievably mute figure was strange and tantalizing. Even without Churchill, it was a remarkable de-

IN THE

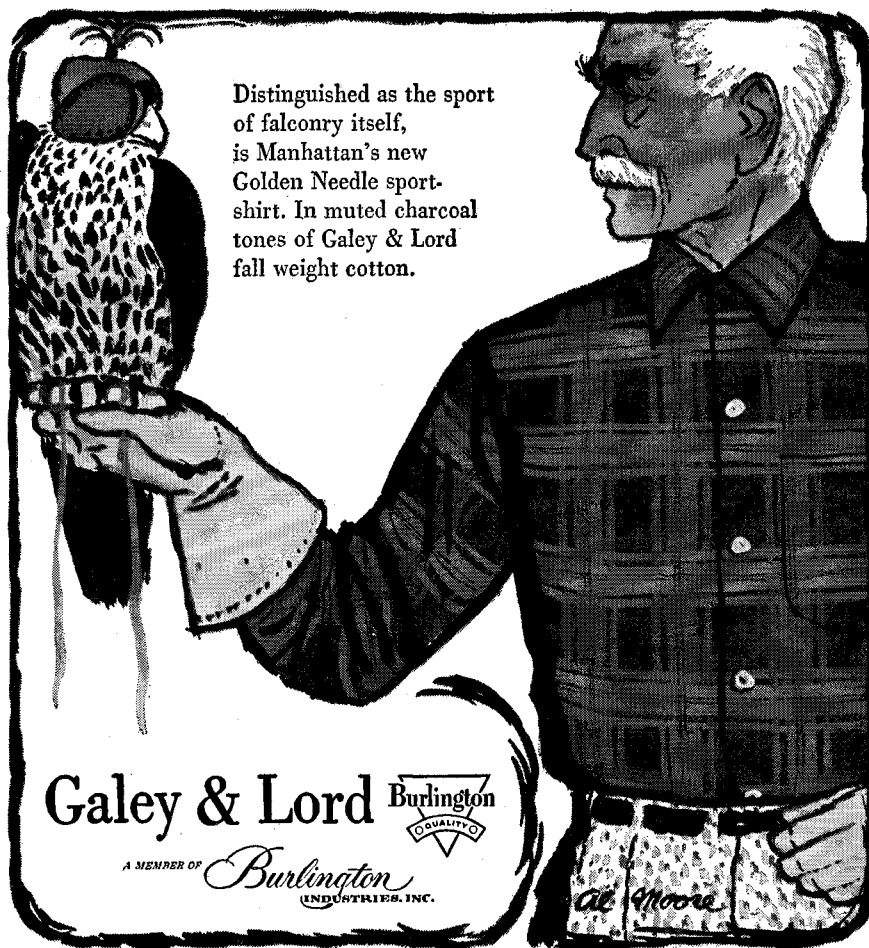
Homestead Manner

*The Homestead way of doing things
comes from generations of practice
in serving the first families of America
at this 17,000-acre Resort and Spa,
high in the beautiful Virginia Alleghanies.
Come for the sports, the social life,
the relaxation—all distinctively
in the Homestead manner.*



THE *Homestead*
AND COTTAGES
Hot Springs, Virginia

New York Office in The Barclay, Plaza 8-2490



Distinguished as the sport of falconry itself, is Manhattan's new Golden Needle sport-shirt. In muted charcoal tones of Galey & Lord fall weight cotton.

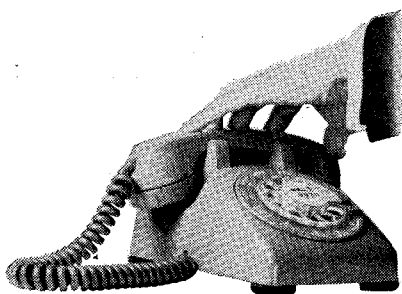
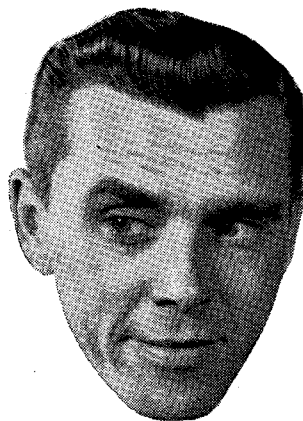
Galey & Lord 

A MEMBER OF *Burlington*
INDUSTRIES, INC.

Al Moore

FOR YOUR NEAREST RETAILER WRITE US AT 1407 BROADWAY, N. Y.

a thought...



a call...



a chat...



**and you'll both
feel better**

When you talk with someone out of town, it gives you both a real feeling of being together... not just while you're talking, but for a long time afterward.

Telephoning is personal, easy, economical. You can make somebody happy with a call right now.

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Here are some examples:

Trenton to Washington, D.C.	55¢
Philadelphia to Providence	65¢
St. Louis to Des Moines	70¢
Cincinnati to Atlanta	85¢
New York to Columbus, Ohio	95¢
San Francisco to Tulsa	\$1.65

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

CALL BY NUMBER. IT'S TWICE AS FAST.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

bate. One Labour member (apparently unaware that he wasn't speaking for all his colleagues) said rousingly that it had taken Colonel Nasser to unite the House of Commons. Nasser has also united the Conservative Party and has ranged it behind Sir Anthony Eden more solidly than at any time since he became Prime Minister, which is remarkable indeed.

The press reactions to the crisis have not been anything like so united. The most calming voices have been those of the *Manchester Guardian* and the liberal *News Chronicle*, which have counselled caution, praised Mr. Dulles, and insisted that the Egyptian dispute should be settled by the Security Council instead of by force, which could result in the security of everyone's departing from this globe forever. The popular press has taken a tough line with Nasser. So, with downright belligerence, has the *Times*. The Old Thunderer has indeed been thundering, warning that "anyone who thinks that a victory for Nasser would not encourage other extremist demands against the oil fields—and against strategic bases—should confine himself to tiddleywinks and blind man's buff." One thing that seems certain is that Printing House Square does not intend to be caught out by the lens of history taking any such compromising attitude with Nasser's Egypt as it did under the Munich umbrella with Hitler's Germany.

REAL thunder has been knocking and banging around these islands during this momentous week. The junior hurricane that swept in from the south two weekends back tore up trees, telephone wires, and hikers' camps, plowed through gardens and crops, knocked out the Kent apple harvest, and left the countryside looking as though a battle had been fought across it. Yesterday, three feet of hailstones were reported piled up on the main street of Tunbridge Wells, a spa much favored by the elderly because of its pleasant climate. Hay is rotting in the farmers' wet fields. Nasser and the weather together have darkened the summer all round. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

9:00 P.M.

- 4—People's Choice
- 5—Wrestling
- 7—Star Tonight
- 9—Five Against Crime
- 11—Police Call
- 13—Boring

—*The Post*.

We'll be the judge of that.

BOOKS

F. D. R.



JAMES MACGREGOR BURNS' "Roosevelt: The Lion and the Fox" (Harcourt, Brace) is, though seriously faulted, probably the best general account we have had of

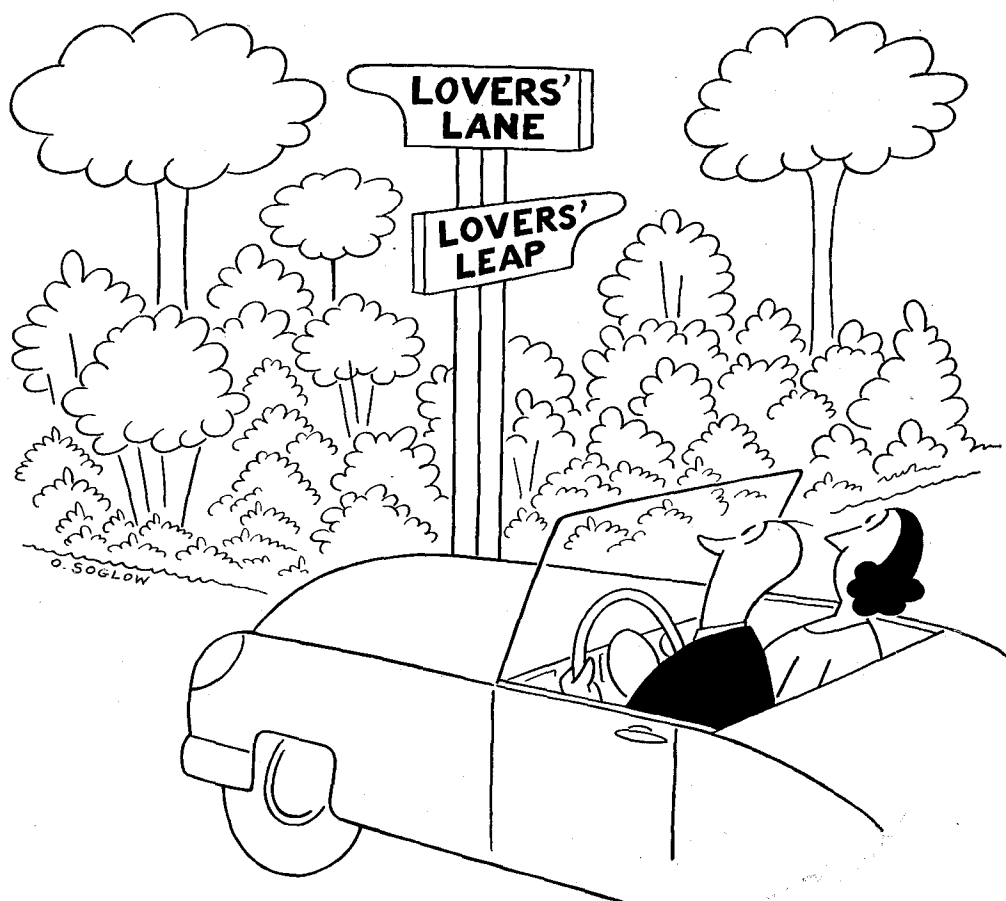
Franklin D. Roosevelt's life and Presidency. The detail is plentiful but not overwhelming. The viewpoint is disengaged and critical. The writing is tolerably neat, though it tends toward gaudiness. Mr. Burns is one of those scholars who become frantic in the search for color, and he now and then stoops to invention. He is not satisfied merely to tell us that Roosevelt worked on his First Inaugural Address in long-hand on a winter's night in Hyde Park. He must make it graphic: "The fire hissed and crackled; the large hand with its thick fingers moved rapidly across the paper." But when he has a clear record and hard facts to work with, he does very well indeed. His Roosevelt is plausible and true to memory. He is the Gay Reformer and Herbert Hoover's "chameleon on plaid." He is a genial man but unmistakably one with a "thin streak of cruelty." The President's way with the truth was not always admirable, and Mr. Burns does not pretend that it was. Though he will light a crackling fire for its dramatic effect and move rapidly a hand that may have moved haltingly, he is not the sort to describe the man's falsehoods and deceptions as expressions of the higher veracity or the new candor. Nor does he overpraise Roosevelt's mind. He appears to share the view of Mr. Justice Holmes, who in 1933 described the new President as a man of second-class intellect and first-class temperament. Finally, the judgments Mr. Burns makes on policies seem as fair and balanced as those he makes on character.

The solid merits of this book are, however, constantly being obscured by its pretensions. Mr. Burns, a professor at Williams College, is a political scientist much under the influence of sociology, and, being thus subject to two strange disciplines, he cannot be content with writing an ordinary life-and-times, or even a good one. He insists that what he has produced is not the usual biography but a "political biography" with a special background of theory, which he is at pains to set forth and explain. He is concerned, he says, with the "selective

stimulation and restriction of the individual's potential by environmental forces that may themselves be affected by personality." "My approach," he writes, as though he had hit upon something unique and quite fancy, "is based on the central findings of social scientists that leadership is not a matter of universal traits but is rooted in a specific culture." Central findings indeed! Social scientists indeed! Shakespeare knew all about this when he had Hamlet curse the time for being out of joint. Gray knew about it when he wrote the "Elegy," or he could never have conceived of a village Hampden or a Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood. Mr. Burns is always breaking away from a perfectly good narrative to give us page after painful page of social-science vaporings, with the consequence that his book excels in two wholly unrelated—in fact, contradictory—ways. It is absorbing and evocative history, and it is also a gripping revelation of the terrible things that can happen to scholars who forsake Clio for other muses, those of sociology and political science. In its second aspect as well as its first, it has entertaining facets. Consider the proposition that "The relation between emerging personality and society or cul-

ture is . . . described as . . . relational." And what food for thought in a sentence such as this: "He [Roosevelt] inherited his sex—of no small importance in a society that on the whole tends to vest political power in its males." If, indeed, Roosevelt had turned out to be a lady, a very different tale would be unfolded here. There is something provocative in the idea of inheritance as applied to gender. Is it possible to inherit something it is impossible not to inherit?

As history, though, this is an important and, in some ways, a distinguished piece of work, and several of its virtues derive from its defects. Mr. Burns may torture the obvious in developing his theories of political leadership, but his interest in the question, which amounts almost to an obsession, makes him alert to the evidence. His notion of the basic qualities of a leader, which are reflected in the title of the book, is a traditional one. It was Machiavelli who said that the prince must be a lion to frighten wolves and a fox to avoid traps. (According to Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," Machiavelli got it from Plutarch, who said, "Where the lion's skin will not reach, you must patch it out with the fox's.") The in-



MISSILE SYSTEMS

ELECTRONICS

Significant developments at Lockheed Missile Systems Division have created new openings for engineers and physicists in fields related to: UHF and microwave receivers; antennas; radomes; countermeasures; radar systems; propagation; circuit techniques; radar reflectivity; guidance; semi-conductor and magnetic amplifiers. *Inquiries are invited about positions in these fields.* Please address the Research and Engineering Staff at Van Nuys.

Lockheed

MISSILE SYSTEMS DIVISION

LOCKHEED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

VAN NUYS • PALO ALTO • SUNNYVALE

CALIFORNIA

FANTASY AND FUGUE

A mystery novel by
ROY FULLER

\$2.75

at all bookstores

Macmillan

Facing
Lake Michigan
on the
Gold Coast

CHICAGO

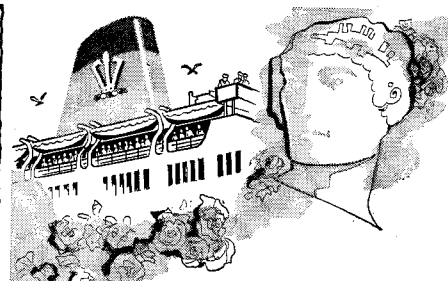
For BUSINESS and PLEASURE

Enjoy air-conditioned luxury only five minutes from downtown... steps from exclusive specialty shops... near famous restaurants. Superb appointments and friendly service. Rooms, suites and apartments. SUPERIOR 7-8500

Lake Shore Drive
HOTEL
181 East Lake Shore Drive

sight is more poetic than profound. The most unlettered politicians know that boldness and craftiness are necessary ingredients and that the magic formula is simply a matter of the proportions in which they are blended. Roosevelt, to whom Machiavelli was just an Italian name and political science a subject that some of his Brain Trusters were authorities on, understood about boldness and craftiness, and he came as close as any man ever has to hitting upon the right mixture. Mr. Burns is constantly inquiring how Roosevelt acquired this knowledge and what circumstances—or what “reciprocal relationship between personality and culture”—enabled him to use it with such shattering effectiveness. Whence his genius? Whence the leonine? Whence the vulpine? Whence the New Deal? With great confidence that before the day is ended he will find a clue, Mr. Burns climbs all over the family tree and scrounges around in the Hyde Park closets. He comes upon nothing new. The Roosevelts and the Delanos and Hyde Park provided only a vague noblesse oblige and the sense of security that come from money and land and being a treasured only child. But it is the hunting, and not the finding, that makes this an absorbing biography. Mr. Burns takes a close, interesting look at Groton before he concludes that it was merely Anglophile borrowings that were “meaningless... in the unique democratic politics of America.” And the same with Harvard. For some men Harvard has been a liberating experience, but for Roosevelt it was Boston débutantes and writing for the *Crimson* “indignant editorials about weak cheering at the games, smoking in the grandstand, lack of enthusiasm by the spectators, poor spirit in the team.” Mr. Burns goes right on up to the Presidency with a growing sense of mystification. He is unable to answer even so simple a question as how Roosevelt, who appears to have voted Republican when he voted at all, happened to become a Democrat. He guesses it was really an accident. The Democratic Party in Dutchess County “needed him and went to him,” and he, more or less for kicks, signed up.

But though Mr. Burns does not acknowledge the fact, it is only the lion in Roosevelt that needs to be explained. The fox is easy to account for. Any man of moderate intelligence and normal sinfulness has enough innate craft and guile to be a successful politician. No doubt it takes genius of some sort to alter a country's institutions, to leave one's mark on history, but the



YOUR **TWIN**
TOURIST ROUTES TO

Europe

IN GOLDEN FALL

- To romantic Channel Ports. More fun, less expense on 3 popular ships. From New York, Boston and Canada to **IRELAND • ENGLAND • FRANCE • GERMANY**
- Via Mediterranean TSS OLYMPIA, fastest to Greece, Gateway to all Europe... many 2-berth state-rooms with private shower and toilet. From New York to **PORTUGAL • ITALY • GREECE**

Go One Route... Return the Other
See Your Travel Agent or

GREEK LINE

10 Bridge Street, New York 4, N. Y.

NEW YORK • BOSTON • CLEVELAND
CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • TORONTO
MONTREAL

THE BULLS AND THE BEES

by ROGER EDDY

Illus. by
N. M. Bodecker
\$3.00

The worldly — and very funny
— adventures of a teen-age
tycoon discovering the facts of
life, love, and big business.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY, N. Y. 16

* “A love letter to the past.”

—Gene Fowler,
N.Y. Times Book Review

**MARGARET CASE
HARRIMAN'S**

story of her star-studded
youth at her father's hotel
—the enchanted Algonquin

**BLESSED
ARE THE
DEBONAIR**

By the author of *The Vicious Circle*

Valentino, Bankhead, Benchley, Gertrude
Stein were all part of her glamorous
girlhood. Illustration by Vasiliu.

\$3.50 • RINEHART & CO., N. Y. 16

everyday mechanics of political leadership can be understood and mastered by almost anyone who wishes to do so. The profession attracts and rewards fat-heads who could not survive in any truly demanding line of endeavor but who get along in politics merely by their willingness to follow childish simple rules and to exercise their native cunning. Roosevelt's foxiness was not excessive, but it was well developed—developed early and at home. On the one hand, it was tact and social grace; on the other, it was such necessary accompaniments of these as the ability to snub and to tell useful fibs. (One of the funniest of the falsehoods Burns mentions is Roosevelt's informing Upton Sinclair, when Sinclair was meddling in California politics, that his mother used to read passages from "The Jungle" to the future President at the breakfast table.) Mr. Burns never answers the question of how and when Roosevelt got to be a lion. In the end, he surrenders gracefully, citing Gladstone, who said that sixty years of observation had convinced him that there was no answer to such a question, and acknowledging that it may be "no job for mere mortals." But again Mr. Burns' quest is the exhilarating thing. He deepens the puzzlement by recalling not only the conservatism of Roosevelt in his first days in the White House—this has been noted by almost every historian—but the formidable effort he made to be bipartisan. It has, I think, been pretty well forgotten that Roosevelt, at the start, wanted very much to be the kind of President that the more idealistic Eisenhower followers want Eisenhower to be: a President of all the people, forging a coalition of the moderate elements in both parties and isolating both the aggressive Left and the regressive Right. ("I think that you will agree," Roosevelt wrote Floyd Olson, the Minnesota Granger, about a Presidential farm speech, "that it is sufficiently far to the left to prevent any further suggestion that I am leaning to the right.") Mr. Eisenhower has never taken very well to this notion; it may be that, for all his inexperience, he has a sharper sense of the need for party loyalties and discipline than Roosevelt had at first. In any event, Roosevelt began not as a lion but as a lamb, and he used such influence as he had with the overwhelmingly Democratic Congress that met in 1933 to stifle Democratic partisanship and bring the majority into line with the minority. "On silver, on inflation, on mortgage refinancing, on labor, on spending,"

What's the world's best-loved vermouth?

Well, what's France most noted for? Love! Love of the best things in life. In vermouth, that means CINZANO, the best-loved vermouth in the world since 1816! Drink hearty Cinzano Italian Vermouth, imported from Italy and Cinzano French Extra-Dry Vermouth, imported from France. They are delicious straight or "on the rocks" and they *make* your best cocktails.



Sole Importer, Cinzano, Inc., New York City

see you at

Eden Roc

hotel, cabana
& yacht club



OCEANFRONT, 45th TO 47th STREETS, MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA

HARRY MUFSON, President • GEORGE E. FOX, Managing Director

NEW LIFE

FOR YOUR FAVORITE TIES

Our own unique method of cleaning, hand-pressing and rolling edges restores original beauty.

WIDE TIES NARROWED

to the smart slim shapes, or width you prefer.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

TIES CLD. & NAR. \$2.25 ea. 6 for \$12.90
TIES CLD. 1.00 ea. 6 for 5.70
TIES NAR. 1.25 ea. 6 for 7.20

THE TIE CLINIC

Mail Order Dept. N-8

755 Dean St., B'klyn 38, N.Y.

545 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

38 E. 57th St., N.Y. 152 W. 42 St., N.Y.

200 W. 34th St., N.Y. 149 Broadway, N.Y.

Enclose payment, save return postage.

LAKE PLACID DELUXE CAMP FOR SALE

House directly on Lake Placid, heated, completely furnished. House in excellent condition, 4 double—2 single master bedrooms—6 bathrooms—4 maid rooms. Boat house with sun deck, garage with bedroom and bathroom. Motorboat—rowboat—tennis court. Approximately 5 minutes by car to center of village. Ideal for corporation or private owner. PRICE—\$38,500.

J. CLARENCE DAVIES, INC.

149 St. & 3rd Ave., N.Y.C. 55; ME 5-6000

or MERRILL THOMAS, LAKE PLACID, N.Y.



SAS Grouse Shooting in Scotland

Magnificently difficult wing shooting for grouse on Scottish moors, as birds scud downwind over butts in autumn gales. All arrangements: travel, hotels, grooms, guns, hacking carts . . . dogs for walk-over shooting, in best heather for grouse.

SAS flights from New York to all Europe are via Scotland; add a few days grouse shooting to a business trip anywhere on the Continent. Or fly SAS transpolar from Los Angeles.



For grouse shoot details, see your travel agent, or write:

SAS

SCANDINAVIAN
AIRLINES SYSTEM

Sport Trips
to all Europe,
Near East,
Asia, Africa.

638 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y.

A proper anthropologist
and some conniving
Irishmen turn an ancient
fertility rite into a
fine Irish stew

THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH

A novel by
Honor Tracy

\$3.50
RANDOM
HOUSE

TIME
TO GO

guestward ho!

with
BARBARA HOOTON
and
PATRICK DENNIS, author of

Auntie Mame

Funny? THIS question from you?
YES; both top Best Sellers, too!

\$3.50

VANGUARD

Mr. Burns writes, "Congress was to the left of the President." The President sought to restrain Congress and move it to the right. He carried bipartisanship so far that in 1934 he refused even to participate in the Jefferson Day celebrations.

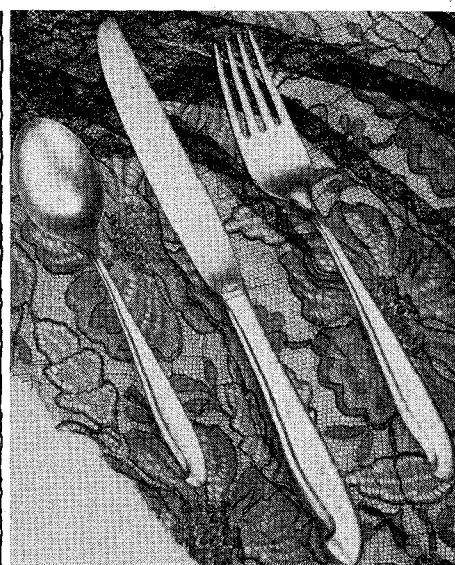
Having labored long and hard and with a conspicuous lack of success at the task of getting at the essence of Roosevelt's power, Mr. Burns gives up and goes to work, with the same social-science apparatus, on Roosevelt's policies. This second effort is as interesting but as inconclusive as the first. Whence the New Deal? Mr. Burns thrashes around a lot, points to this curious development and that one, and finally offers the illuminating suggestion that "it simply emerged." I think it must be because he is shocked by his inability to come up with anything conclusive that in the end he underrates Roosevelt more than one imagines he intends to. "Roosevelt," he says, "was less a great creative leader than a skillful manipulator and a brilliant interpreter. . . . He lacked the necessary intellectual commitment to the right union of ends and means. . . . He was captive to his habit of mediating among pressures rather than reshaping them, of responding eclectically to all the people around him, of balancing warring groups and leaders against one another, of improvising with brilliance and gusto." If this is a catalogue of deficiencies, where in American history is the man who was free of them? Was Washington a "great creative leader"? If he had a "commitment to the right union of ends and means," no historian has ever noted the fact. Was Lincoln creative? All he did was prevent the country from falling apart. Jefferson was no more than an interpreter, Jackson no more than a manipulator. If Eisenhower earns a place in history, it will be that of a man gifted in "mediating among pressures rather than reshaping them, of responding eclectically to all the people around him, of balancing warring groups and leaders." What gifts are there beyond skillful manipulation and brilliant interpretation? Generally speaking, the only "creative" politicians are those who create trouble. Who wants them?

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

Art Wendt is a future Brooklyn Dodger to wach. With their Reno, Nev., team in the Class C California League he fanned 16 men in a game on two occasions. He's a southpaw.

a So-ro—*Newark News*.

The Dodgers could use a So-ro.



Sabrina

BRIGHT MIRROR
FINISH

THE LUXURY STAINLESS FOR MODERN LIVING

Sabrina's lovely, sculptured forms will complement the most elaborate formal dinner and its fluid lines are "at home" in a casually modern setting. It's yours for a lifetime. Made by the Stainless Division of Reed & Barton. Guaranteed and postpaid.

6 pc. place setting \$8.00; with HH Knife \$9.00
16 pc. set, service for 4, \$17.50; with HH Knives \$25.95

No c.o.d.'s please

J. C. MARSHALL

Stainless Steel Exclusively

HENDRIE LANE

RIVERSIDE, CONN.



Jacques

FRENCH RESTAURANT

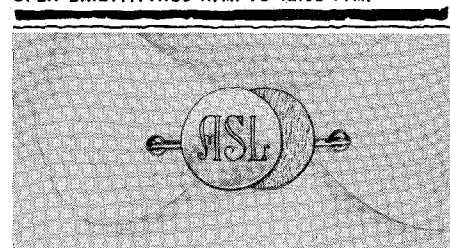
Enjoy food of superb
quality served in a
distinctive continental
atmosphere.

Reservations Suggested

OPEN DAILY... 11:30 A.M. TO 12:00 P.M.

900 NORTH MICHIGAN

CHICAGO



SLIP-ON COLLAR PIN . . . \$1.50

Gives "woman of distinction" neatness to your tailored shirts. Leaves no jab marks. $1\frac{3}{4}$ " long of 24 Kt. Gold or Sterling Silver plate. Engraved with 2 or 3 initials \$1.50. Pair of Earrings or Cuff-Links to match . . . \$2. Pin with earrings or cuff-links . . . \$3. Set of all 3 . . . \$5.

Send cash, check or m.o. No C.O.D.'s please.

RUTH BRAWER

Box 4035, Dept. YP
Tucson, Arizona



100% AIR-CONDITIONED

N. Y. City Reservation Office

PHONE: LE. 2-2331

HOTEL
STUYVESANT

Buffalo, N.Y.

AUGUST 18, 1956

Another adventure in one of the 87 lands
where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

This Caribbean Leopard Ray gave us a HIGH-RIDE

1. "For pure horsepower, I'd match a leopard ray against a million seahorses," writes William Taylor, an American friend of Canadian Club.

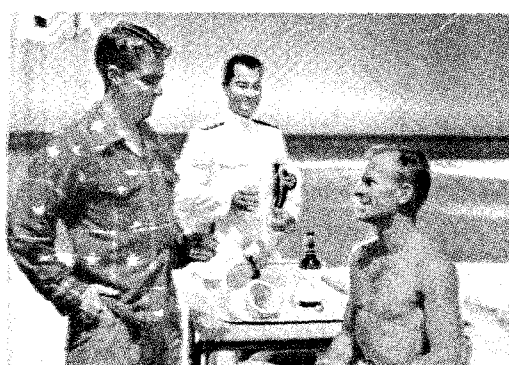
"When my friend Boyce Thompson and I got hold of a ray off Jamaica's Grand Cayman Island last month, catching him looked like great sport.



2. "I first spotted the ray 35 feet down, camouflaged against the bottom. A ray can tow a 22-foot powerboat. When we grabbed his one, he spread his 'wings' and towed us along at top speed. Beaching him was no cinch.



3. "A world's record? Boyce was sure of it. The ray had a 10-foot tail and weighed 325 pounds. But it turned out that no official records are kept on this species, and we discovered afterwards that leopard rays actually come a good deal bigger than our monstrous specimen.



"Biggest one that I've ever seen," our host tried to comfort us back at Grand Cayman, and he toasted our catch in Canadian Club."

Why this whisky's

worldwide popularity?.....Only *Canadian Club* has a distinctive flavor that captures in one great whisky the lightness of scotch, the richness of rye, the smooth satisfaction of bourbon. That's why no other whisky in all the world tastes quite like it. You can stay with it all evening long.....in short ones before dinner, all ones after....."The Best In The House" in 87 lands.
6 years old · 90.4 proof.

Imported from Canada.

Imported in bottle from Canada by Hiram Walker Importers Inc., Detroit, Mich. Blended Canadian Whisky.



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED



You get
a lot
to like

-filter
-flavor
-flip-top box

Marlboro

THE FILTER CIGARETTE IN THE FLIP-TOP BOX

NEW
FLIP-TOP
BOX

Firm to keep
cigarettes
from
crushing.
No tobacco
in your
pocket.



POPULAR
FILTER PRICE

You get the man-size flavor of honest tobacco without huffing and puffing. This filter works good and draws easy. The Flip-Top Box keeps every cigarette in good shape. You'd expect it to cost more, but it doesn't.

(MADE IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, FROM A NEW MARLBORO RECIPE)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED